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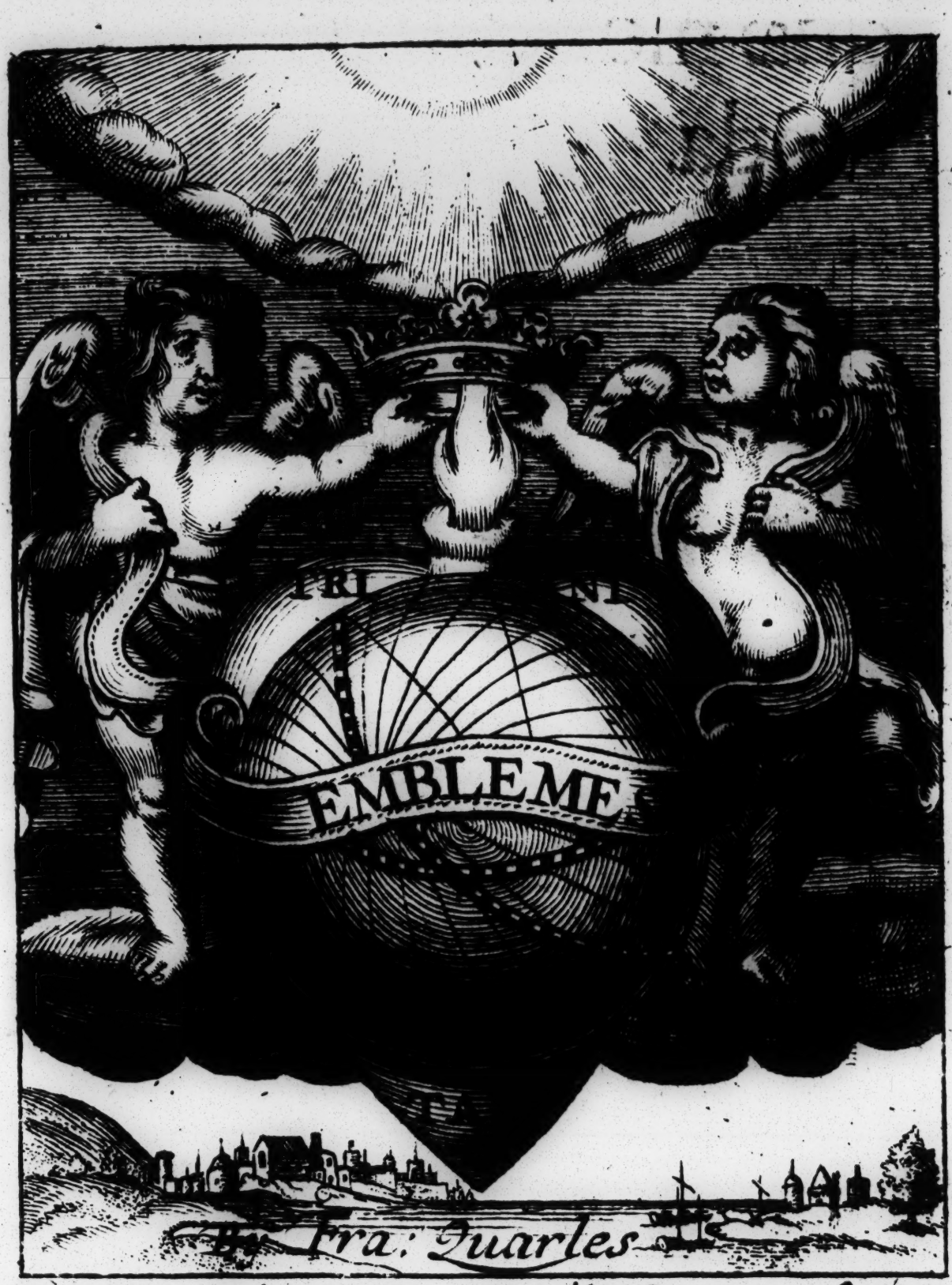
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NATIONALL BRARY OF SCOTLAND

Hæc laus, hic apex Sapientiæ
eſt ea viventem appetere,
quæ morienti forent appe-
tenda.

TO

My much Honoured,

and no leſs truly beloved Friend,

Edw. Benlowes,

ESQUIRE.

My dear Friend,

YOU *have put the* Theorboe *into my hand, and* I *have played: You gave the Muſician the firſt encouragement; the Muſick returneth to you for Patronage. Had it been a light Air, no doubt but it had taken the moſt and among them the worſt; but being a Grave Strain, my hopes are, that it will pleaſe the beſt, and among them you. Toyiſh Aires pleaſe trivial Ears; they kiſs the Fancy, and betray it. They cry,* Hail, *firſt; and after,*

Crucifie: *Let* Dorrs *delight to immer'd themſelves in dung, whilſt* Eagles *ſcorn ſo poor a Game as Flies. Sir, you have Art and Candour; let the one judge, let the other excuſe,*

Your moſt affectionate

Friend,

FRA. QUARLES.

TO THE
READER.

AN *Embleme* is but a ſilent Parable. Let not the tender eye check, to ſee the alluſion to our bleſſed Saviour figured in theſe Types. In Holy Scripture he is ſometimes called a Sower; ſometimes a Fiſher; ſometimes a Phyſician: And why not preſented ſo as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledg of Letters God was known by *Hieroglyphicks*. And indeed what are the Heavens, the Earth, nay, every Creature, but *Hieroglyphicks* and *Emblemes* of his Glory? I have no more to ſay, I wiſh thee as much pleaſure in the Reading, as I had in writing. Farewel READER.

BY Fathers back'd, by Holy Writ led on,
Thou ſhew'ſt a way to Heav'n by Helicon:
The Muſes Font is conſecrate by Thee,
And Poeſie, baptiz'd Divinity:
Bleſt Soul that here embark'ſt: Thou ſail'ſt apace
'Tis hard to ſay, mov'd more by Wit or Grace,
Each Muſe ſo plies her Oar: But O, the Sail
Is fill'd from Heaven with a Diviner Gale:
When Poets prove Divines, why ſhould not I
Approve in Verſe this divine Poetry?
Let this ſuffice to licence thee the Preſs:
I muſt no more; nor could the Truth ſay leſs.

Sic approbavit

RICH. LOVE

Procan. *Cantabrigienſis.*

Tot *Flores* QUARLES, quot *Paradiſus* habet.

Lectori bene-*male*-volo.

Qui legit ex *Horto* hoc *Flores*, *Qui* carpit, *uterque*
Jure poteſt *Violas* dicere, jure *Roſas*,
Non è *Parnaſſo V I O L A M*, *Feſtive R O S E T O*
Carpit *Apollo*, magis quæ ſit amœna, *R O S A M.*
Quot *Verſus V I O L A S legit*; & *Quem verba* locutum
Credis, *verba* dedit: Nam dedit *ille R O S A S.*
Utque *Ego* non dicam hæc *V I O L A S* ſuaviſſima; *Tute*
Ipſe facis *V I O L A S*, *Livide* ſi *violas.*
Nam velut è *V I O L I S* ſibi ſugit *Aranea* virus:
Vertis at in ſuccos *Hasque R O S A Sque* tuos.
Quas *violas Muſas*, *V I O L A S* puto, quaſque recuſas
Dente tuo *roſas*, has, reor, eſſe *R O S A S*,
Sic *roſas*, facis eſſe *R O S A S*, dum, *Zoile*, rodis:
Sic facis has *V I O L A S*, *Livide*, dum *violas.*

Brent Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES.



Dum Coelum aspicio Solum despicio

THE FIRST BOOK.

The INVOCATION.

ROwze thee, my Soul; and drein thee from the dregs
Of vulgar thoughts: Scrue up the hightned pegs
Of thy ſublime Theorboe four notes higher,
And higher yet, that ſo, the ſhril-mouth'd Quire
Of ſwift-wing'd Seraphims may come and joyn,
And make thy Conſort more than half divine.
Invoke no Muſe; Let Heav'n be thine *Apollo*;
And, let his ſacred Influences hallow
Thy high-bred ſtrains: Let his full beams inſpire
Thy raviſh'd brains with more heroick fire:
Snatch thee a Quil from the ſpread Eagles wing,
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and ſing:
Caſt off theſe dangling plummets, that ſo clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon earth; let fleſh and blood forbear
To ſtop thy flight, till this baſe world appear
A thin blew Landskip: Let thy pinions ſoar
So high a pitch, that men may ſeem no more
Than Piſmires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy ear untroubled with their Frantick mirth;
Let not the frailty of thy fleſh diſturb
Thy new-concluded peace; Let Reaſon curb
Thy hot mouth'd Paſſion; and let heav'ns fire ſeaſon
The freſh conceits of thy corrected Reaſon.
Diſdain to warm thee at luſts ſmoky fires,
Scorn, Scorn to feed on thy old bloat deſires:
Come, come, my Soul, hoiſe up thy higher ſails,
The wind blows fair; Shall we ſtill creep like Snails,

That

That glide their ways with their own Native flimes;
No we muſt fly like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Muſt mount to Heav'n, and reach th' Olympick Ear;
Our Heav'n-blown fire muſt ſeek no other Sphear.
Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'ſt and ground'ſt
Thy gifts in duſt, and from our dunghil crown'ſt
Reflecting honour, taking by retail,
What thou haſt giv'n in groſs, from lapſed frail,
And ſinful man: That drink'ſt full draughts, wherein
Thy Childrens leprous fingers, ſcurf'd with ſin,
Have padled; Cleanſe, O cleanſe my crafty Soul
From ſecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts: O, teach me ſtoutly to deny
My ſelf, that I may be no longer I:
Enrich my Fancy, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my droſs; O, wink at human faults;
And through the ſlender Conduct of my Quill
Convey thy Currant, whoſe clear ſtreams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praiſe:
Crown me with Glory, take who lift the Bayes,

I.



Totus mundus in maligno (maliligno) positus est 4

I.

JAM. 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own luſt and enticed.

Serpent. *Eve.*

Serp. Not eat? Not taſte? Not touch? Not caſt an eye
Upon the fruit of this fair Tree? And why?
Why eat'ſt thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food?
Or can'ſt thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd Good?
Why was it made if not to be enjoy'd?
Neglect of favours makes a favour void:
Bleſſings unus'd, pervert into a Waſt,
As well as Surfeits; Women, Do but taſt:
See how the laden boughs make ſilent ſuit
To be enjoy'd; Look how their bending fruit
Meet thee half-way: Obſerve but how they crouch
To kiſs thy hand; Coy woman, Do but touch:
Mark what a pure vermilion bluſh has dy'd
Their ſwelling cheeks, and how for ſhame they hide
Their palſie heads to ſee themſelves ſtand by
Neglected: Woman, Do but caſt an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for uſe, refuſe not;
Come, pull and eat: Y'abuſe the thing ye uſe not.

Eve. Wiſeſt of Beaſts, our great Creator did
Reſerve this Tree, and this alone forbid;
The reſt are freely ours, which doubtleſs are
As pleaſing to the taſt; to th' eye as fair:
But touching this his ſtrict commands are ſuch,
'Tis death to taſt, no leſs than death to touch.

Serp. Piſh; Death's a fable: Did not Heav'n inſpire
Your equal Elements with living Fire:

Blown

Blown from the ſpring of life? Is not that breath
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death
As he that made ye. Can the flames expire
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creatours voice proclaim
What 'ere he made (from the blew ſpangled frame
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bleſt he not both the feeder and the Food?
Tell, tell me then, what danger can accrue
From ſuch bleſt Food, to ſuch half gods as you?
Curb needleſs fears, and let no fond conceit
Abuſe your freedom; Woman take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet
Unborn, and till Rebellion make it debt,
Undue; I know the fruit is good, until
Preſumptuous diſobedience make it ill.
The lips that open to this Fruit's a Portal
To let in death and make immortal mortal.

Serp. You cannot die; come woman, Taſte, and fear not:

Eve. Shall *Eve* tranſgreſs? I dare not, O I dare not.

Serp. Afraid? Why draw'ſt thou back thy tim'rous arm?
Harm only falls on ſuch as fear a harm.
Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this Tree:
'Twill make ye perfect Gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondneſs never
Fear death: Do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an Apple; and it is as good
To do, as to deſire. Fruit's made for food:
I'le pull, and taſte, and tempt my *Adam* too
To know the ſecrets of this Dainty. *Serp.* Do.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Matth.

He forced him not: He touched him not: Only ſaid, Caſt thy ſelf down; *that we may know, that whoſoever obeyeth the Devil caſteth himſelf down: For the Devil may ſuggeſt, compel he cannot.*

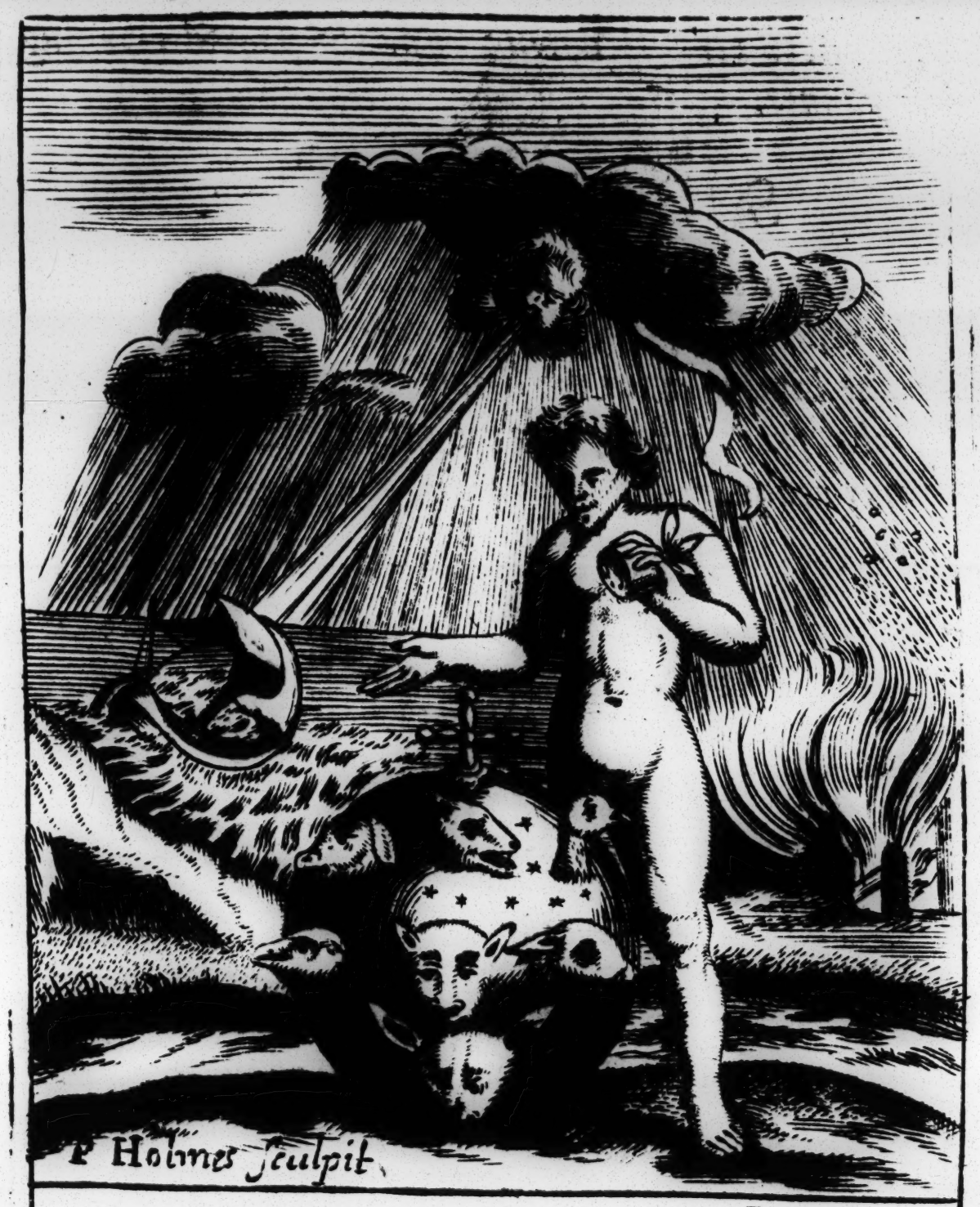
S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the Devils part to ſuggeſt: Ours, not to conſent: As oft as we reſiſt him, ſo often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, ſo often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God, who propoſeth us, that we may contend, and aſſiſteth us, that we may conquer.

EPIG. 1.

Unluckly Parliament! Wherein at laſt,
Both Houſes are agreed, and firmly paſt
An act of death confirm'd by higher Powers:
O had it had but ſuch ſucceſs as Ours!

II.



8

Sic malum cecuit vnicum in omne malum

II.

JAMES 1. 15.

Then when luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth ſin; and ſin when it is finiſhed bringeth forth death.

1

LAment, lament; Look, look, what thou haſt done?
Lament the world's, Lament thy own eſtate:
Look, look, by doing how thou art undone;
Lament thy fall, lament thy change of State:
Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gone,
See, ſee too ſoon, what thou lament'ſt too late.
O thou that wert ſo many men, nay, all
Abridg'd in one, how has thy deſp'rate fall
Deſtroy'd thy unborn ſeed, deſtroy'd thy ſelf withal.

2

Uxorious *Adam*, whom thy Maker made
Equal to Angels that excel in pow'r,
What haſt thou done? O why haſt thou obey'd
Thy own deſtruction? Like a new-cropt flower
How does the glory of thy beauty fade!
How are thy fortunes blaſted in an hour!
How art thou cow'd that haſt the pow'r to quell
The ſpite of new fal'n Angels, baffle Hell,
And vie with thoſe that ſtood, and vanquiſh thoſe that fell.

3

See how the world (whoſe chaſt and pregnant womb
Of late conceiv'd, and brought forth nothing ill)

Is now degenerated, and become
A baſe Adultereſs, whoſe falſe births do fill
The earth with Monſters, Monſters that do rome
And rage about, and make a trade to kill:
Now Glutt'ny paunches; Luſt begins to ſpawn;
Wrath takes revenge; and Avarice a pawn,
Pale Euvy pines, Pride ſwells, and Sloth begins to yawn.

4

The Air that wiſper'd, now begins to rore;
And bluſtring Boreas blows the boyling Tide;
The white mouth'd Water now uſurps the ſhore,
And ſcorns the pow'r of her tridental guide;
The fire now burns, that did but warm before,
And Rules her ruler with reſiſtleſs Pride:
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, that firſt were made
To be ſubdu'd ſee how they now invade; (obey'd.
They rule whom once they ſerv'd, command where once

5

Behold; that nakedneſs, that late bewray'd
Thy glory, now's become thy ſhame, thy wonder;
Behold; thoſe trees whoſe various fruits were made
For food, now turn'd a ſhade to ſhrowd thee under,
Behold; that voice (which thou haſt diſobey'd)
That late was muſick, now affrights like thunder:
Poor man! Are not thy joynts grown ſore with ſha-
To view th'effect of thy bold undertaking, (king.
That in one hour did'ſt marr what heav'n ſix days was
(making?

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de lib. arbit.

It is a moſt juſt puniſhment, that man ſhould loſe that freedom, which man could not uſe, yet had power to keep, if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do, what was right, and did not, ſhould be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: & that he who would not do righteouſly when he had the power, ſhould loſe the power to do it, when he had the Will.

HUGO de anima.

They are juſtly puniſhed that abuſe lawful things, but they are moſt juſtly puniſhed, that uſe unlawful things: Thus Lucifer fell from Heaven: Thus Adam loſt his Paradiſe.

EPIG. 2.

See how theſe fruitful kernils, being caſt
Upon the earth, how thick they ſpring! how faſt!
A full ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud;
Prepoſt'rous man firſt ſow'd, and then he plough'd.

III.



Vt potiar, patior. Patieris, non potieris.

III.

PROV. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is ſorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavineſs.

1

ALas fond Child,
How are thy thoughts beguil d
To hope for honey from a neſt of waſps?
Thou may'ſt as well
Go ſeek for eaſe in Hell,
Or ſprightly Nectar from the mouths of aſps.

2

The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'ſt derive
No good, but what thy ſouls vexation brings:
Put caſe thou meet
Some petti-petti ſweet,
Each drop is guarded with a thouſand ſtings.

3

Why doſt thou make
Theſe murm'ring troops forſake
The ſafe protection of their waxen homes?
Their hive contains
No ſweet that's worth thy pains;
There's nothing here, alas, but empty combes.

4

For traſh and toyes,
And grief ingen'dring joyes,

What torment ſeems too ſharp for fleſh and blood !
What bitter pills,
Compos'd of real Ills,
Men ſwallows down to purchaſe one falſe good !

5

The dainties here,
Are leaſt what they appear ;
Though ſweet in hopes, yet in fruition ſowre :
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow ;
The faireſt Tulips not the ſweeteſt flower.

6

Fond youth give ore,
And vex thy ſoul no more
In ſeeking what were better far unfound ;
Alas ! Thy gains
Are only preſent pains
To gather Scorpions for a future wound.

7

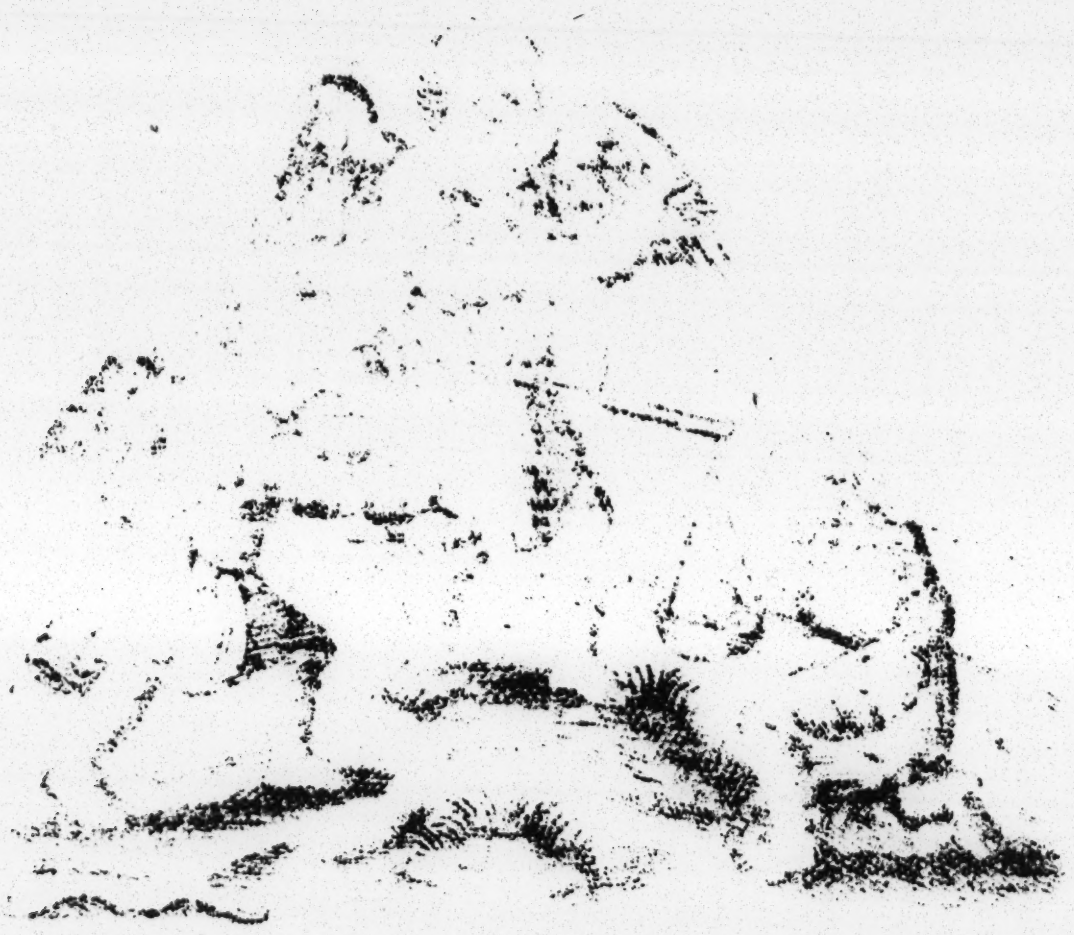
What's earth ? Or in it,
That longer then a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure ?
O who would droyl,
Or delve in ſuch a ſoyl,
Where gain's uncertain and the pains is ſure :

S. AUGUST.

Sweetneſs in temporal matters is deceitful: It is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleaſure, whoſe beginning is without providence, and whoſe end is not without repentance.

HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleaſure, a baſtard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a ſting in her tail.



EPIG. 3.

What, *Cupid*, are thy ſhafts already made?
And ſeeking honey, to ſet up thy trade
True Embleme of thy ſweets! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a ſting.

IV.



Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit amor

IV.

PSALM 62. 9.

To be laid in the ballance, it is altogether lighter than vanity.

1

Put in another weight: 'Tis yet too light:
And yet, Fond *Cupid*, put another in;
And yet another: Still there's under weight:
Put in another hundred: Put again;
Add world to world; then heap a thouſand more
To that, then to renew thy waſted ſtore,
Take up more worlds on truſt, to draw thy ballance lower.

2

Put in the fleſh with all her loads of pleaſure;
Put in great *Mammon*'s endleſs inventory;
Put in the ponderous acts of Mighty *Cæſar*:
Put in the greater weight of *Swedens* glory;
Add *Scipio*'s gauntlet; put in *Plato*'s gown:
Put *Circes* charms, put in the triple crown.
Thy ballance will not draw; thy ballance will not down.

3

Lord what a world is this, which day and night,
Men ſeek with ſo much toil, with ſo much trouble?
Which weigh'd in equal ſcales is found ſo light,
So poorly overballanc'd with a bubble?
Good God! that frantick mortals ſhould deſtroy
Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy
Upon ſuch airy traſh, upon ſo light a toy!

4

Thou holy Impoſtor, how haſt thou befool'd
The tribe of Man with conterfeit deſire!

How

How has the breath of thy falſe bellows cool'd
Heav'ns free born flames, and kindled baſtard fire!
How haſt thou vented droſs inſtead of meaſure,
And cheated men with thy falſe weights and meaſure;
Proclaiming bad for good; & gilding death with pleaſure!

5

The world's a crafty Strumpet moſt affecting,
And cloſely following thoſe that moſt reject her;
But ſeeming careleſs, nicely diſreſpecting
And coyly flying thoſe that moſt affect her:
If thou be free, ſhe's ſtrange, if ſtrange ſhe's free;
Flee, and ſhe follows; follow and ſhe'l flee:
Then ſhe ther's none more coy, ther's none more fond then (ſhe.

6

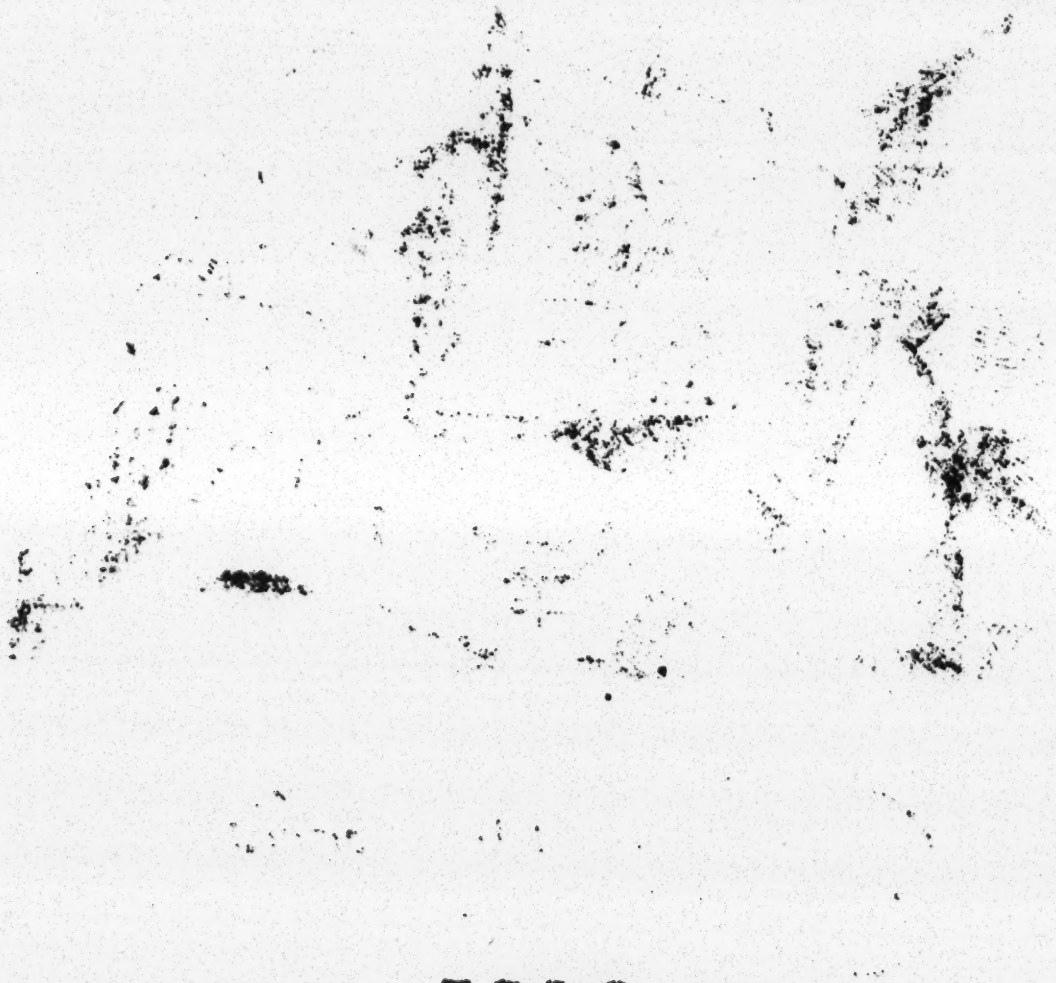
O what a Crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treacheries, and inſnaring wiles!
She cloathes deſtruction in a formal kiſs.
And lodges death in her deceitful ſmiles;
She hugs the ſoul ſhe hates; and there does prove
The veryeſt tyrant, where ſhe vows to love,
And is a Serpent moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems a Dove.

7

Thrice happy he, whoſe nobler thoughts deſpiſe
To make an object of ſo eaſie gains;
Thrice happy he who ſcorns ſo poor a price
Should be the crown of his heroick pains:
Thrice happy he, that ne're was born to try
Her frowns or ſmiles; or being born, did lie
In his ſad nurſes arms an hour, or two, and die.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward, than the world can give; and what is the world but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from leſſer to greater perils? O let all her vain light, momentary glory, periſh with her ſelf, and let us be converſant with more eternal things. Alas, this world is miſerable; life is ſhort, and death is ſure.



EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, what's lighter, than a feather?
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.
What's lighter, than the mind? A thought. Then thought?
This bubble world. What, than this bubble? Nought.

V.



His vertitur orbis.

V.

1 Cor. 7. 31.

The faſhion of this World paſſeth away.

GOne are thoſe golden days, wherein
Pale Conſcience ſtarted not at ugly ſin:
When good old *Saturn*'s peaceful Throne
Was unuſurped by his beardleſs Son:
When jealous *Ops* ne'r fear'd th' abuſe
Of her chaſt bed, or breach of nuptial Truce:
When juſt *Aſtræa* pois'd her Scales
In mortal hearts, whoſe abſence earth bewails:
When froth-born *Venus* and her brat,
With all that ſpurious brood Young *Jove* begat,
In horrid ſhapes were yet unknown;
Thoſe Halcyon days, that golden age is gone.
There was no Client then to wait
The leiſure of this long tayl'd Advocate;
The Talion Law was in requeſt,
And Chanc'ry Courts were kept in ev'ry breſt:
Abuſed Statutes had no Tenters,
And men could deal ſecure without indentures:
There was no peeping hole to clear
The wittals eye from his incarnate fear;
There were no luſtful Cinders then
To broil the Carbonado'd hearts of men:
The roſie cheeks did then proclaim
A ſhame of Guilt, but not a guilt of ſhame:
There was no whining ſoul to ſtart
At *Cupid*'s twang, or curſe his flaming dart;
The Boy had then but callow wings,
And fell *Erynnis* Scorpions had no ſtings:

The

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of Truth and Love.
Love eſſenc'd in the hearts of men!
Then Reaſon rul'd, there was no paſſion then;
Till Luſt and rage began to enter,
Love the Circumference was, and Love the Center
Until the wanton days of *Jove*
The ſimple world was all compos'd of Love;
But *Jove* grew fleſhly, falſe unjuſt;
Inferiour beauty fill'd his veins with luſt:
And Cucquean *Juno*'s fury hurld
Fierce balls of rape into th'inceſtuous world:
Aſtræa fled, and love return'd
From earth, earth boyl'd with luſt, with rage it burn'd;
And ever ſince the world hath been
Kept going with the ſcourge of Luſt and Spleen.

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS.

Luſt is a ſharp ſpur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a falſe gallop.

HUGO.

Luſt is an immoderate wantonneſs of the fleſh, a ſweet poyſon, a cruel peſtilence; a pernitious poyſon, which weakneth the body of Man, and effeminateth the ſtrength of an heroick mind.

S. AUGUST.

Envy is the hatred of anothers felicity: in reſpect of Superiours, becauſe they are not equal to them; in reſpect of Inferiours, leſt he ſhould be equal to them; in reſpect of equals, becauſe they are equal to them: Through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Chriſt.



EPIG. 5.

What, *Cupid*, muſt the world be laſh'd ſo ſoon?
But made at morning, and he whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wagg, that plays with *Venus* Doves,
The more 'tis laſh'd, the more perverſe it proves.

VI.



In cruce tuta quies

14

VI.

ECCLES. 2. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

1

How is the anxious ſoul of man befool'd
In his deſire,
That thinks an Hectick feaver may be cool'd
In flames of fire,
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burniſh'd gold
From nafty mire !
A whining Lover may as well requeſt
A ſcornful breaſt
To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reſt.

2

Let wit, and all her ſtudied plots effect
The beſt they can;
Let ſmiling Fortune proſper and perfect
What wit began,
Let earth adviſe with both, and ſo project
A happy man;
Let wit or fawning Fortune vie their beſt;
He may be bleſt
With all that earth can give; but earth can give no reſt.

3

Whoſe gold is double with a careful hand,
His cares are double,

The Pleaſure, Honour, Wealth of Sea and Land
Bring but a trouble;
The World it ſelf, and all the Worlds command,
Is but a bubble.
The ſtrong deſires of mans inſatiate breaſt
May ſtand poſſeſt
Of all that Earth can give; but Earth can give no reſt.

4

The World's a ſeeming Par'diſe, but her own
And man's tormentor;
Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling ſtone
Without a tenter;
It is a vaſt Circumference, where none
Can find a Center.
Of more than Earth, can Earth make none poſſeſt;
And he that leaſt
Regards this reſtleſs World, ſhall in this World find reſt.

5

True reſt conſiſts not in the oft revying
Of worldly droſs;
Earth's miry purchaſe is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loſs;
Her reſt but giddy toil, if not relying
Upon her croſs,
How worldlings droyl for trouble! That fond breaſt
That is poſſeſs'd
Of Earth without a croſs, has Earth without a reſt.

CASS. in Pſ.

The Croſs is the invincible ſanctuary of the humble: The dejection of the proud, the victory of Chriſt, the deſtruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbeliever, the life of the juſt.

DAMASCEN.

The Croſs of Chriſt is the key of Paradiſe; the weak mans ſtaff; the Converts convoy; the upright Mans perfection; the ſoul and bodies health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.



EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whoſe whimpering folly holds the loſſes
Of honour, pleaſure, health, and wealth ſuch croſſes,
Look here, and tell me, what your Arms engroſs:
When the beſt end of what ye hugg's a croſs.

VII.



Latet hostis, et otia ducis.

VII.

1 PET. 5 8.

Be ſober, be vigilant, becauſe your Adverſary the Devil as a roaring Lion walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour.

1

WHy doſt thou ſuffer luſtful ſloth to creep,
Dull Cyprian Lad into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle Vows
At *Morpheus* ſhrine? Is this a time to ſteep
Thy brains in waſteful ſlumbers? up and rouze
Thy leaden ſpirit: Is this a time to ſleep?
Adjourn thy ſanguine dreams, awake, ariſe,
Call in thy thoughts; and let them all adviſe,
Had'ſt thou, as many heads, as thou haſt wounded eyes

2

Look, Look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring ſlumbers! If thy drowzy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'ſt into a bed
Of ſulph'rous flames, whoſe torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wiſe, let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wiſdom; fools are wiſe too late:
Beware betimes, and let thy reaſon ſever
Thoſe gates which paſſion clos'd; wake now or never;
For if thou nod'ſt thou fall'ſt, and falling fall'ſt for ever.

3

Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy ſlumb'ring heart:

The wound is posting, O be wise, beware.
What? has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care?
Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes.
But know withal, sweet tasts have sower closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4

Yet sluggard, wake, and gull thy Soul no more
With Earth's false pleasure, and the worlds delight,
Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
But sower in taste, false as the putrid core:
Thy flaring glass is gems at her half light,
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
Performs an inch of her fair promis'd ell:
Her words protest a Heaven; her works produce an hell.

5

O thou the fountain of whose better part,
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
And ownst no torment but in *Cupid*'s dart;
Behold thy type: Thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth, secure, while death that flings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where flames attend thy (fall.

S. BERN.

Security is no where; neither in Heaven, nor in Paradiſe, much leſs in the World: In Heaven the Angels fell from the Divine Preſence; in Paradiſe, Adam *fell from his place of pleaſure; in the World, Judas fell from the School of our Saviour.*

HUGO.

I eat ſecure, I drink ſecure, I ſleep ſecure, even as though I had paſt the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and eſcaped the torments of Hell-fire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the Kingdom of Heaven.

EPIG. 7.

Get up, my ſoul; Redeem thy ſlaviſh eyes
From drowzy bondage: O beware; be wiſe:
Thy Fo's before thee; thou muſt fight or fly:
Life lies moſt open in a cloſed eye.

VIII.



Et risu necat

VIII.

LUKE 6. 25.

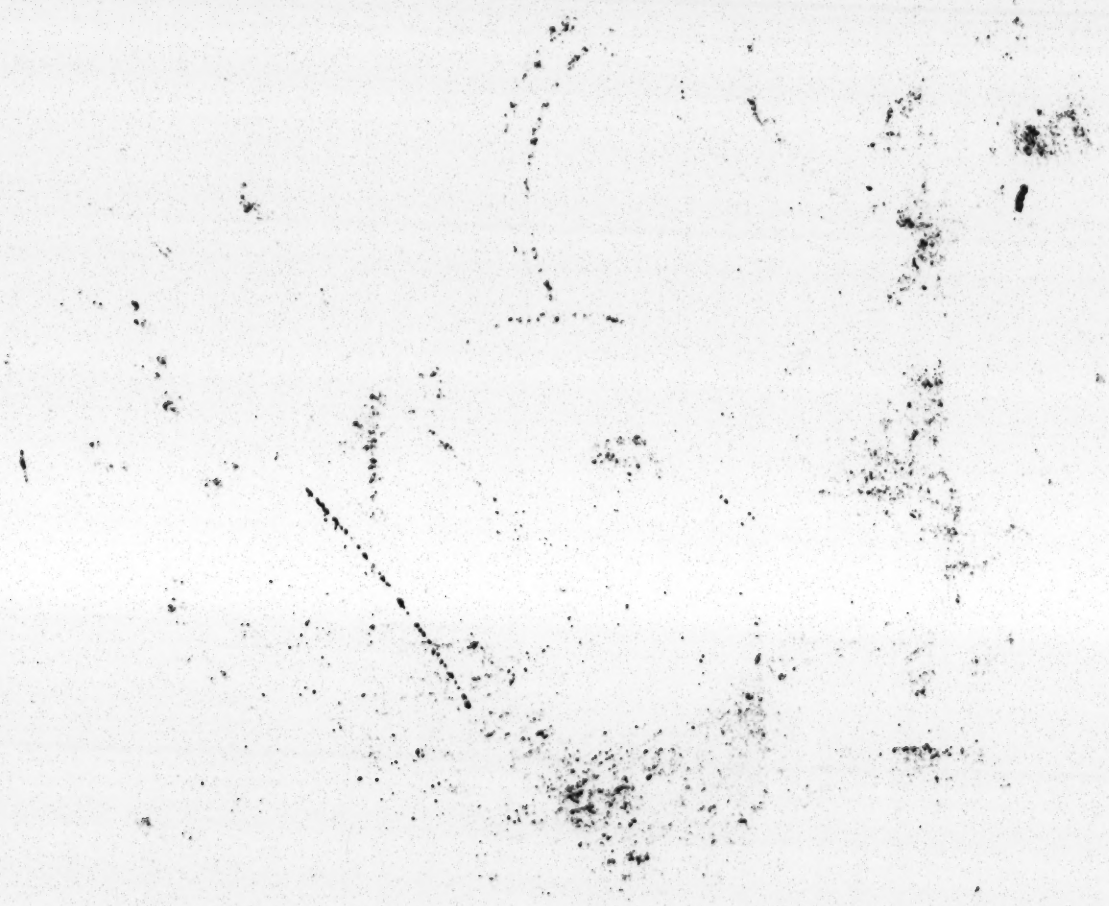
Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye ſhall mourn and weep.

THe World's a popular diſeaſe, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantick brains
Of poor diſtemper'd mortals, oft ariſing
From ill digeſtion, through th'unequal poiſing
Of ill-weigh'd Elements, whoſe light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boyling liver;
Rends hair by handfuls, curſing *Cupid*'s quiver:
Another with a bloody flux of oaths
Vows deep revenge: one dotes: the other loaths:
One friſks and ſings, and vies a flagon more
To drench dry cares, and make the Welkin rore:
Another droops: the Sun-ſhine makes him ſad;
Heav'n cannot pleaſe: One's mop'd; the t'other's mad:
One huggs his gold; another lets it fly:
He knowing not for whom; nor t'other why.
One ſpends his day in plots, his night in play;
Another ſleeps and ſlugs both night and day:
One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that:
But neither one nor t'other knows for what.
Wonder of wonders! What we ought t'evite
As our diſeaſe, we hug as our delight:
'Tis held a ſymptome of approaching danger,
When diſacquainted Senſe becomes a Stranger,
And takes no knowledge of an old diſeaſe;
But when a noiſom grief begins to pleaſe

The unreſifting ſenſe, it is a fear
That death has parli'd, and compounded there:
As when the dreadful Thund'rers awful hand
Pours forth a Vial on th'infected land,
At firſt th'affrighted Mortals quake and fear;
And every noiſe is thought the Thunderer:
But when the frequent ſoul-departing Bell
Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell,
It is reputed but a nine days wonder,
They neither fear the Thund'rer nor his Thunder.
So when the world (a worſe diſeaſe) began
To ſmart for ſin, poor new created Man
Could ſeek for ſhelter, and his gen'rous Son
Knew by his wages, what his hands had done:
But bold-fac'd Mortals in our bluſhleſs times
Can ſing and ſmile, and make a ſport of crimes,
Tranſgreſs of cuſtom, and rebel in eaſe;
We falſe-joy'd fools can triumph in diſeaſe,
And (as the careleſs Pilgrim, being bit
By the Tarantula, begins a fit
Of life concluding laughter) waſte our breath
In laviſh pleaſure, till we laugh to death.

HUGO de anima.

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentany mirth, the worlds power, the fleshes pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth! Where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torments! What hath fallen to them, may befal thee, because thou art a man: Thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shalt return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where: Be wise therefore, and expect death every where.



EPIG. 8.

What ayls the fool to laugh? Does something please
His vain conceit? Or is't a meer disease?
Fool, giggle ou, and waste thy wanton breath;
Thy morning laughter breeds an ev'ning death.

IX.



Frustra quis stabilem figat in orbe gradum

IX.

1 JOHN 2. 17.

The World passeth away, and all the Lusts thereof.

1

DRaw near, brave Sparks, whose Spirits scorn to light
Your hallow'd tapers, but at Honours flame;
You, whose heroic actions take delight
To varnish over a new-painted name;
Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight,
But on th' Icarian wings of babbling fame;
Behold how tott'ring are your high-built stories (ries.
Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glo-

2

And you more brain-sick Lovers, that can prise
A wanton smile before eternal Joys;
That know no heav'n, but in your Mistris eyes;
That feel no pleasure, but what sense enjoys:
That can like crown-distemper'd fools despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toyes:
Think ye the Pageants of your hopes are able
To stand secure on earth, when earth it self's unstable?

3

Come dunghill Worldlings, you that root like swine,
And cast up golden trenches, where ye come:
Whose only pleasure is to undermine,
And view the secrets of your mothers womb:
Come bring your Saint pouch'd in his Leather shrine,
And summon all your griping Angels home;
Behold your World, the bank of all your store
The World ye so admire, the World ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whoſe hot-mouth'd pleaſures tire
Before the race; before the ſtart, retrait;
A faithleſs world, whoſe falſe delights expire
Before the term of half their promis'd date:
A fickle World, not worth the leaſt deſire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of State:
A feeble, faithleſs, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a ſin.

5

The beauty, that of late was in her flower,
Is now a ruin, not to raiſe a luſt:
He that was lately drench'd in *Dandes* ſhower,
Is maſter now of neither good nor truſt;
Whoſe honour late was mann'd with Princely power,
His glory now lies buried in the duſt;
O who would truſt this world, or prize what's in it,
That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6

Nor length of days, nor ſolid ſtrength of brain,
Can find a place wherein to reſt ſecure:
The World is various, and the Earth is vain
There's nothing certain here, there's nothing ſure:
We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain,
And what's our only grief's our only cure:
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour
To find the way to reſt muſt ſeek the way to leave her.

S. GREG. in ho.

Behold the world is withered in it ſelf, yet flouriſheth in our hearts, every where death, every where grief, every where deſolation: On every ſide we are ſmitten; on every ſide filled with bitterneſs, and yet with the blind mind of carnal deſire, we love her bitterneſs: It flieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we ſtick to it: And becauſe we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but ſpurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn;
When Fortune ſees, and *Lynx* ey'd Time is bliud,
I'le truſt thy joyes, O world till then, the wind.

VI.



Utriusq3 crepundia Merces.

40

X.

JOHN 8. 44.

Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lusts of your father you will do.

HEre's your right ground: wag gently o're this black:
'Tis a ſhort caſt; y'are quickly at the jack.
Rub, rub an inch or two; two crowns to one,
On this bowls ſide: Blow wind, 'tis fairly thrown:
The next bowl's worſe that comes, come bolw away;
Mammon, you know the ground untutor'd, play;
Your laſt was gone, a yard of ſtrength well ſpar'd,
Had touch'd the block; your hand is ſtill too hard,
Brave paſtime, Readers, to conſume that day,
Which without paſtime flies too ſwift away!
See how they labour; as if day and night
Were both too ſhort to ſerve their looſe delight?
See how their curved bodies wreath, and skrue
Such antick ſhapes as *Proteus* never knew:
One rapps an oath, another deals a curſe;
He never better bowl'd; this never worſe:
One rubs his itchleſs elbow, ſhrugs and laughs,
The t'other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:
Sometimes they whoop, ſometimes their Stygian cries
Send their black *Santo*'s to the bluſhing skies:
Thus mingling homours in a mad confuſion,
They make bad Promiſes, and worſe concluſion:
But where's a Palm that Fortunes hand allows
To bleſs the victors honourable brows?
Come, Reader, come; I'le light thine eye the way
To view the prize, the while the Gameſters play:

Cloſe by the jack, behold, gill fortune ſtands
To wave the game, ſee in her partial hands
The glorious garland's held in open ſhow,
To chear the Lads, and crown the conqu'rors brow.
The world's the jack; the gamefters that contend,
Are *Cupid*, *Mammon*: that judicious Friend,
That gives the ground, is *Satan*: And the bowls
Are ſinful Thoughts; they Prize, a crown for Fools.
Who breaths that bowls not? What bold tongue can ſay
Without a bluſh, he hath not bowl'd to day?
It is the trade of man, and every ſinner
Has plaid his rubbers: Every Soul's a winner.
The vulger Proverb's croſt; He hardly can
Be a good Bowler and an honeſt man.
Good God! turn thou my Brazil thoughts anew;
New ſole my bowls, and make their bias true:
I'le ceaſe to game, till fairer ground be given,
Nor wiſh to win, until the mark be Heaven.

S. BERNARD. lib. de Conſid.

O you ſons of Adam, *you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and Silver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: In ſhort, if they be yours, carry them with you.*

S. HIERON. in Ep.

O Luſt, thou infernal fire, whoſe fewel is gluttony; whoſe flame is pride; whoſe ſparkles are wanton words; whoſe ſmoke is infamy; whoſe aſhes are uncleanneſs: whoſe end is hell.



EPIG. 3.

Mammon well followed: *Cupid* bravely led;
Both Touchers; equal Fortune makes a dead:
No need can meaſure where the conqueſt lies;
Take my advice! compound, and ſhare the Prize:

XI.



Mundus in exitium ruit

XI:

EPHES: 2. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this World, according to the Prince of the air.

1

O Whither will this mad brain world at last
Be driv'n? Where will her reftleſs wheels arrive?
Why hurries on her ill-match'd pair ſo faſt?
O whether means her furious groom to drive?
What will her rambling fits be never paſt?
For ever ranging? Never once retrive?
Will Earth perpetual progreſs ne'r expire?
Her Team continuing in their freſh careir.
And yet they never reſt, and yet they never tire.

2

Sol's hot mouth'd Steeds, whoſe noſtrils vomit flame,
and brazen lungs belch forth quotidian fire,
Their twelve hours task perform'd grow ſtiff and lame,
And their immortal ſpirits faint and tire:
At th' azure mountains foot their labours claim
The priviledge of reſt, where they retire
To quench their burning fetlocks, and go ſteep
Their flaming noſtrils in the weſtern deep,
And freſh their tired ſouls with ſtrength reſtoring ſleep.

3

But theſe prodigious hackneys, baſely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or flight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not
The bed of reſt, but travel with delight;
Who never weighing way nor weather, trot

Through duſt and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil theſe fiends incarnate, whoſe free pains
Are fed with dropſies and venereal blains.
No need to uſe the whip; but ſtrength to rule the reins.

4

Poor captive world! How has thy lightneſs given
A juſt occaſion to thy foes illuſion?
O, how art thou betray'd thus fairly driven
In ſeeming triumph to thy own confuſion?
How is thy empty Univerſe bereaven
Of all true joys, by one falſe joys deluſion?
So I have ſeen an unblown virgin fed
With ſugar'd words ſo full, that ſhe is led
A fair attended Bride to a falſe Bankrupts bed.

5

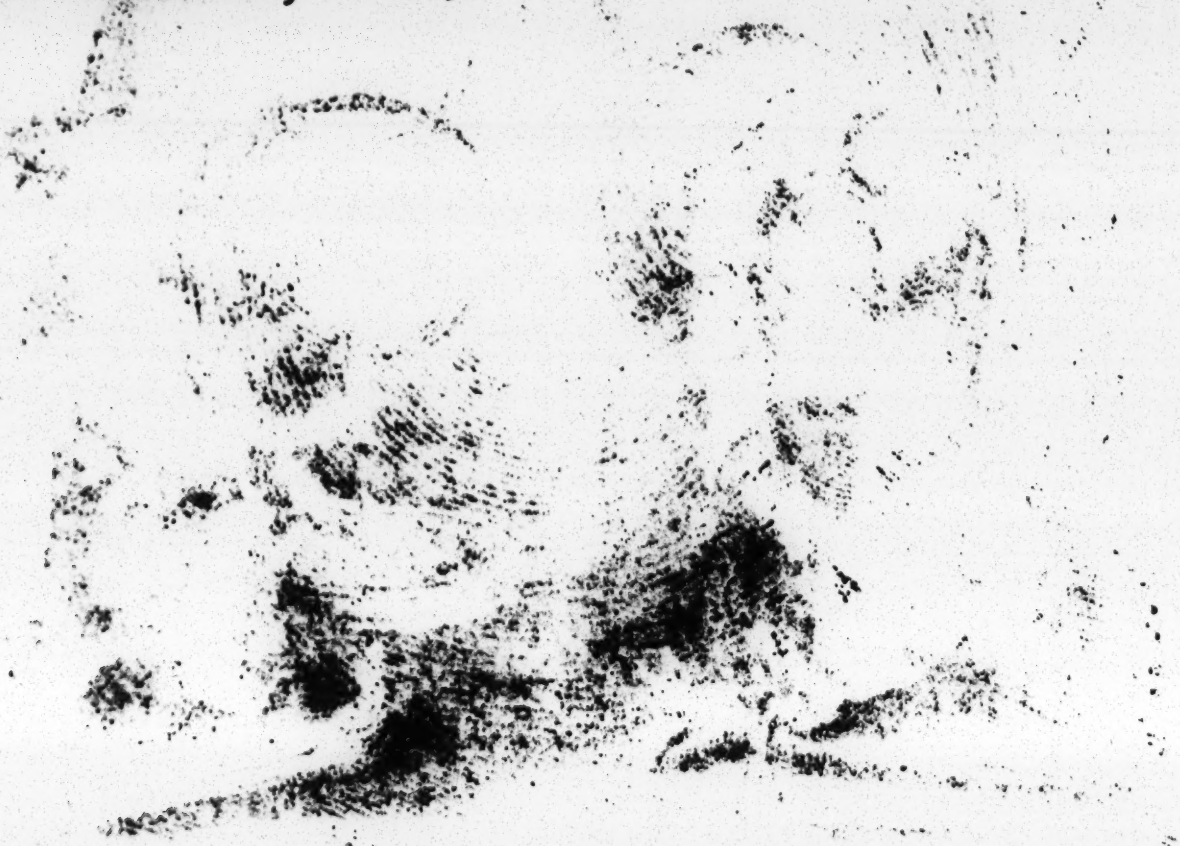
Full gracious Lord; Let not thine arm forſake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleaſure that thou once did'ſt take
Amongſt the Lillies and ſweet Beds of Spices.
Hale ſtrongly, thou whoſe hand has pow'r to ſlack
The ſwift-foot fury of ten thouſand vices:
Let not thy duſt devouring Dragon boaſt,
His craft has won what Juda's Lion loſt;
Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it coſt.

ISIDOR. lib. 1. De ſummo bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by ſo much the more fiercely he troubleth it with perſecution; that knowing himſelf is to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and ſpacious is the road to infernal life; there are enticements and death-bringing pleaſures. There the Devil flattereth that he may deceive; ſmileth that he may endamage; allureth that he may deſtroy.



EPIG. 11.

Nay ſoft and fair, good world; poſt not too faſt;
Thy journies end require, not half this haſt.
Unleſs that arm thou ſo diſdain'ſt, reprives thee,
Alas thou needs muſt go; the devil drives thee.

XII.



Inopem me copia fecit.

XII.

ISAIAH 66. 11.

Ye may ſuck, but not be ſatisfied with the breaſt of her conſolation.

1

WHat never fill'd? Be thy lips skrew'd ſo faſt (theer
Toth' eartths full breaſt? for ſhame, for ſhame unſeize
Thou tak'ſt a ſurfet where thou ſhould'ſt but taſt,
And mak'ſt too much not half enough to pleaſe thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou ſwalloweſt at one breath
Both food and poiſon down; thou draw'ſt both milk and (death.

2

The ub'rous breaſts, when fairly drawn, repaſt
The thriving infant with her milkie ſtoud,
But being overſtrain'd, return at laſt
Unwholſom gulps compos'd of wind and blood.
A mod'rate uſe does both repaſt and pleaſe;
Who ſtrains beyond a mean draws in and gulps diſeaſe.

3

But, O that mean, whoſe good the leaſt abuſe
Makes bad, is too too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or Crabs a pleaſing juice?
There's nothing wholſom, where the whole's infected.
Unſeiſe thy lips: Earth's milk's a rip'ned core,
That drops from her diſeaſe, that matters from her ſore.

4

Think'ſt thou that punch, that burlyes out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or fleſh, that ſeems ſo brawny?
Thy paunch is dropſied and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;

Thy

Thy skin's a bladder blown w[illegible] 2.
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quag[illegible]

5

Tell me w
And thou whoſe thriveleſs hands, [illegible]ld?
Earths fluent breaſts into an em[illegible]*bſerve wh*
That always haſt, yet always art c[illegible]; s
And whin'ſt for more then earth[illegible] *a moment*
Whoſe treaſure flows and fle[illegible] *their S*
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt[illegible] *ſtopp*
ey tha: w

6 *puni*

Go chooſe a ſubſtance, Fool, that [illegible]
Within the limits of thy leaking
Or elſe go ſeek an urn that will ret[illegible]
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry
Alas, how poorly are thy labo[illegible]
Thy liquor's never ſweet, nor yet t[illegible]

7

What leſs, than Fool, is man, to [illegible]
And laviſh out the cream of all h[illegible]
To gain poor ſeeming goods, wh'c[illegible]
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thorou[illegible]
Or, if they ſtay, they furrow
And being kept with care, they lo[illegible]

ripe, C
pe
efore I'l

HUGO de anima.

me where be those now, that so lately loved and hugg'd
ld? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms;
e what those men were; what those men are: They were
; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and
ment slipt into hell. Here their flesh is food for worms;
heir Souls are fewel for fire, till they shall be rejoyned in
ppy fellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where
were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter part-
punishment.



EPIG. 2.

Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind,
pent before, find secret vent behind:
hen th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what,
'le trust thy armful, I'le trust that.

Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors;
Thy fleſh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humours.

5

And thou whoſe thriveleſs hands, are ever ſtraining
Earths fluent breaſts into an empty ſieve,
That always haſt, yet always art complaining,
And whin'ſt for more then earth has power to give;
Whoſe treaſure flows and flees away as faſt;
That ever haſt, and haſt, yet haſt not what thou haſt:

6

Go chooſe a ſubſtance, Fool, that will remain
Within the limits of thy leaking meaſure;
Or elſe go ſeek an urn that will retain
The liquid body of thy ſlipp'ry treaſure:
Alas, how poorly are thy labours crown'd?
Thy liquor's never ſweet, nor yet thy veſſel ſound.

7

What leſs, than Fool, is man, to prog and plot,
And laviſh out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor ſeeming goods, which being got,
Make firm poſſeſſion but a thorow fare;
Or, if they ſtay, they furrow thoughts the deeper.
And being kept with care, they loſe their careful keeper.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. Hom. 3. ſecond. parte Ezech.

If we give more to the fleſh then we ought, we nouriſh an enemy; if we give not to her neceſſity what we ought, we deſtroy a Citizen: The fleſh is to be ſatiſfied ſo far as ſuffices to our good; whoſoever alloweth ſo much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be ſatiſfied: To be ſatiſfied is a great art; leſt by the ſatiety of the fleſh we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

HUGO de anima.

The heart is a ſmall thing, but deſireth great matters. It is not ſufficient for a Kites dinner, yet the whole world is not ſufficient for it.

EPIG. 12.

What makes thee, Fool, ſo fat? Fool, thee ſo bare?
Ye ſuck the ſelf ſame milk, the ſelf-ſame air:
No mean betwixt all paunch, and ſkin, and bone?
The mean's a virtue and the world has none.

XIII.



Da mihi fræna timor; Da mihi calcar amor

XIII.

JOHN 3. 19.

Men love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are evil.

LOrd, when we leave the world and come to Thee,
How dull, how ſlug are we!
How backward! How prepoſterous is the motion
Of our ungain devotion!
Our thoughts are Milſtones, and our ſouls are lead,
And our deſires are dead:
Our vows are fairly promis'd, faintly paid;
Or broken or not made:
Our better work (if any good) attends
Upon our private ends:
In whoſe performance one poor worldly ſcoff
Foils us or beats us off.
If thy ſharp ſcourge find out ſome ſecret fault,
We grumble or revolt,
And if thy gentle hand forbear, we ſtray,
Or idly loſe the way.
Is the road fair? we loyter: clogg'd with mire?
We ſtick or elſe retire:
A lamb appears a Lion; and we fear,
Each buſh we ſee's a bear.
When out dull ſouls direct our thoughts to thee,
The ſoft-pac'd ſnail is not ſo ſlow as we:
But at earth we dart our wing'd deſire,
We burn, we burn like fire.
Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend
To her magnetick friend:

Or

Or as the greedy Lovers eye-balls fly
At his fair Miſtriſs eye:
So, ſo we cling to earth; we fly and puff,
Yet flie not faſt enough.
If pleaſure becken with her balmy hand,
Her beck's a ſtrong command:
If honour call us with a courtly breath:
An hour's delay is death:
If profits golden finger'd charms enveigles,
We clip more ſwift than Eagles:
Let Auſter weep, or bluſtring Boreas rore
Till eyes or lungs be ſore:
Let Neptune ſwell until his dropſy ſides
Burſt into broken tides:
Nor threatning Rocks, nor Winds, nor Waves, nor Fire,
Can crub our fierce deſire;
Nor Fire, nor Rocks, can ſtop your furious minds,
Nor Waves, nor Winds
How faſt and fearleſs do our footſteps flee!
The light-foot Roe-buck's not ſo ſweet, as we.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Pſal. 64.

Two ſeveral lovers built two ſeveral Cities; the love of God buildeth a Jeruſalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon: Let every one enquire of himſelf what he loveth, and he ſhall reſolve himſelf of whence he is a Citizen.

S. AUGUST. lib. 3. Confeſ.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own center; My weight is my love; by that I am driven whitherſoever I am driven.

Ibidem.

Lord, he loveth thee the leſs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he loveth not for thee.

EPIG. 13.

Lord, ſcourge my Aſs, if ſhe ſhould make no haſt,
And curb my Stag, if he ſhould fly too faſt:
If he be over-ſwift, or ſhe prove idle,
Let Love lend him a ſpur: Fear, her a bridle.

XIV.



Phosphere redde diem

56

XIV.

PSALM 13. 3.

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death.

WIl't ne'r be morning? Will that promis'd light
Ne'r break, and clear thoſe clouds of night?
Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day,
Whoſe conqu'ring ray
May chaſe theſe fogs; Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

How long! How long ſhall theſe benighted eyes
Languiſh in ſhades, like feeble flies
Expecting Spring? How long ſhall darkneſs ſoyl
The face of earth, and thus beguile
Our ſouls of ſprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whoſe new born ray
May gild the weather-cocks of our devotion,
And give our unſoul'd ſouls new motion?
Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day,
Thy light will fray
Theſe horrid mifts? Sweet *Phoſper* bring the day.

Let thoſe have night that ſlighly love t'immure
Their cloyſter'd crimes, and ſin ſecure;
Let thoſe have night that bluſh to let men know
The baſeneſs they ne'r bluſh to do;
Let thoſe have night, that love to have a nap
And loll in Ignorances lap;
Let thoſe whoſe eyes, like Owls, abhor the light,
Let thoſe have night that love the night:

Sweet *Phoſper* bring the day;
How ſad delay
Affli&s dull hopes? Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

Alas! my light in vain expe&ing eyes
Can find no obje& but what riſe
From this poor mortal blaze, a dying ſpark
Of *Vulcan*'s forge, whoſe flames are dark,
A dangerous, a dull blew burning light,
As melancholy as the night:
Here's all the Suns that glifter in the Sphere
Of earth: Ah me! What comfort's here?
Sweet *Phoſper* bring the day;
Haſte, haſte away
Heav'ns loyt'ring lamp; Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whoſe idle knee
Rocks earth into a Lethargy,
And with thy ſooty fingers haſt bedight
The worlds fair cheeks, blow, blow thy ſpight;
Since thou haſt puft our greater Taper; do
Puff on, and out the leſſer too:
Ere that breath-exiled flame return,
Thou haſt not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night: Sweet *Phoſper*, bring the day.

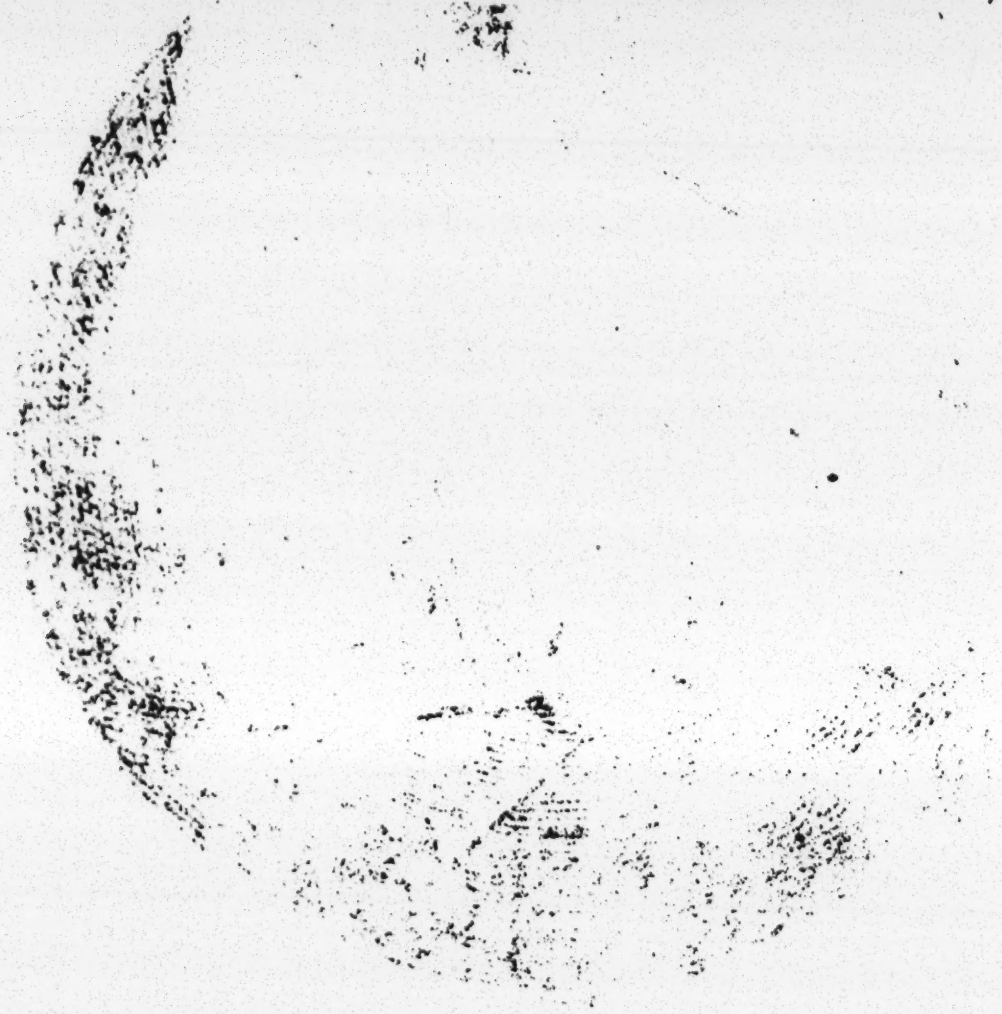
S. AUGUST:

S. AUGUST. in Joh. Ser. 19.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry, he is bread; if thirsty, he is water; if darkneſs, he is light; If naked, he is a robe of immortality.

ALANUS de conq. nat.

God is a light that is never darkned; An unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a ſeminary of wiſdom; a radical beginning of all goodneſs.



EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, If Ignorance puff out this light,
She'l do a favour that intends a ſpight:
'T ſeems dark abroad; but take this light away,
Thy windows will diſcover *break a day.*

XV.



Debilitate fides: Terras Aſtræa reliquit

XV.

REV. 12. 12.

The Devil is come unto you, having great wrath, becauſe he knoweth that he hath but a ſhort time.

1

LOrd! can'ſt thou ſee and ſuffer? is thy hand
Still bound to th' peace? Shall earths black Monarch
A full poſſeſſion of thy waſted land?
O, will thy ſlumb'ring vengeance never wake,
Till full ag'd law-reſiſting Cuſtom ſhake
The Pillars of thy right by falſe command?
Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'rer and come down;
Behold thoſe Temples wear thy ſacred Crown;
Redreſs, redreſs our wrongs; revenge, revenge thy own.

2

See how the bold Uſurper mounts the ſeat
Of royal Majeſty; How overſtrawing
Perils with Pleaſure, pointing ev'ry threat
With bugbear death, by torments over-awing
Thy frighted ſubject; or by favourss drawing
Their tempted hearts to his unjuſt retreat;
Lord can'ſt thou be ſo mild, and he ſo bold?
Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold
Is govern'd by the Fox? Lord, can'ſt thou ſee and hold?

3

That ſwift-wing'd Advocate, that did commence
Our welcome ſuits before the King of Kings,

That ſweet Embaſſador, that hurries hence
What ayres th' harmonious ſoul or ſighs or ſings,
See how ſhe flutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by ſenſe;
Senſe conqu'ring Faith is now grown blind and cold,
And baſely craven'd, that in times of old
Did conquer Heav'n it ſelf, do what th' Almighty could.

4

Behold how double fraud does ſcourge and tear
Aſtræa's wounded ſides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whoſe fury has no ear;
See how ſhe ſtands a pris'ner to be ſent
A ſlave into eternal baniſhment,
I know not whither, O, I know not where:
Her Patent muſt be cancell'd in diſgrace;
And ſweet-lipt Fraud, with her divided face,
Muſt act *Aſtræa*'s part, muſt take *Aſtræa*'s place.

5

Faith's pinion's clipt! And fair *Aſtræa* gone?
Quick ſeeing *Faith* now blind? And *Juſtice* ſee?
Has *Juſtice* now found wings: And has *Faith* none?
What do we here? Who would not wiſh to be
Diſſolv'd from earth, and with *Aſtræa* flee
From this blind dungeon to that Sun bright Throne?
Lord, is thy Scepter loſt, or laid aſide?
Is hell broke looſe, and all her fiends untied?
Lord, riſe, and rouze, & rule, and cruſh their furious pride.

PETR. RAV, in Matth.

The Devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedneſs, the adverſary of the truth, the corrupter of the World, mans perpetual enemy; he planteth ſnares, diggeth ditches, ſpurreth bodies, he goadeth ſouls, he ſuggeſteth thoughts, belcheth anger; expoſeth virtues to hatred, maketh vices beloved, ſoweth errors, nouriſheth contention, diſturbeth peace, and ſcattereth affection.

MACAR.

Let us ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer: And be crucified, with thoſe that are crucified, that we may be glorified with thoſe that are glorified.

SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.



EPIG. 15.

My ſoul, ſit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play before the play is done:
Her plot has many changes: Every day
Speaks a new Scene; the laſt act crowns the Play.

I.



Sic lumine lumen ademptum.

THE SECOND BOOK.

I.

ISAIAH 50. 11.

You that walk in the light of your own fire; and in the ſparks that ye have kindled, ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow.

1

DO, ſilly *Cupid*, ſnuff and trim
Thy falſe, thy feeble light,
And make her ſelf-conſuming flames more bright;
Methinks ſhe burns too dim.
Is this that ſprightly fire,
Whoſe more than ſacred beams inſpire
The raviſht hearts of men, and ſo inflame deſire?

2

See, Boy, how thy unthrifty blaze
Conſumes, how faſt ſhe wains;
She ſpends her ſelf, and her, whoſe wealth maintains
Her weak, her idle rays.
Cannot thy luſtful blaſt
Which gave it luſtree, make it laſt! (faſt.
What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleaſure ſpends ſo

3

Go, Wanton, place thy pale-fac'd light
Where never breaking day
Intends to viſit mortals, or diſplay
Thy ſullen ſhades of night:
Thy torch will burn more clear
In nights un-Titan'd Hemiſphere;
Heav'ns ſcornful flames and thine can never co-appear.

In

4

In vain thy buſie hands addreſs
Their labour to diſplay
Thy eaſie blaze within the Verge of day;
The greater drowns the leſs:
If Heav'ns bright glory ſhine,
Thy glim'ring ſparks muſt needs reſign;
Puff out heav'ns glory then, or heav'n will work out thine.

5

Go, *Cupid*'s rammiſh Pander, go,
Whoſe dull, whoſe low deſire
Can find ſufficient warmth from Natures fire,
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made ſtrong with ſpight;
When thou haſt puft the greater light
Thy leſſer ſpark may ſhine, and warm the new-made night.

6

Deluded Mortals, tell me when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'ns Taper out, and you have ſpent your own,
What fire ſhall warm you then?
Ah fools, perpetual night
Shall haunt your Souls with Stygian fright,
Where they ſhall boil in flames, but flames ſhall bring no (light.

S. AUGUST:

S. AUGUST.

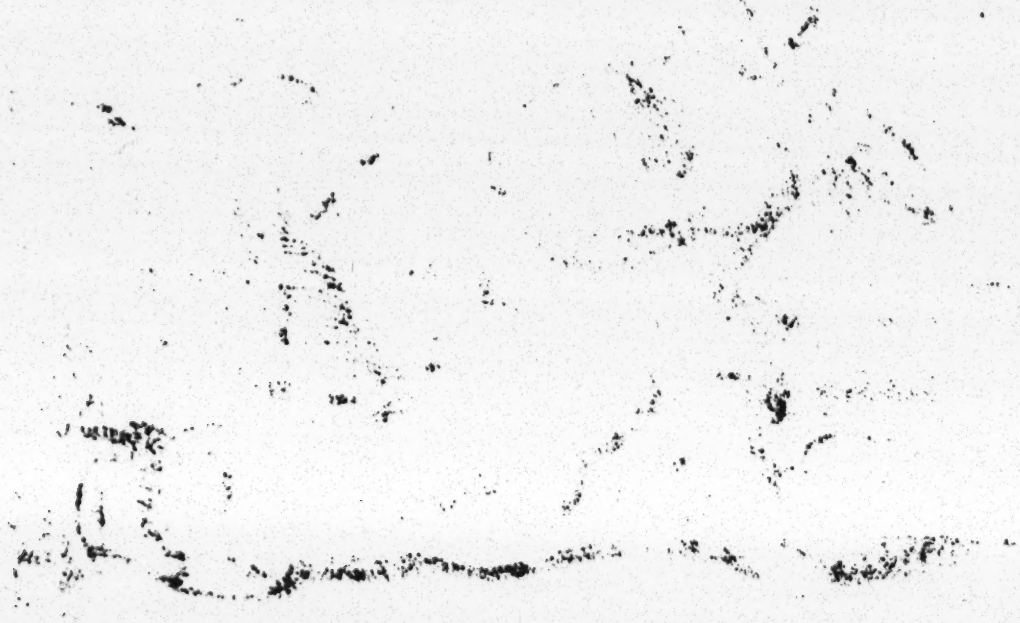
The ſufficiency of my merit, is to know that my merit is not ſufficient.

S. GREG. Mor. 25.

By how much the leſs man ſeeth himſelf, by ſo much the leſs he diſpleaſeth himſelf; and by how much the more he ſeeth the light of Grace, by ſo much the more he diſdaineth the light of nature.

S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the underſtanding, humility kindleth, and pride covereth.



EPIG. 1.

Thou blow'ſt heav'ns fire, the whil'ſt thou go'ſt about,
Rebellious fool, in vain to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confuſion to thy death;
Heav'ns fire confounds, when fann'd with Follies breath.

II.



Donec totum expleat orbem.

II.

ECCLES. 4. 8.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his Eye ſatisfied with Riches.

O How our wid'ned arms can over-ſtretch
Their own dimenſions! How our hands can reach
Beyond their diſtance! How our yielding breaſt
Can ſhrink to be more full, and full poſſeſt
Of this inferiour Orb? How earth refin'd
Can cling to ſordid earth! How kind to kind!
We gape, we graſp, we gripe, and ſtore to ſtore;
Enough requires too much; too much craves more.
We charge our ſouls ſo ſore beyond their ſtint,
That we recoil or burſt: the buſie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new deſires; deſires not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundleſs Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ſtrong by motion.
The pale-fac'd Lady of the black ey'd night
Firſt tips her horned brows with eaſie light,
Whoſe curious train of ſpangled Nimphs attire
Her next nights glory with increaſing fire;
Each Ev'ning adds more luſtre, and adorns
The growing beauty of her graſping horns:
She ſucks and draws her brother's golden ſtore,
Until her glutted orb can ſuck no more,
Ev'n to the Vulture of inſatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting ſeeks, and ſeeking finds
New fewel to increaſe her rav'nous fire,
The grave is ſooner cloy'd than mens deſire:
We croſs the Seas, and midſt her waves we burn,
Tranſporting lifes, perchance that n're return;

We

We ſack, we ranſack to the utmoſt ſands
Of native kingdoms, and of forreign lands;
We travel Sea and Soil, we pry, we proul,
We progreſs, and we prog from pole to pole;
We ſpend our mid-day ſweat, our midnight oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toil:
We make Art ſervile, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compaſs earth, and with her empty ſtore
To fill our arms, and graſp one handful more;
Thus ſeeking reſt, our labours never ceaſe,
But as our years, our hot deſires increaſe:
Thus we, poor little Worlds! with blood and ſweat
In vain attempt to comprehend the great;
Thus, in our gain become we gainful loſers,
And what's enclos'd. encloſes the encloſers.
Now Reader cloſe thy book, and then adviſe;
Be wiſely worldly, be not worldly wiſe;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking
The world's baſe dunghil; vermin's took by taking:
Take heed thou truſt not the deceitful lap
Of wanton *Delilah*; The world's a Trap.

HUGO de anima.

Tell me where be thoſe now, that ſo lately loved and hugg'd the world? Nothing remaineth of them but duſt and worms; Obſerve what thoſe men were; what thoſe men are: They were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment ſlipt into hell. Here their fleſh is food for worms; there their ſouls are fewel for fire, till they ſhall be rejoyned in an unhappy fellowſhip, and caſt into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in ſin, ſhall be hereafter partners in puniſhment.



EPIG. 2.

Gripe, *Cupid*, and gripe ſtill, until that wind,
That's pent before, find ſecret vent behind:
And when th'aſt done, hark here, I tell thee what,
Before I'le truſt thy armful, I'le truſt that.

III.



Non amat iſte ; ſed hamat amor.

III.

JOB 18. 8.

He is caſt into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a ſnare.

1

WHat? nets and quiver too? What need there all
These ſlie devices to betray poor men?
Die they not faſt enough when thouſands fall
Before thy dart? What need theſe engines then?
Attend they not, and anſwer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys where thou lift and when?
What needs a ſtratagem where ſtrength can ſway?
Or what needs ſtrength compel, where none gainſay?
Or what needs ſtratagem or ſtrength, where hearts obey?

2

Husband thy ſlights: It is but vain to waſte
Honey on thoſe that will be catch'd with gall;
Thou canſt not, ah! the canſt not bid ſo faſt
As men obey: Thou art more ſlow to call,
Then they to come; thou canſt not make ſuch haſt,
To ſtrike, as they being ſtruck make haſt to fall.
Go ſave thy nets for that rebellious heart
That ſcorns thy pow'r, and has obtained the art
T'avoid thy flying ſhaft, to quench thy fi'ry dart.

3

Loſt mortal, how is thy diſtruction ſure,
Between two bawds, and both without remorſe!

The on's a Line, the t'other is a Lure;
This to intice thy ſoul; that to enforce:
Way-laid by both, how canſt thou ſtand ſecure?
That draws; this wooes thee to th' eternal curſe.
O charming Tyrant, how haſt thou befool'd
And ſlav'd poor man, that would not if he could
Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay could not if he would!

4

Alas, thy ſweet perfidious voice betrays
His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits;
Thou wrapeſt his eyes in miſts, then boldy lays
Thy Lethal gins before their chryſtal gates;
Thou lok'ſt up ev'ry ſenſe with thy falſe keys,
All willing pris'ners to thy cloſe deceits:
His ear moſt nimble, where it deaf ſhould be,
His eye moſt blind, where moſt it ought to ſee, (free
And when his heart's moſt bound, then thinks himſelf moſt

5

Thou grand Impoſtor, how haſt thou obtain'd
The wardſhip of the world? Are all men turn'd
Idiots and Lunaticks? Are all retain'd
Beneath thy ſervile bands; is none return'd
To his forgotten ſelf? Has none regain'd
His ſenſes? Are their ſenſes all adjourn'd?
What none diſmiſt thy Court? Will no plump fee
Bribe thy falſe ſifts to make a glad decree,
T' unfool whom thou haſt fool'd, & ſet thy pris'ners free?

S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth, here all things are traps; here every thing is beſet with ſnares; here ſouls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here all things are vanity and vexation of ſpirit.



EPIG. 3.

Nay, *Cupid*, pitch thy trammel, where thou pleaſe,
Thou canſt not fail to take ſuch fiſh as theſe;
Thy thriving ſport will ne'r be ſpent: no need
To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thoul't ſpeed.

IV.



Quam graue ſeruitium eſt quod leuis eſca parit

IV.

HOSEA 13. 3.

They ſhall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the ſmoke out of the Chimney.

FLint-hearted Stoicks, you, whoſe marble eyes
Contemn a wrinkle, and whoſe ſouls deſpiſe
To follow natures too affected faſhion,
Or travel in the Regent walk of Paſſion;
Whoſe rigid hearts diſdain to ſhrink at fears,
Or play at faſt and looſe, with ſmiles and tears;
Come burſt your ſpleens with laugther to behold
A new found vanity, which days of old
Ne'r knew: a vanity, that has beſet
The world, and made more ſlaves than *Mahomet*:
That has condemn'd us to the ſervile yoke
Of ſlavery, and made us ſlaves to ſmoke.
But ſtay; why tax I thus our modern times,
For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes?
Are we ſole guilty, and the firſt age free?
No, they were ſmok'd and ſlav'd as well as we: (ſure
What's ſweet-lipt Honours blaſt, but ſmoke? What's trea-
But very ſmoke? And what more ſmoke than pleaſure?
Alas! they're all but ſhadows, fumes, and blaſts,
That vaniſhes, this fades, the other waſtes.
The reſtleſs Merchant, he that loves to ſteep
His brains in wealth, and lays his ſoul to ſleep
In bags of Bullion, ſees th' immortal crown,
And fain would mount, but Ingots keep him down:
He brags to day, perchance, and begs to morrow:
He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow;

Blow winds, the treaſure's gone, the merchant's broke;
A ſlave to ſilver's but a ſlave to ſmoke.
Behold the Glory-vying child of fame,
That from deep wounds ſuck ſuch an honour'd name,
That thinks no purchaſe worth the ſtile of good,
But what is ſold for ſweat, and ſeal'd with blood;
That for a point, a blaſt of empty breath,
Undaunted gazes in the face of death;
Whoſe dear bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown,
Breaks with a phillop, or a Gen'rals frown:
His ſtroke-got Honour, ſtaggars with a ſtroke;
A ſlave to honour, is a ſlave to ſmoke.
And that fond fool, which waſtes his idle days
In looſe delights, and ſports about the blaze
Of *Cupid*'s Candle; he that daily ſpies
Twin babies in his Miſtriſs *Geminies*,
Whereto his ſad devotion does impart
The ſweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart:
See, how his wings are ſindg'd in Cyprian fire,
Whoſe flames conſume with youth, in age expire:
The World's a bubble, all the pleaſures in it,
Like morning vapours vaniſh in a minute:
The vapours vaniſh, and the bubble's broke;
A ſlave to pleaſure, is a ſlave to ſmoke.
Now, Stoick, ceaſe thy laughter, and repaſt
Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as faſt.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great, because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: He is blown up, but not full.

PETR. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honour: the pomp of the world, and the favour of the people, are but smoke; and a blast suddenly vanishing: Which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance, and for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: It dulls, it rowzes,
It cools, it heats, it binds, and then it looses:
Dull-sprightly-cold-hot fool, if ev'r it winds thee
Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

V.



Non omne, quod hic micat aurum est

V.

PROV. 23. 5.

Wilt thou ſet thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themſelves wings, they flie away as an Eagle.

1

FAlſe world, thou ly'ſt: thou canſt not lend
The leaſt delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are ſo ſlight:
Thy morning pleaſures make an end
To pleaſe at night:
Poor are the wants that thou ſupply'ſt:
And yet thou vaunt'ſt, and yet thou vy'ſt (ly'ſt.
With Heaven; fond earth thou boaſts; falſe world thou

2

Thy babling tongue tells golden tales
Of endleſs treaſure;
Thy bounty offers eaſie ſales
Of laſting pleaſure;
Thou ask'ſt the Conſcience what ſhe ails,
And ſwear'ſt to eaſe her:
There's none can want where thou ſupply'ſt:
There's none can give where thou deny'ſt.
Alas, fond world thou boaſts; falſe world thou ly'ſt.

3

What well adviſed ear regards
What earth can ſay?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay;

Thy

Thy cunning can but pack the cards
Thou canſt not play :
Thy game at weakeſt ſtill thou vy'ſt;
If ſeen, and then revy'd, deny'ſt ;
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt : falſe world, thou ly'ſt.

4

Thy [illegible]ome ſeems a mint,
Of new-coin'd treaſure,
A Par[illegible]iſe, that has no ſtint,
No change, no meaſure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleaſure :
Vain earth ! that falſly thus comply'ſt
With man: Vain man ! that thou rely'ſt
On earth : Vain man thou dot'ſt : Vain earth thou ly'ſt.

5

What mean dull ſouls, in this high meaſure
To haberdaſh
In earths baſe wares, whoſe greateſt treaſure
Is droſs and traſh ?
The height of whoſe inchanting pleaſure
Is but a flaſh ?
Are theſe the goods that thou ſupplyſt
Us mortals with ? Are theſe the high'ſt ?
Can theſe bring cordial peace ? falſe world thou ly'ſt.

PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful: Her end is doubtful; Her concluſion is horrible; her Judge is terrible; and her puniſhment is intolerable.

S. AUGUST. lib. Confeſſ.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful ſweetneſs, a fruitleſs labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honour: Her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

EPIG. 5.

World, th' art a Traytor; thou haſt ſtampt thy baſe
And chymick metal with great *Cæſar*'s face,
And with thy baſtard bullion thou haſt batter'd
For wares of price; how juſtly drawn and quarter'd!

VI.



Sic decipit orbis. 84

VI.

JOB 15. 31.

Let not him that is deceived truſt in vanity, for vanity ſhall be his recompence.

1

BElieve her not, her glaſs diffuſes
Falſe portraitures: thou canſt eſpie
No true reflection: She abuſes
Her miſ-inform'd beholders eye;
Her Chryſtal's falſly ſteel'd: it ſcatters
Deceitful beams. Believe her not, ſhe flatters.

2

This flaring mirour repreſents
No right proportion, view or feature:
Her very looks are complements;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloſs of her reflection
But paints the Context of thy courſe complexion.

3

Were thy dimenſion but a ſtride,
Nay, wert thou ſtatur'd but a ſpan,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defi'd,
A very fragment of a man?
She'l make thee *Mimas*, which ye will,
The *Jove*-ſlain Tyrant, or th'*Ionick* hill.

4

Had furfets, or th'ungracious Star
Conſpir'd to make one common place

Of all deformities that are
  Within the volume of thy face,
    She'd lend thee favour ſhould out-move
The *Troy*-bane *Hellen*, or the Queen of Love.

5

Were thy conſum'd eſtate as poor
  As *Laz'rus* or afflicted *Job*'s:
Shee'l change thy wants to ſeeming ſtore,
  And turn thy rags to purple robes;
    Shee'l make thy hide-bound flank appear
As plump as theirs that feaſt it all the year.

6

Look off, let not thy Opticks be
  Abus'd: thou ſeeſt not what thou ſhould'ſt:
Thy ſelf's the object thou ſhould'ſt ſee,
  But 'tis thy ſhadow thou behold'ſt:
    And ſhadows thrive the more in ſtature,
The nearer we approach the light of nature.

7

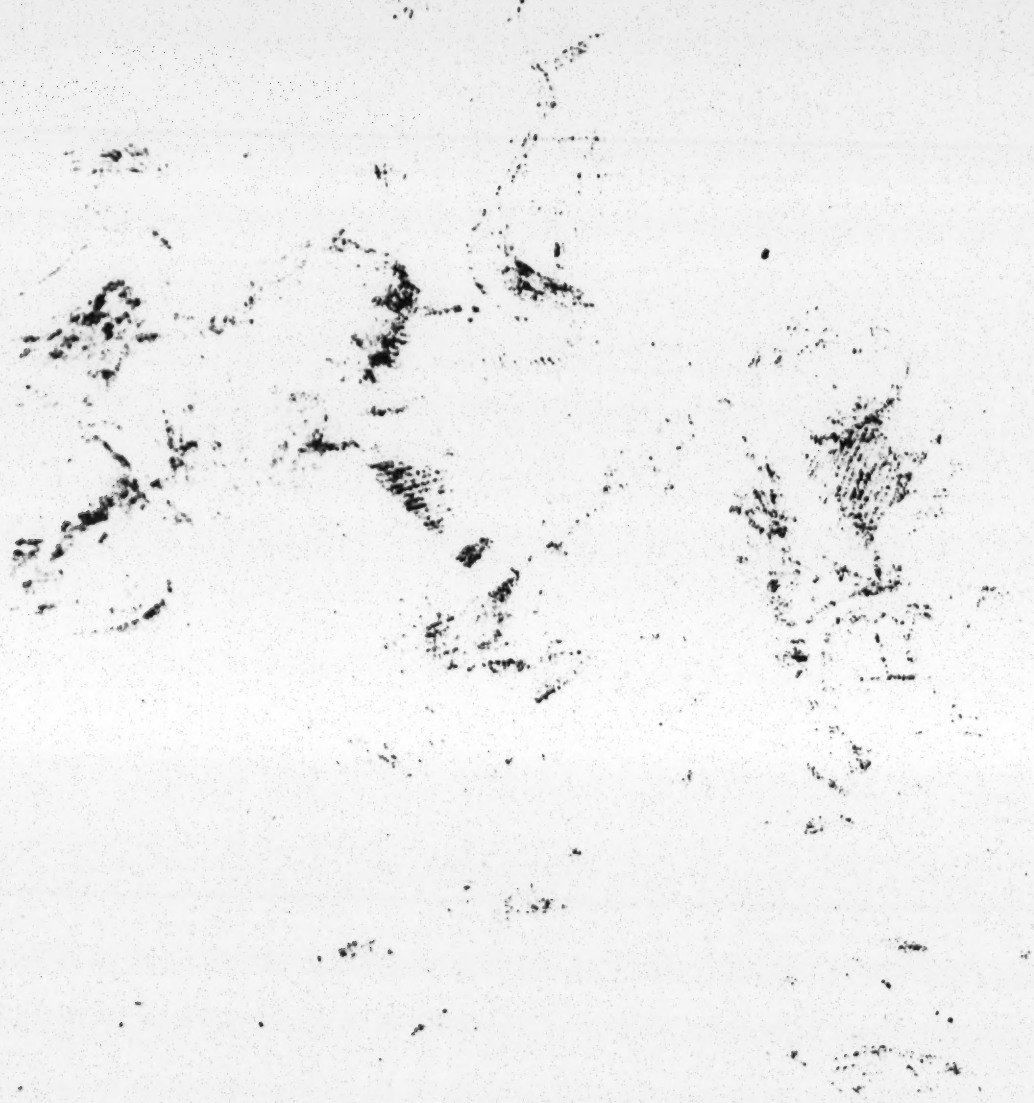
Where Heav'ns bright beams look more direct,
  The ſhadow ſhrinks as they grow ſtronger:
But when they glance their fair aſpect,
  The bold-fac'd ſhade grows larger, longer:
    And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th'increaſing ſhadows lengthen moſt of all.

8

The ſoul that ſeeks the noon of grace,
  Shrinks in, but ſwells if grace retreat;
As heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
  Our ſelf-eſteems grow leſs or great.
    The leaſt is greateſt, and who ſhall
Appear the greateſt, are the leaſt of all.

HUGO lib. de anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not firſt rightly adviſed to behold himſelf: Firſt, thou muſt ſee the viſible things of thy ſelf, before thou canſt be prepared to know the inviſible things of God; for if thou canſt not apprehend the things within thee, thou canſt not comprehend the things above thee: the beſt looking glaſs, wherein to ſee thy God, is perfectly to ſee thy ſelf.



EPIG. 6.

Be not deceiv'd great Fool: there is no loſs
In being ſmall; great bulks but ſwell with droſs.
Man is heav'ns Maſter-piece: If it appear
More great, the valu's leſs; if leſs, more dear.

VII.



Sic pessima, sic optima seruat.

VII.

DEUTERONOMY 30. 19.

I have ſet before thee life and death, bleſſing and curſing, therefore chooſe life, that thou and thy ſeed may live.

1

THe world's a Floor, whoſe ſwelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the Ploughmans toyl;
The world's a heap, whoſe yet unwinnowed grain
Is lodg'd with chaff and buried in her ſoyl;
All things are mixt, the uſeful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile;
The world's an Ark, wherein things pure and groſs
Preſent their loſs-ful gain, and gainful loſs,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of droſs.

2

This furniſh'd Ark preſents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here laſting joyes; here pleaſures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wiſh'd and had:
All points of Honour, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy ſoul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here maiſt thou open wide the two leav'd door
Of all thy wiſhes, to receive that ſtore
hich being empty moſt, does overflow the more.

3

Come then my ſoul, approach this royal Burſe,
And ſee what wares our great Exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that ſhall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No need to ſit in council with thy purſe,
Here's nothing good ſhall coſt more price than pains:
But O my ſoul take heed, if thou rely
Upon thy faithleſs Opticks, thou wilt buy
Too blind a bargain: Know, fools only trade by th' eye.

4

The worldly wiſdom of the fooliſh man
Is like a ſieve, that does alone retain
The groſſer ſubſtance of the worthleſs brain;
But thou, my ſoul, let thy brave thoughts diſdain
So courſe a purchaſe, O be thou a fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dreſs thy mixt deſires
Thou art Heav'ns tasker; and thy God requires,
The pureſt of thy floor, as well as of thy fires.

5

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wiſdom bleſs the ſouls unblemiſh'd ways,
No matter then, how ſhort or long's the leaſe,
Whoſe date determines thy ſelf numbred days:
No need to care, for wealth's or fame's increaſe,
Nor *Mars* his Palm, nor high *Apollo*'s Bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty pleaſe to fill
The floor of my deſires, and teach me skill
To [illegible] thoſe the chaff that will

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. lib. 1. de doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectations than in fruition: But things eternal more in the fruition than expectation.

Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between Angels and Beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with Angels.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed,
But like a child, and with the childrens bread:
But thou art fed with chaff, or corn undrest:
My soul thou savour'st too much of the beast.

VIII.





92

Hæc animant pueros cymbala, at illa

VIII.

PHILIPPIANS 3. 19.

They mind earthly things, but our converſation is in Heaven.

Venus. *Div. Cupid.*

Ven. WHat means this peeviſh babe? Whiſh, lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Will nothing ſtill it? Will it neither be
Pleas'd with the nurſes breaſt, nor mothers knee?
What ails my bird? What moves my forward boy
To make ſuch whimp'ring faces? Peace, my joy:
Will nothing do? Come, come, this pettiſh brat,
Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what?
Come buſs and friends, my lamb; whiſh lullaby,
What ails my babe? What ails my babe to cry?
Peace, peace my dear; alas, thy early years
Had never faults to merit half theſe tears;
Come ſmile upon me: Let thy mother ſpie
Thy fathers image in her babies eye:
Husband theſe guilty drops againſt thee rage
Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age;
Thine eye's not ripe for tears: Whiſh lullaby;
What ails my babe, my ſweet fac'd babe to cry?
Look, look, what's here! A dainty golden thing:
See how the dancing bells turn round and ring
To pleaſe my bantling! Here's a knack will breed
An hundred kiſſes: Here's a knack indeed.

So, now my bird is white, and looks as fair
As *Pelops* ſhoulder, or like a milk-white pair:
Here's right the father's ſmile; when *Mars* beguil'd
Sick *Venus* of her heart, juſt thus he ſmil'd.

Divine Cupid.

Well may they ſmile alike; thy baſe bred boy
And his baſe ſier had both one cauſe, a toy:
How will their ſubjects and their ſmiles agree?
Thy *Cupid* finds a toy, and *Mars* found thee:
Falſe Queen of beauty, Queen of falſe delights,
Thy knee preſents an Embleme, that invites
Man to himſelf, whoſe ſelf tranſported heart
(Ov'r-whelm'd with native ſorrows, and the ſmart
Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day,
Not knowing why, till heavy-heeld delay,
The dull-brow'd Pander of deſpair, laies by
His leaden buskings, and preſents his eye
With antick trifles, which th' indulgent earth
Makes proper objects of mans childiſh mirth.
Theſe be the coyn that paſs, the ſweets that pleaſe:
There's nothing good, there's nothing great but theſe:
Theſe be the pipes that baſe born minds dance after,
And turn immod'rate tears to laviſh laughter;
Whilſt Heav'nly raptures paſs without regard;
Their ſtrings are harſh, and their high ſtreans unheard:
The ploughmans whiſtle or the trivial flute
Find more reſpect than great *Apollo*'s lute:
We'll look to Heav'n, and truſt to higher joys;
Let ſwine love husks, and children whine for toys.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once poſſeſt thereof) none can take from thee: Whereto all pleaſure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, ſweet things are bitter, all glory is baſeneſs, and all delectable things are deſpicable.

S. BERN.

Joy in a changeable ſubject muſt neceſſarily change as the ſubject changeth.

EPIG. 8.

Peace, childiſh *Cupid*, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make the cry
But are thy peeviſh wranglings thus appeas'd?
Well mayeſt thou cry, that art ſo poorly pleas'd.

IX.



Venturum exhorresco diem.

IX.

ISAIAH 10. 3.

What will you do in the day of your visitation? to whom will ye flie for help? and where will you leave your glory?

1

IS this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that Sov'reign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings (Kings?
The blundring souls of swains, and stops the hearts of

2

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love?
Great *Jove* was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than *Jove*)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a Rape,
And (fearing *Argus* eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

3

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates?
Ah, where's that pearl Percullis that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes, that so control'd
The world? And locks that did infold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curles of burnish'd gold?

No,

4

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatean ſpite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither *Circes* ſpell, nor Stygian ſpirit,
That thus transform'd our God of Love,
'Twas owl-ey'd Luſt (more potent far than they)
Whoſe eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world obſerve, whom all the world obey.

5

See how the latter Trumpets dreadful blaſt
Affrights ſtout *Mars* his trembling ſon!
See, how he ſtartles! how he ſtands agaſt,
And ſcrambles from his melting Throne!
Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears
The ſwelt'ring clouds, whilſt Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and centred with his fears.

6

This is that day, whoſe oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare;
The faithleſs ſubject of the worldlings ſcorn,
The ſum of Men and Angels pray'r:
This, this the day, whoſe All-diſcerning light
Ranſacks the ſecret dens of night,
And ſevers good from bad; true joys from falſe delight.

7

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whoſe wiſdom trades
Where light nev'r ſhot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian ſhades,
How will your eyes endure this day?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there, (fear.
To ſhade your ſouls from fire, to ſhield your hearts from

HUGO.

O the extreme loathſomneſs of fleſhly luſt, which not only effeminates the mind, but enervates the body; which not only diſtaineth the ſoul, but diſguiſeth the perſon! It is uſhered with fury and wantonneſs; it is accompanied with filthineſs and uncleanneſs; and it is followed with griefe and repentance.

EPIG. 9.

What? ſweet fac'd *Cupid*, has thy baſtard-treaſure,
Thy boaſted honours and thy bold-fac'd pleaſure
Perplex'd thee now? I told thee long ago,
To what they'd bring thee, fool, *To wit, to woe.*

X.



Tinnit : inane est.

X.

NAHUM 2. 10.

She is empty, and void, and waſte.

1

SHe's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds, there's nothing there
But noiſe to fill thy ear;
Thy vain enquiry can at length but find
A blaſt of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that ſeems as full, as fair,
But meerly tunn'd with air;
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The ſoul that vainly founds
Her joys upon this world but feeds on empty ſounds.

2

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: there nothing in't;
The ſpark-ingendring flint
Shall ſooner melt, and hardeſt raunce ſhall firſt
Diſſolve and quench thy thirſt,
E're this falſe world ſhall ſtill thy ſtormy breaſt
With ſmooth-fac'd calms of reſt?
Thou mayſt as well expect Meridian light
From ſhades of black-mouth'd night,
As in this empty world to find a full delight.

3

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds; 'tis void and vaſt;
What if ſome flatt'ring blaſt
Of flatuous honour ſhould perchance be there,
And whiſper in thine ear?
It is but wind, and blows but where it liſt,
And vaniſheth like a miſt.
Poor honour earth can give! What gen'rous mind
Would be ſo baſe to bind
Her Heav'n-bred ſoul a ſlave to ſerve a blaſt of wind?

4

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withall:
The painted film but of a ſtronger bubble,
That's lin'd with ſilken trouble:
It is a world, whoſe work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A Hag, repair'd with vice complexion paint,
A queſt-houſe of complaint:
It is a ſaint, a fiend, worſe fiend, when moſt a ſaint.

5

She's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds: 'tis vain and void,
What's here to be enjoy'd
But grief and ſickneſs, and large bills of ſorrow,
Drawn now, and croſs'd to morrow?
Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,
Reviv'd with living death?
Fond-lad, O build thy hopes on ſurer grounds
Then what dull fleſh propounds:
Truſt not this hollow world, ſhe's empty: hark, ſhe ſounds.

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou ſhalt be rich; contemn glory and thou ſhalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou ſhalt be a conqueror; contemn reſt, and thou ſhalt gain reſt; contemn earth, and thou ſhalt find Heaven.

HUGO lib. de Vanit. mundi.

The world is a vanity which affordeth neither beauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the induſtrious.

EPIG. 10.

This Houſe is to be let for life or years;
Her rent is ſorrow, and her Income tears:
Cupid, 't has long ſtood void; her bills make known,
She muſt be dearly let; or let alone.

XI.



Erras hac itur ad illam

104

XI:

MATTH. 7. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

PRepoſt'rous fool, thou troul'ſt amiſs;
Thou err'ſt; that's not the way, 'tis this:
Thy hopes inſtructed by thine eye,
Make thee appear more near than I;
My flower is not ſo flat, ſo fine,
And has more obvious rubs then thine:
'Tis true my way is hard and ſtrait,
And leads me through a thorny gate:
Whoſe rankling pricks are ſharp and fell;
The Common way to Heav'n's by hell:
'Tis true; thy path is ſhort and fair,
And free from rubs: Ah, fool beware,
The ſafeſt road's not always ev'n;
The way to Hell's a ſeeming Heav'n:
Think'ſt thou the Crown of Glory's had
With idle eaſe, fond Cyprian lad?
Think'ſt thou, that mirth, and vain delights
High feed, and ſhadow-ſhortning nights,
Soft knees, full bones and beds of down,
Are proper prologues to a Crown?
Or canſt thou hope to come and view.
Like proſperous *Cæſar*, and ſubdue?
The bondſlave Uſurer will trudge
In ſpight of Gouts will turn a drudge,
And ſerve his ſoul condemning purſe,
T'increaſe it with the widows curſe:

And ſhall the crown of glory ſtand
Not worth the waving of an hand
The fleſhly wanton to obtain
His minute-luſt, will count it gain
To looſe his freedom, his eſtate,
Upon ſo dear, ſo ſweet a rate;
Shall pleaſures thus be priz'd, and muſt
Heav'ns Palm be cheaper than a luſt?
The true-bred ſpark, to hoiſe his name
Upon the waxen wings of fame,
Will fight undaunted in a floud
That's rais'd with brakiſh drops and blood
And ſhall the promis'd crown of life
Be thought a toy, not worth a ſtrife?
An enſie good brings eaſie gains;
But things of price are bought with pains:
The pleaſing way is not the right:
He that would conquer Heav'n muſt fight.

S. HIERON

S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of Eternity is the mark we level at.

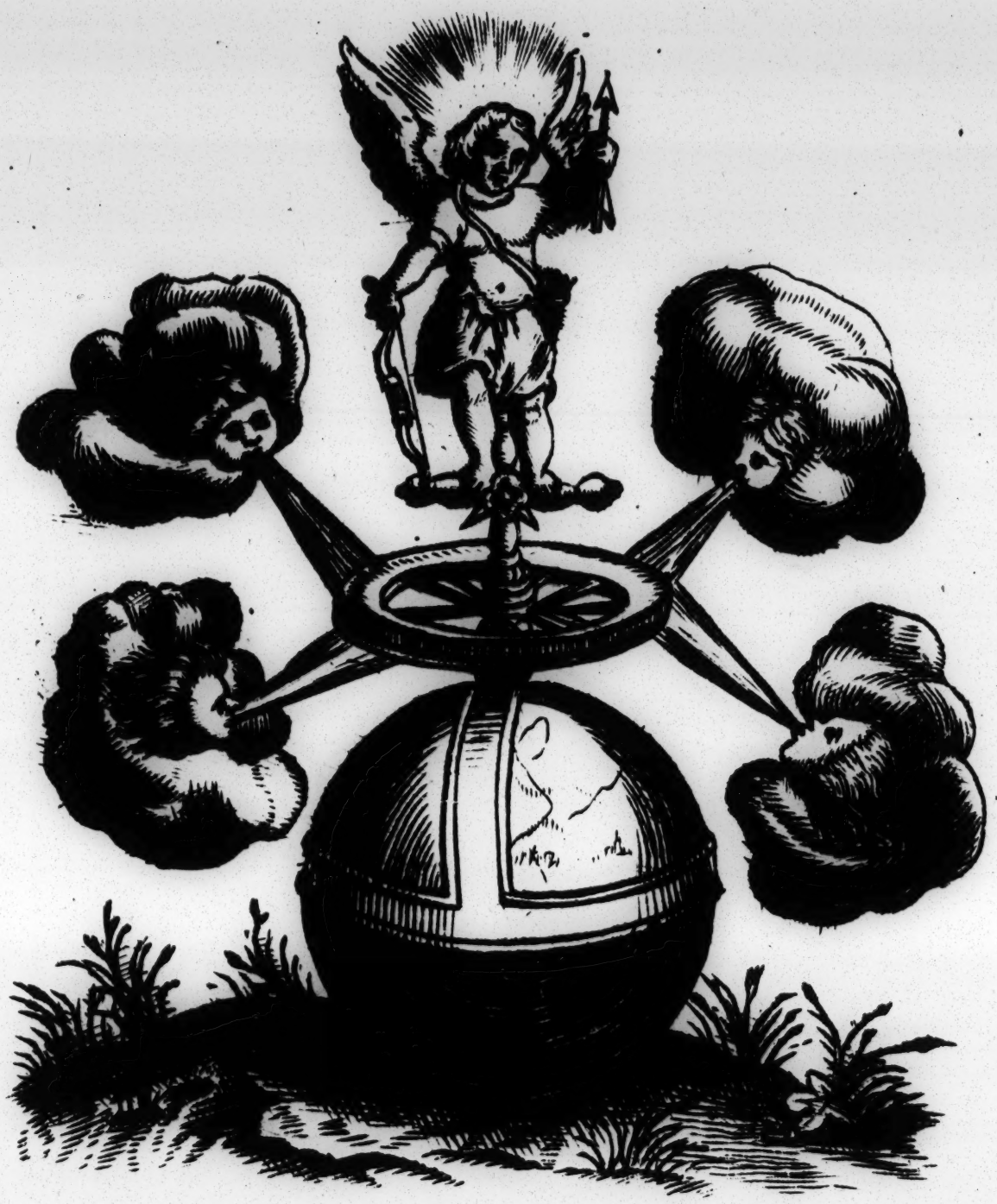
S. GREG. lib. 8. Mor.

The valour of a juſt man is to conquer the fleſh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this preſent life, to endure and love the miſeries of this world for the reward of a better, to comtemn the flatteries of proſperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adverſity.

EPIG. 11.

O *Cupid*, if thy ſmoother way were right,
I ſhould miſtruſt this Crown were counterfeit:
The way's not eaſie where the Prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I ſmell no ſweat.

XII.



In cruce stat securus amor.

XII.

GALAT. 6: 14.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs.

1

CAn nothing ſettle my uncertain breaſt,
And fix my rambling love?
Can my affections find out nothing beſt?
But ſtill and ſtill remove?
Has earth no mercy? Will no Ark of reſt
Receive my reſtleſs Dove?
Is there no good, than which there's nothing higher,
To bleſs my full deſire
With joys that never change; with joys that ne'r expire.

2

I wanted wealth; and at my dear requeſt,
Earth lent a quick ſupply;
I wanted mirth to charm my ſullen breaſt;
And who more briſk than I?
I wanted fame to glorifie the reſt;
My fame flew eagle-high:
My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd;
Wealth vaniſh'd like a ſhade,
My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

3

The world's an Ocean, hurried too and fro
With ev'ry blaſt of paſſion:

Her luſtful ſtreams, when either ebb or flow,
Are tides of mans vexation:
They alter daily, and they daily grow
The worſe by alteration:
The earth's a cask full tunn'd, yet wanting meaſure;
Her precious wine is pleaſure;
Her yeſt is honours puff; her lees are worldly treaſure.

4

My truſt is in the Croſs: let beauty flag
Her looſe, her wanton ſail;
Let count'nance-guilding honour ceaſe to brag
In courtly terms, and vail;
Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag
Her baſe, though golden tail;
Falſe beauties conqueſt, is but real loſs,
And wealth, but golden droſs;
Beſt honour's but a blaſt: my truſt is in the Croſs.

5

My truſt is in the croſs: There lies my reſt;
My faſt, my ſole delight:
Let cold-mouch'd Boreas, or the hot mouth'd Eaſt
Blow till they burſt with ſpight:
Let earth and Hell conſpire their worſt, their beſt,
And joyn their twiſted might;
Let ſhowrs of thunder-bolts dart down, and wound me
And troops of friends ſurround me,
All this may well confront; all this ſhall ne'r confound me

S. AUG

S. AUGUST.

Chriſt's Croſs is the Chriſcroſs of all our happineſs: It deliuers us from all blindneſs of error, and enriches our darkneſs with light; it reſtoreth the troubled ſoul to reſt; It bringeth ſtrangers to Gods acquaintance: It maketh remote forreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off diſcord; concludeth a league of everlaſting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

S. BERN. in Ser. de Reſur.

We find glory in the Croſs; to us that are ſaved, it is the power of God, and the fulneſs of all vertues.

EPIG. 12.

I follow'd reſt, reſt fled and ſoon forſook me;
I ran from grief, grief ran and overtook me.
What ſhall I do? left I be too much toſt
On worldly croſſes, Lord, let me be croſt.

XIII.



Post Vulnera Dæmon

112

XIII.

PROV. 26. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, ſo a fool returneth to his folly.

O I am wounded! and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience, or great *Chiron's* art;
I yeild, I yeild; the day, the Palm is thine;
Thy bow's more true; thy ſhaft's more fierce than mine.
Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need
To ſend more darts? the firſt has done the deed:
Oft have we ſtruggled, when our equal arms
Shot equal ſhafts, inflicted equal harms;
But this exceeds, and with her flaming head,
Twy-fork'd with death, has ſtruck my conſcience dead.
But muſt I die? Ah me! if that were all,
Then, then I'd ſtroke my bleeding wounds, and call
This dart a cordial, and with joy endure
Theſe harſh ingredients, where my grief's my cure.
But ſomething whiſpers in my dying ear,
There is an after-day; which day I fear:
The ſlender debt to Nature's quickly paid,
Diſcharg'd perchance with greater eaſe than made;
But if that pale-fac'd Sergeant make arreſt,
Ten thouſand actions would (whereof the leaſt
Is more than all this lower world can bail)
Be entred, and condemn me to the Jail
Of Stygian darkneſs, bound in red hot chains,
And grip'd with tortures worſe than Titian pains.
Farewel my vain, farewel my looſe delights;
Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

'Twas

'Twas you betray'd me firſt, and when ye found
My ſoul advantage, gave my ſoul the wound:
Farewel my bullion gods, whoſe ſovereign looks
So often catch'd me with their golden hooks:
Go ſeek another ſlave; ye muſt all go;
I cannot ſerve my God and Bullion too.
Farewel falſe honour; you, whoſe airy wings
Did mount my ſoul above the thrones of Kings;
Then flatter'd me, took pet, and in diſdain,
Nipt my green buds: then kick'd me down again:
Farewel my bow; farewel my Cyprian Quiver;
Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever.
O, but this moſt delicious world, how ſweet
Her pleaſures reliſh! Ah! How jump they meet
The graſping ſoul, and with their ſprighly fire,
Revive, and raiſe. and rowze the wrapt deſire!
For ever? O, to part ſo long? what? never
Meet more? another year, and then for ever:
Too quick reſolves do reſolution wrong;
What, part ſo ſoon, to be divorc'd ſo long?
Things to be done are long to be debated;
Heav'n is not decay'd. Repentance is not dated.

S. AUGUST. lib. de util. agen. pœn.

Go up my ſoul into the tribunal of thy Conſcience: there ſet thy guilty ſelf before thy ſelf: Hide not thy ſelf behind thy ſelf, leſt God bring thee forth before thy ſelf.

S. AUGUST. in Soliloq.

In vain is that waſhing, where the next ſin defileth: He hath ill repented, whoſe ſins are repeated: that ſtomach is the worſe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

ANSELM.

God hath promiſed pardon to him that repenteth, but he hath not promiſed repentance to him that ſinneth.

EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded *Cupid*, had this haſty dart,
As it hath prick'd thy fancy, pierc'd thy heart,
'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee!
For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had ſav'd thee.

XIV.



Poſt lapſum fortius eſto. 116

XIV.

PROV. 24. 16.

A juſt man falleth ſeven times, and riſeth up again, but the wicked ſhall fall into miſchief.

1

'Tis but a foil at beſt, and that's the moſt
Your skill can boaſt:
My ſlipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript
Juſt as I ſlipt:
My wanton weakneſs did her ſelf betray
With too much play:
I was too bold, He never yet ſtood ſure:
That ſtands ſecure:
Who ever truſted to his native ſtrength,
But fell at length?
The title's craz'd, the tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of fleſh and blood.

2

Boaſt not thy skill, the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but ſoft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no ſtones
To cruſh his bones:
What if he ſtaggers? Nay, put caſe he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gameſter ups a freſh, and then,
Falls to't agen;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd dies.

3

Boaſt not thy Conqueſt; thou that ev'ry hour
Fall'ſt ten times lower,
Nay, haſt not pow'r to riſe, if not, in caſe,
To fall more baſe:
Thou wallow'ſt where I ſlip; and thou doſt tumble,
Where I but ſtumble:
Thou glory'ſt in thy ſlav'ries dirty badges,
And fall'ſt for wages:
Sowr grief and ſad repentance ſcowrs and clears
My ſtains with tears:
Thy falling keeps thy falling ſtill in ure;
But when I ſlip, I ſtand the more ſecure.

4

Lord, what a nothing is this little ſpan,
We call a Man!
What fenny traſh maintains the ſmoth'ring fires
Of his deſires!
How ſlight and ſhort are his reſolves at longeſt
How weak at ſtrongeſt!
O if a ſinner held by that faſt hand,
Can hardly ſtand,
Good God! in what a deſp'rate caſe are they?
That have no ſtay!
Man's ſtate implies a neceſſary curſe; (worſe.
When not himſelf, he's mad; when moſt himſelf, he's

S. AMBROS.

S. AMBROS in Ser. ad vincula.

Peter *ſtood more firmly after he had lamented his fall than before he fell. Inſomuch that he found more grace than he loſt grace.*

S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. monach.

It is no ſuch hainous matter to fall afflicted, as being down to lie dejected. It is no danger for a Souldier to receive a wound in battel, but after the wound received, through deſpair of recovery to refuſe a remedy; for we often ſee wounded Champions wear the palm at laſt, and after fight, crowned with victory.

EPIG. 14.

Triumph not *Cupid*, his miſchance doth ſhow
Thy trade; doth once, what thou doſt always do:
Brag not too ſoon: has thy prevailing hand
Foil'd him? Ah fool, th' haſt taught him how to ſtand.

XV.



Patet æthera; claudatur orbi

XV.

JER. 32. 40.

I will put fear in their hearts, that they ſhall not depart from me.

SO, now the Soul's ſublim'd; her ſow'r deſires
Are recalcin'd in heaven's well temp'red fires:
The heart reſtor'd and purg'd from droſſie nature,
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature:
It lives another life, it breaths new breath;
It neither fears nor feels the ſting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts, each houſe he views, his own;
Makes ev'ry purſe his chequer; and at pleaſure,
Walks forth and taxes all the world like *Cæſar*;
At length by vertue of a juſt command,
His ſides are lent to a ſeverer hand;
Whereon his Paſs, not fully underſtood,
Is taxed in a manuſcript of blood;
Thus paſt from town to town; until he come
A ſore repentant to his native home:
Ev'n ſo the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crimes to ſin, and uncontrol'd removes
From luſt to luſt, when wanton fleſh invites
From old-worn pleaſures to new choice delights,
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And laſh'd from ſins to ſighs; and by degrees,
From ſighs to vows, from vows to bended knees;
From bended knees to a true penſive breſt;
From thence to torments, not by tongue expreſt,

Returns; (and from his ſinful ſelf exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child:
O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd
In ſecret raptures; pants to be diſſolv'd:
The royal Off-ſpring of a ſecond Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and ſhuts the door to earth:
If love-ſick *Jove* commanded clouds ſhould hap
To rain ſuch ſhow'rs as quickned *Danae*'s lap:
Or Dogs (far kinder than their purple maſter)
Should lick his ſores, he laughs, nor weeps the faſter
If earth (Heav'ns rival) dart her idle ray;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay:
If earth preſent delights, it ſcorns to draw,
But like the jet unrub'd, diſdains that ſtraw:
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it;
No grief diſturbs it; and no errour guides it;
No guilt condemns, and no folly ſhames it;
No ſloth beſots it; and no luſt enthralls it;
No ſcorn afflicts it, and no paſſion gawls it:
It is a cark'net of immortal life;
An Ark of peace; the lifts of ſacred ſtrife;
A purer piece of endleſs tranſitory;
A ſhrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory:
A Heav'n born Off-ſpring of a new-born birth;
An earthly Heav'n; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility ſubjects, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perſeverance perfecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

S. GREG.

Which way ſoever the heart turneth it ſelf (if carefull,) it ſhall commonly obſerve, that in thoſe very things we loſe God, in thoſe very things we ſhall find God: It ſhall find the heat of his power in conſideration of thoſe things, in the love of which things he was moſt cold, and by what things it fell, perverted, by thoſe things it is raiſed, converted.



EPIG. 15.

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee ſo?
I have renounc'd my int'reſt long ago:
When thou wer't falſe and fleſhly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.



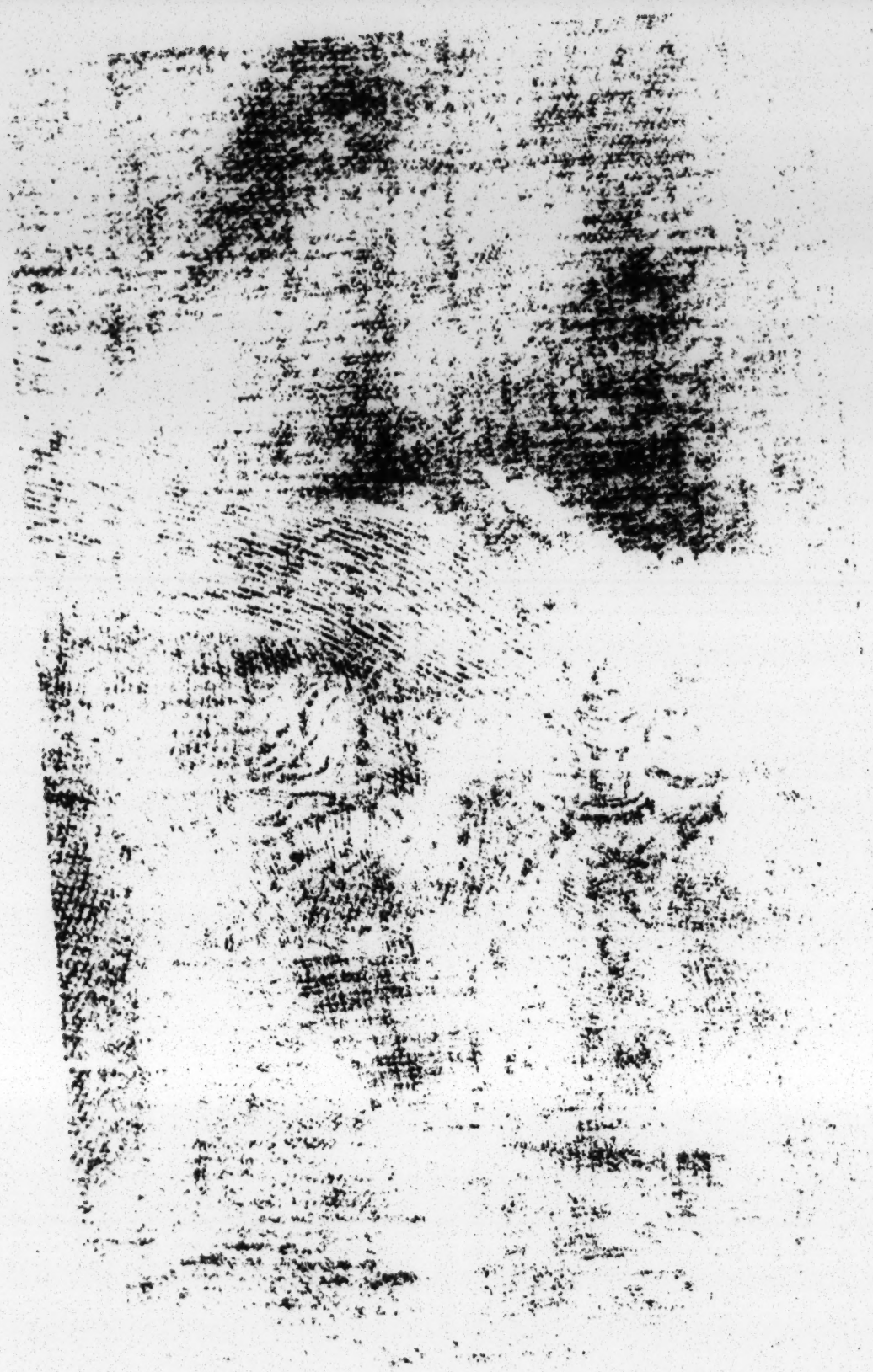
Lord all my desire is before the
and my groaning is not hid from thee
Ps: 30

THE
THIRD BOOK.

The Entertainment.

ALL you whoſe better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptiz'd with holy fire) can ſcorn
The worlds baſe traſh, whoſe necks diſdain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whoſe chaſt ear
No wanton Songs of Syrens can ſurprize
With falſe delight; whoſe more then Eagle-eyes
Can view the glorious flames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honour, and do not daze;
Whoſe ſouls can ſpurn at pleaſure, and deny
The looſe ſuggeſtions of the fleſh, draw nigh:
And you whoſe am'rous, whoſe ſelect deſires
Would feel the warmth of thoſe tranſcendent fires,
Which (like the riſing Sun) put out the light
Of *Venus* ſtar, and turn her day to night;
You that would love, and have your paſſions crown'd
With greater happineſs, than can be found
In your own wiſhes; you that would affect
Where neither ſcorn, nor guile, nor diſreſpect
Shall wound your tortur'd ſouls; that would enjoy,
Where neither want can pinch, nor fulneſs cloy,
Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baſer fear
Unflames your courage in purſuit, draw near,
Shake hands with earth, and let your ſoul reſpect
Her joys no further, than her joys reflect
Upon her makers glory; if thou ſwim
In wealth, ſee him in all; ſee all in him:

Sink'ſt thou in want, and is thy ſmall cruſe ſpent?
See him in want: enjoy him in content:
Conceiv'ſt him lodg'd in Croſs, or loſt in pain?
In Pray'r and Patience find him out again:
Make Heav'n thy Miſtriſs, let no change remove
Thy loyal heart, be fond; be ſick of love:
What if he ſtop his ear, or knit his brow?
At length he'll be as fond, as ſick as thou:
Dart up thy ſoul in groans: Thy ſecret groan
Shall pierce his ear, ſhall pierce his ear alone:
Dart up thy ſoul in vows: Thy ſacred vow
Shall find him out, where Heav'n alone ſhall know:
Dart up thy ſoul in ſighs: Thy whiſp'ring ſigh
Shall rouſe his ears, and fear no liſtner nigh:
Send up thy groans, thy ſighs, thy cloſet-vow;
Ther's none, ther's none ſhall know but Heav'n and thou:
Groans freſh'd with vows, and vows made ſalt with tears
Unſcale his eyes, and ſcale his conquer'd ears:
Shoot up the boſome-ſhafts of thy deſire,
Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire.
And they will hit: Fear not, where Heav'n bids come;
Heavn's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.



I.



My Soul hath desired thee in the night

128 *Esay. 26*

I.

ISAIAH 26. 6.

My Soul hath desired thee in the night.

GOod God? what horrid darkness doth surround
My groping soul! how are my senses bound
In utter shades: and muffled from the light,
Lurk in the bosom of eternal night!
The bold-fac'd Lamp of Heav'n can set and rise;
And with his morning glory fill the eyes
Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray
Can chase the shadows, and restore the day:
Nights bashful Empress, though she often wain,
As oft repents her darkness, primes again;
And with her circling horns doth re-embrace
Her brothers wealth, and orbs her silver face.
But ah, my Sun deep swallow'd in his fall,
Is set and cannot shine, nor rise at all:
My bankrupt wain can beg nor borrow light;
Alas, my darkness is perpetual night,
Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,
And desp'rate sorrows wait their better times;
Ebs have their Flouds, and Autumns have their Springs:
All States have changes hurried with the swings
Of Chance and Time, still riding to and fro:
Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too.
How often have I vainly grop'd about,
With length'ned arms to find a passage out,
That I might catch those beams mine eye desires,
And bathe my soul in those celestial fires?
Like as the haggard, cloistered in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew

Her

Her broken flags, preparing t'overlook
The tim'rous Mallard at the ſliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch; from ſtock to ground,
From ground to window, thus ſurveying round
Her Dove befeather'd Priſon, till at length
(Calling her noble birth to mind, and ſtrength
Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak
Nipps off her jangling jeſſes, ſtrives to break
Her gingling fetters, and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpſe, and darts at ev'ry grate:
Ev'n ſo my weary ſoul, that long has bin
An Inmate in this Tenement of ſin,
Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd Error, which invites
My cloiſt'red thoughts to feed on black delights,
Now ſcorns her ſhadows, and begins to dart
Her wing'd deſires at thee, that only art
The Sun ſhe ſeeks, whoſe riſing beams can fright
Theſe duskie-clouds that make ſo dark a night:
Shine forth great Glory, ſhine; that I may ſee
Both how to loath my ſelf, and honour Thee:
But if my weakneſs force thee to deny
Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye:
If I muſt want thoſe Beams; I wiſh, yet grant,
That I, at leaſt, may wiſh thoſe Beams, I want.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Solilequ. cap. 32.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, ſo that I could not ſee the Sun of Juſtice & the Light of Truth: I being the ſon of darkneſs, was involved in darkneſs: I loved my darkneſs, becauſe I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindneſs, and did walk from darkneſs to darkneſs: But Lord thou art my God, who haſt led me from darkneſs and the ſhadow of death; haſt called me into this glorious light, and behold, I ſee.



EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, chear up; what if the night be long,
Heav'n finds an ear, when ſinners find a tongue;
Thy tears are morning ſhow'rs: Heav'n bids me ſay,
When *Peter*'s cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

II.



O Lord thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſſe and my Sinns are not hid from thee Pſ: 69. 5.

II.

PSAL 69. 3.

O Lord, thou knoweſt my fooliſhneſs, and my ſins are not hid from thee.

SEeſt thou this fulſom Ideot? in what meaſure
He ſeems tranſported with the antick pleaſure
Of childiſh baubles? Canſt thou but admire
The empty fulneſs of his vain deſire?
Canſt thou conceive ſuch poor delights, as theſe
Can fill th' inſatiate ſoul of man, or pleaſe
The fond aſpect of his deluded eye?
Reader, ſuch very fools are thou and I:
Falſe puffs of honour; the deceitful ſtreams
Of wealth; the idle, vain and empty dreams
Of pleaſure, are our traffick, and enſnare
Our ſouls, the threefold ſubject of our care;
We toil for traſh, we barter ſolid joys
For aiery trifles, ſell our Heav'n for toys:
We knatch at barly grains, whilſt pearls ſtand by
Deſpis'd; ſuch very fools are thou and I.
Aim'ſt thou at honour? Does not th'Ideot ſhake it
In his left hand? Fond man, ſtep forth and take it:
Or would'ſt thou wealth? ſee now the fool preſents thee
With a full basket, if ſuch wealth contents thee:
Would'ſt thou take pleaſure? if the fool unſtride
His prancing Stallion, thou maiſt up and ride:
Fond man, ſuch is the pleaſure, wealth, and honour
The earth affords ſuch fools, as dote upon her;
Such is the game whereat earth's Ideots flie;
Such Ideots, ah! ſuch fools are thou and I:

Had

Had rebel-man's fool-hardineſs extended
No farther than himſelf, and there had ended,
It had been juſt; but thus enrag'd to fly
Upon the eternal eyes of Majeſty,
And drag the Son of Glory from the breaſt
Of his indulgent Father; to arreſt
His great and ſacred Perſon: in diſgrace
To ſpit and ſpaul upon his Sun-bright-face;
To taunt him with baſe terms; and being bound
To ſcourge his ſoft, his trembling ſides; to wound
His head with thorns; his heart with human fears;
His hands with nails, and his pale flank with ſpears:
And then to paddle in the purer ſtream
Of his ſpilt blood, is more, than moſt extreme:
Great builder of Mankind, canſt thou propound
All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound
Thy handy work? O! Canſt thou chooſe but ſee,
That mad'ſt the eye? Can ought be hid from thee?
Thou ſeeſt our perſons, Lord, and not our guilt;
Thou ſeeſt not, what thou maiſt, but what thou wilt:
The hand that form'd us is enforc'd to be
A Screen ſet up betwixt thy work and thee:
Look, look upon that Hand, and thou ſhalt ſpie
An open wound, a through-fare for thine eye;
Or if that wound be clos'd, that paſſage be
Deny'd between thy gracious eyes and me,
Yet view the ſcar; that ſcar will countermand
Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 4. Joan.

Fools ſeem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they ſeem to enjoy happineſs, when indeed they are only moſt miſerable; neither do they underſtand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

S. GREG. in Mor.

By ſo much the more are we inwardly fooliſh, by how much we ſtrive to ſeem outwardly wiſe.



EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controll'd thy God, and crucifi'd his Son?
How ſweetly has the Lord of life deceiv'd thee? (thee?
Thou ſhedd'ſt his blood, and that ſhed blood has ſav'd

III.



Have mercy on me O Lord for I am weake
L^d. heale me for my bones are vexed Ps: 62.

III.

PSALM. 6. 2.

Have mercy Lord, upon me, for I am weak;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.

Soul. *Jesus.*

Soul. AH, Son of *David*, help: *Jes.* What sinful crie
Implores the Son *David*? *Soul*, It is I.
Jes. Who art thou? *Soul.* Oh, a deeply wounded breast
That's heavy laden and would fain have rest.
Jes. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed
Like houshold children, with the childrens bread.
Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp
To lick their crumbs: O Son of *David*, help.
Jes. Poor Soul, what ail'st thou? *Soul.* O I burn, I fry,
I cannot rest, I know not where to fly
To find some ease; I turn'd my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place
T'avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and hunted with my grief:
My mid-night torments call the sluggish light
And when the morning's come, they woo the night.
Jes. Surcease thy tears, and speak thy free desires (fires
So. Quench, quench my flames, and swage those scorching
Jes. Canst thou believe, my hand can cure thy grief?
Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelief.
Jes. Hold forth thine arm and let my fingers try
Thy pulse; where chiefly doth thy torment lie;
Soul. From head to foot; it reigns in ev'ry part,
But plays the self-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Fes. Canst thou digest? Canst relish wholsom food?
How stands the tast? *Soul.* To nothing that is good:
All sinful trash, and earths unsav'ry stuff
I can digest, and relish well enough.
Fesus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns?
Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad it burns!
Fesus. How old's thy grief? *Soul.* I took it at the fall
With eating fruit. *Fes.* 'Tis Epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'Tis a feaver strong
And full of death, unless, with present speed,
A vain be opened, thou must die, or bleed.
Soul. O I am faint and spent: that launce that shall
Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, then (being spent so far) to bleed:
I faint already, if I bleed, I dy.
Fes. 'Tis either thou must bleed, sick soul or I:
My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins,
Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains
Then these: chear up; this precious blood of mine
Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine
Believe and view me with a faithful eye,
Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed nor die.

S. AUGUST. lib. 10. Confeſs.

Lord, be merciful unto me : Ah me: Behold, I hide not my wounds : Thou art a Phyſician, and I am ſick; Thou art merciful, and I am miſerable.

S. GREG. in Paſtoral.

O Wiſdom, with how ſweet an art doth thy wine and oyl reſtore health to my healthleſs ſoul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

EPIG. 3.

Canſt thou be ſick, and ſuch a Doctor by?
Thou canſt not live, unleſs thy Doctor dye!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'cine good
To ſwage her pains, but the Phyſicians blood!

IV.



Look upon my affliction, and misery
and forgive me all my Sinns

IV.

PSAL. 25. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my ſins.

BOth work and ſtrokes? Both, laſh and labour too?
What more could Edom, or proud Aſhur do?
Stripes, after Stripes; and blows ſucceeding blows?
Lord, has thy ſcourge no mercy, and my woes
No end? My pains no eaſe? No intermiſſion?
Is this the ſtate? Is this the ſad condition
Of thoſe that truſt thee? Will thy goodneſs pleaſe
T' allow no other favours? None but theſe?
Will not the Rhet'rick of my torments move?
Are theſe the ſymptomes, theſe the ſighs of love?
Is't not enough, enough that I fulfil
Thy toylſome task of thy laborious will?
May not this labour expiate and purge
My ſin without the addition of a ſcourge?
Look on my cloudy brow, how faſt it reins
Sad ſhowers of ſweat, the fruits of fruitleſs pains:
Behold theſe ridges; ſee what purple furrows
Thy plow has made; O think upon thoſe ſorrows
That once were thine; wilt thou not be woo'd
To mercy by the charms of ſweat and blood?
Canſt thou forget that drowſie mount, wherein
Thy dull Diſci[illegible]s ſleep, was not my ſin
There puniſh'd in my ſoul? did not this brow
Then ſweat in thine? Were not thoſe drops enow?
Remember Golgotha, where that ſpring-tide
O' reflow'd thy ſoverain Sacramental ſide:

There was no ſin, there was no guilt in Thee,
That caus'd thoſe pains; thou ſweat'ſt, thou bledſt for me.
Was there not blood enough, when one ſmall drop
Had pow'r to ranſome thouſand worlds, and ſtop
The mouth of Juſtice? Lord, I bled before
In thy deep wounds; can Juſtice challenge more?
Or doſt thou vainly labour to hedge in
Thy loſſes from my ſides? My blood is thin,
And thy free bounty ſcorns ſuch eaſie thrift;
No, no, thy blood came not as love but gift.
But muſt I ever grind? And muſt I earn
Nothing but ſtripes? O wilt thou diſaltern
The reſt thou gav'ſt? Haſt thou perus'd the curſe
Thou laid'ſt on *Adam*'s fall, and made it worſe?
Canſt thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good
Loſt man ſhould feed in ſweat; not work in blood:
Why doſt thou wound th'already wounded breaſt?
Ah me! my life is but a pain at beſt:
I am but dying duſt: my day's a ſpan;
What pleaſure tak'ſt thou in the blood of man?
Spare, ſpare thy ſcourge, and be not ſo auſtere;
Send fewer ſtroaks, or lend more ſtrength to bear.

S. BERN. Hom. 81. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful boudage? I am a miſerable man but a free man; free, becauſe a man; miſerable, becauſe a ſervant: In regard of my bondage, miſerable, in regard of my will, inexcuſable: For my will, that was free, beſlaved it ſelf to ſin, by aſſenting to ſin; for he that committeth ſin, is the ſervant to ſin.



EPIG. 4.

Tax not thy God: Thine own defaults did urge
This two-fold puniſhment; the mill, the ſcourge.
Thy ſin's the author of thy ſelf-tormenting:
Thou grind'ſt for ſinning; ſcourg'd for not repenting.

V.



Remember I beseech thee that thou
hast made me as the Clay [illegible] thou
bring me into dust againe: Iob. 10:9

V.

JOB 10. 9.

Remember I beſeech thee, that thou haſt made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me to duſt again?

THus from the boſom of the new made earth
Poor man was delv'd, and had his unborn birth;
The ſame the ſtuff, the ſelf ſame hand doth trim
The plant that fades, the beaſt that dies, and him:
One was their ſire, one was their common mother,
Plants are his ſiſters, and the beaſt his brother,
The elder too; beaſts draw the ſelf-ſame breath,
Wax old alike, and die the ſelf-ſame death:
Plants grow as he, with fairer robes arrai'd;
Alike they flouriſh, and alike they fade:
The beaſt in ſenſe exceeds him, and in growth,
The three-ag'd Oak doth thrice exceed them both:
Why look'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth? what art thou more in being man?
I, but thy great Creator did inſpire
My choſen earth, with thy diviner fire
Of reaſon gave me judgment and a will:
That, to know good; this, to chooſe good from ill:
He puts the reigns of pow'r in my free hand,
And juriſdiction over Sea and Land,
He gave me art to lengthen out my ſpan
Of life, and made me all, in being man:
I but thy paſſion has committed treaſon
Againſt the ſacred perſon of thy reaſon:
Thy judgment is corrupt, perverſe thy will;
That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

The

The greater height ſends down the deeper fall ;
And good declin'd turns bad, turns worſt of all.
Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can
Thy greatneſs claim the more in being man ?
O but my ſoul tranſcends the pitch of nature,
Born up by th' Image of her high Creator ;
Out-braves the life of reaſon, and beats down
Her waxen wings, kicks off her brazen crown,
My heart's a living Temple t'entertain
The King of Glory, and his glorirus train :
How can I mend my title then ? where can
Ambition find a higher ſtile than man ?
Ah, but that Image is defac'd and ſoil'd ;
Her Temple's raz'd, her Altars all defil'd ;
Her Veſſels are polluted and diſtain'd
With cloathed luſt, her ornaments prophan'd ;
Her oyl-forſaken lamps, and hallow'd tapours
Put out ; her incenſe breaths unſav'ry vapours :
Why ſwell'ſt thou then ſo big, thou little ſpan
Of earth ? what art thou more in being man ?
Eternal Potter, whoſe bleſt hands did lay
My courſe foundation from a ſod of clay,
Thou know'ſt my ſlender veſſel's apt to leak ;
Thou know'ſt my brittle temper's prone to break ;
Are my bones brazil, or my fleſh of oak !
O, mend what thou haſt made, what I have broke :
Look, look with gentle eyes, and in thy day
Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 32.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madeſt me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things ſubſiſt, becauſe thou madeſt me: I thank thee, O my Potter, becauſe thy hands have made me, becauſe thy hands have formed me:



EPIG. 5.

Why ſwell'ſt thou, man, puft up with fame and purſe?
Th'art better earth, but born to dig the worſe:
Thou cam'ſt from earth, to earth thou muſt return,
And art but earth caſt from the womb to th'urn.

VI.



What shall I do vnto thee, O thou preserver of men: why hast thou set me as a marke against thee Iob 7. 20.

VI.

JOB. 7. 20.

I have ſinned: What ſhall I do unto thee, O thou preſerver of Men? Why doſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee?

LOrd, I have done; and Lord, I have miſdone;
'Tis folly to conteſt, to ſtrive with one
That is too ſtrong; 'tis folly to aſſail
Or prove an arm, that will, that muſt prevail.
I've done, I've done; theſe trembling hands have thrown
Their daring weapons down: The day's thine own:
Forbear to ſtrike where thou haſt won the field.
The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield.
Theſe treach'rous hands that were ſo vainly bold
To try a thriveleſs combat, and to hold
Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended
For mercy from thy hand; that knee that bended
Upon her guardleſs guard doth now repent
Upon his naked floor; See both are bent,
And ſue for pity: O my ragged wound
Is deep and deſp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd
In blood and briny tears: It doth begin
To ſtink without, and putrifie within.
Let that victorious hand that now appears
Juſt in my blood, prove gracious to my tears:
Thou great preſerver of preſumptuous man,
What ſhall I do? what ſatisfaction can
Poor duſt and aſhes make? O if that blood
That yet remains unſhed, were half as good
As blood of oxen; if my death might be
An offering to attone my God and me,

I would diſdain injurious life, and ſtand
A ſuiter to be wounded from thy hand.
But may thy wrongs be meaſur'd by the ſpan
Of life? or balanc'd with the blood of man?
No, no, eternal ſin expects for guerdon,
Eternal penance, or eternal pardon:
Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away,
And pardon him that hath no price to pay;
Enlarge that ſoul, which baſe preſumption binds;
Thy juſtice cannot looſe what mercy finds:
O thou that wilt not bruiſe the broken reed,
Rub not my ſores, nor prick the wounds that bleed.
Lord, if the peeviſh infant fights and flies,
With unpar'd weapons, at his mothers eyes.
Her frowns (half mix'd with ſmiles) may chance to ſhew
An angry love-trick on his arm, or ſo;
Where if the Babe but make a lip and cry,
Her heart begins to melt, and by and by
She coaks his dewy cheeks; her babe ſhe bliſſes,
And choaks her language with a thouſand kiſſes;
I am that child; Lo, here I proſtrate lye,
Pleading for mercy; I repent and cry
For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears
Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears:
See not my frailties, Lord, but through my fear,
And look on ev'ry treſpaſs through a tear:
Then calm thy anger, and appear more mild;
Remember, th'art a Father, I a child.

S. BERN. Ser. 21. in Cant.

Miſerable man! Who ſhall deliver me from the reproach of this ſhameful bondage? I am a miſerable man, but a free man: Free, becauſe like to God; miſerable, becauſe againſt God: O keeper of mankind, why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee? Thou haſt ſet me, becauſe thou haſt not hindred me: It is juſt that thy enemy ſhould be my enemy, and that he who repugneth thee, ſhould repugn me: I who am againſt thee, am againſt my ſelf.

EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel?
How ſmall a blaſt will make a bubble ſwell?
But dare the floor affront the hand that laid it?
So apt is duſt to fly in's face that made it.

VII.



Wherefore hidest thou thy face, & holdest mee for thine Enemy. Iob: 13. 24

VII.

JOB 13. 24.

Wherefore hideſt thou my face, and holdeſt me for thine enemy?

WHy doſt thou ſhade thy lovely face? O why
Does that eclipſing hand ſo long, deny
The Sun-ſhine of my ſoul-enli'ving eye?

Without that *Light*, what light remains in me?
Thou art my *Life*, my *Way*, my *Light*, in Thee
I live, I move, and by thy beams I ſee:

Thou art my *Life*, If thou but turn away,
My life's a thouſand deaths: Thou art my *Way*:
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but ſtray.

My *Light* thou art; without thy glorious ſight,
Mine eyes are darkned with perpetual night.
My God, thou art my *Way*, my *Life*, my *Light*.

Thou art my *Way*; I wander, if thou flie:
Thou art my *Light*; if hid how blind am I?
Thou art my *Life*; if thou withdraw, I die.

Mine eyes are blind and dark; I cannot ſee;
To whom or whither ſhould my darkneſs flee,
But to the *Light*? And who's that *Light* but Thee?

My path is loſt; my wandring ſteps do ſtray;
I cannot ſafely go, nor ſafely ſtay;
Whom ſhould I ſeek, but Thee, my *Path*, my *Way*?

O, I am dead: To whom ſhall I, poor I,
Repair? To whom ſhall my ſad aſhes fly
But *Life*? And where is *Life* but in thy eye?

And yet thou turn'ſt away thy face, and flieſt me;
And yet I ſue for grace, and thou deny'ſt me;
Speak art thou angry, Lord, or only try'ſt me?

Unskreen thoſe heav'nly lamps, or tell me why
Thou ſhad'ſt thy face? perhaps thou think'ſt no eye
Can view thoſe flames and not drop down and die.

If that be all, ſhine forth and draw thee nigher;
Let me behold and die, for my deſire
Is *Phœnix* like to periſh in that fire.

Death conquer'd *Laz'rus* was redeem'd by thee;
If I am dead, Lord, ſet deaths priſoner free;
Am I more ſpent, or ſtink I worſe than he?

If my puft life be out, give leave to tine
My ſhameleſs ſnuff at that bright *Lamp* of thine;
O what's thy *Light*, the leſs for lightning mine?

If I have loſt my *Path*, Great Shepherd, ſay,
Shall I ſtill wander in a doubtful way?
Lord, ſhall a Lamb of *Iſr'els* ſheep-fold ſtray?

Thou art my Pilgrims *Path*, the blind man's *Eye*;
The dead man's *Life*; on thee my hopes rely;
If thou remove, I err; I grope; I die.

Diſcloſe thy Sun beams; cloſe thy wings, and ſtay;
See, ſee how I am blind, and dead, and ſtray,
O thou that art my *Light*, my *Life*, my *Way*.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 1.

Why doſt thou hide thy face? Happily thou wilt ſay, none can ſee thy face and live: Ah Lord, let me die, that I may ſee thee, let me ſee thee that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may ſee Chriſt, I deſire death; that I may live with Chriſt, I deſpiſe life.

ANSELM. Med. cap. 5.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God thou hideſt thy treaſure, to kindle my deſire: Thou hideſt thy pearl, to inflame the ſeeker; thou delay'ſt to give, that thou miſt teach me to importune; ſeem'ſt not to hear, to make me preſevere.

EPIG. 7.

If heav'ns all quickning Eyes vouchſafe to ſhine
Upon our ſouls, we ſlight; if not, we whine:
Our Equinoctial hearts can never lie
Secure, beneath the Tropicks of that eye:

VIII.



O that my Head were waters, and mine eyes a fountaine of teares:

Ier. 9.1. 156

VIII.

JER. 9. 1.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may weep day and night.

O That mine eyes were ſprings, and could transform
Their drops to ſeas? My ſighs into a ſtorm
Of Zeal, and ſacred violence, wherein
This lab'ring veſſel laden with her ſin,
Might ſuffer ſudden ſhipwrack, and be ſpilt
Upon that Rock, where my drench'd ſoul may ſit
Orewhelm'd with plenteous paſſion; O and there
Drop, Drop, into an everlaſting tear!
Ah me! That ev'ry ſliding vein that wanders
Through this vaſt Iſle, did work her wild Meanders
In brackiſh tears inſtead of blood, and ſwell
This fleſh with holy Dropſies, from whoſe Well,
Made warm with ſighs, may ſume my waſting breath
Whilſt I diſſolve in ſtreams, and reek to death!
Theſe narrow ſluces of my dribling eyes
Are much too ſtreight for thoſe quick ſprings that riſe
And hourly fill my Temples to the top;
I cannot ſhed for ev'ry ſin a drop;
Great builder of mankind, why haſt thou ſent,
Such ſwelling floods, and made ſo ſmall a vent?
O that this fleſh had been compos'd of ſnow,
Inſtead of earth; and bones of ice, that ſo,

Feeling the fervor of my ſin; and loathing
The fire I feel, I might be thaw'd to nothing!
O thou that didſt, with hopeful joy, entomb
Me thrice three Moons in thy laborious womb,
And then with joyful pain, brought'ſt forth a Son,
What worth thy labour has thy labour done?
What was there? Ah! What was there in my birth
That could deſerve the eaſieſt ſmile of mirth?
A man was born: Alas, and what's a man?
A ſcuttle full of duſt, a meaſur'd ſpan
Of flitting time; a furniſh'd Pack, whoſe wares
Are ſullen griefs, and ſoul tormenting Cares:
A vale of tears, a veſſel tunn'd with breath,
By ſickneſs broacht, to be drawn out by death:
A hapleſs helpleſs thing; that, born does cry
To feed, that feeds to live, that lives to die.
Great God and Man, whoſe eye, ſpent drops ſo often
For me that cannot weep enough; O ſoften
Theſe marble brains, and ſtrike this flinty rock;
Or, if the muſick of thy *Peters* Cock
Will more prevail, fill, fill my hearkning ears
With that ſweet ſound, that I may melt in tears!
I cannot weep until thou broach mine eye;
Or give me vent, or elſe I burſt, and die.

S. AMBROS in Pſal. 118.

He that commits ſins to be wept for, cannot weep for ſins committed: And being himſelf moſt lamentable hath no tears to lament his offences.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 3.

Tears are the deluge of ſin, and the worlds ſacrifice.

S. HIERON. in Eſaiam.

Prayer appeaſes God, but a tear compels him: That moves him, but this conſtrains him.

EPIG. 8.

Earth is an Iſland ported round with Fears;
Thy way to Heav'n is through the Sea of tears:
It is a ſtormy paſſage, where is found
The wrack of many a ſhip, but no man drown'd.

IX.



The ſorrowes of hell haue encompaſſed me the ſnares of death haue ouertaken me. pſa:

IX.

PSALM 18. 5.

The ſorrows of hell compaſſed me about, and the ſnares of death prevented me.

IS not this Type well cut? In ev'ry part
Full of rich cunning? Fil'd with Zeuxian Art?
Are not the Hunters, and their Stygian Hounds
Limm'd full to th' life? Didſt ever hear the ſounds
The muſick, and the lip divideth breaths
Of the ſtrong winded Horn, Recheats, and deaths,
Done more exact? Th' infernal Nimrods hollow?
The lawleſs purliews? And the Game they follow?
The hidden Engines, and the ſnares that lie
So undiſcover'd, ſo obſcure to th' eye?
The new-drawn net, and her intangled Prey?
And him that cloſes it? Beholder, ſay,
Is't not well done? ſeems not an em'lous ſtrife
Betwixt the rare cut picture and the life?
Theſe purliew men are Devils? and the hounds,
(Thoſe quick-nos'd Canibals, that ſcour the grounds)
Temptations and the Game, the Fiends purſue;
Are human ſouls, which ſtill they have in view;
Whoſe fury if they chance to ſcape, by flying
The skilful Hunter plants his net clooſe lying
On th'unſuſpected earth, baited with treaſure,
Ambitious honour, and ſelf waſting pleaſure:
Where, if the ſoul but ſtoop, death ſtands prepar'd
To draw the net, and drown, the ſoul's enſnar'd.

Poor

Poor ſoul! how art thou hurried too and fro?
Where canſt thou ſafely ſtay? where ſafely go?
If ſtay; theſe hot-mouth'd Hounds are apt to tear thee,
If go: the ſnares encloſe, the nets enſnare thee:
What good in this bad world has pow'r t'invite thee
A willing Gueſt? wherein can earth delight thee?
Here pleaſures are but itch: Her wealth, but Cares:
A world of Dangers, and a world of ſnares:
The cloſe purſuers buſie hands do plant
Snares in thy ſubſtance; Snares attend thy want;
Snares in thy credit; Snares in thy diſgrace;
Snares in thy high eſtate; Snares in thy baſe;
Snares tuck thy bed; and Snares ſurround thy boord;
Snares watch thy thoughts; and Snares attach thy word;
Snares in thy quiet; Snares in thy commotion;
Snares in thy diet; Snares in thy devotion;
Snares lurk in thy reſolves, Snares in thy doubt,
Snares lie within thy heart, and Snares without,
Snares are above thy head, and Snares beneath,
Snares in thy ſickneſs, Snares are in thy death:
O, if theſe purliews be ſo full of danger,
Great God of hearts, the worlds ſole ſov'raign Ranger,
Preſerve thy Deer, and let my ſoul be bleſt
In thy ſafe Forreſt, where I ſeek for reſt:
Then let the Hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill,
Rouze me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

S. AMBROS

S. AMBROS. lib. 4. in cap. 4. in Lucæ.

The reward of honours, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot are the ſnares of the Devil.

S. AMBROS. de bono mortis.

Whilſt thou ſeekeſt pleaſures, thou runneſt into ſnares, for the eye of the harlot, is the ſnare of the Adulterer.

SAVANAR.

In eating he ſets before us gluttony; in generation luxury: in labour, ſluggiſhneſs: in converſing, envy: in governing, coveteouſneſs; in correcting, anger: in honour, pride: in the heart, he ſets evil thoughts: in the mouth, evil words: in actions, evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions: when aſleep, to filthy dreams.

EPIG. 6.

Be ſad, my Heart, Deep dangers wait thy mirth:
Thy ſoul's way-laid by Sea, by Hell, by Earth:
Hell has her hounds: Earth, ſnares: the Sea a ſhelf;
But moſt of all, my heart, beware thy ſelf.

X.



Enter not into iudgment with thy seruant for no man liuing shall be iustified in thy sight

X.

PSALM 143. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy ſervant, for in thy ſight ſhall no man living be juſtified.

Jeſus. *Juſtice.* *Sinner.*

Jeſ. BRing forth the pris'ner, Juſtice. *Ju.* Thy commands
Are done, juſt Judge: See here the pris'ner ſtands.
Jeſ. What has the pris'ner done? Say; what's the cauſe
Of his commitment? *Juſt.* He hath broken the laws
Of his too gracious God; conſpir'd the death
Of that great Majeſty that gave him breath,
And heaps tranſgreſſion, Lord, upon tranſgreſſion.
Jeſ. How know'ſt thou this? *Ju.* Ev'n by his own confeſ-
His ſins are crying: and they cry'd aloud! (ſion:
They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood.
Jeſ. What ſay'ſt thou ſinner? haſt thou ought to plead,
That ſentence ſhould not paſs? hold up thy head,
And ſhew thy brazen, thy rebellious face.
Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and baſe
To tread upon the earth, much more, to lift
Mine eyes to heav'n; I need no other ſhrift
Than mine own conſcience; Lord, I muſt confeſs,
I am no more than duſt, and no whit leſs
Than my indictment ſtiles me; Ah, if thou
Search too ſevere, with too ſevere a brow,
What fleſh can ſtand? I have tranſgreſt thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cauſe:

Juſt.

Fust. Lord, ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Fes.* Hold, Juſtice, (ſtay
Sinner, ſpeak on; what haſt thou more to ſay?
Sin. Vile as I am, and of my ſelf abhorr'd,
I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord,
Stampt with thy glorious Image, and at firſt,
Moſt like to thee, though now a poor accurſt
Convicted Caitiff, and degen'rous creature,
Here trembling at thy bar. *Fust.* Thy fault's the greater;
Lord ſhall I ſtrike the blow? *Fes.* Hold, Juſtice ſtay,
Speak ſinner; haſt thou nothing more to ſay?
Sin. Nothing but *Mercy, Mercy*; Lord my ſtate
Is miſerably poor and deſperate;
I quite renounce my ſelf, the world, and flee
From Lord to *Jeſus*; from thy ſelf to thee.
Fust. Ceaſe thy vain hopes; my angry God has vow'd;
Abuſed mercy muſt have blood for blood:
Shall I yet ſtrike the blow? *Fes.* Stay, Juſtice, hold;
My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold,
To view the trembling wretch? Methinks, I ſpie
My father's Image in the priſ'ners eye.
Fust. I cannot hold. *Fes.* Then turn thy thirſty blade
Into my ſides: let there the wound be made:
Chear up, dear ſoul; redeem thy life with mine:
My ſoul ſhall ſmart; my heart ſhall bleed for thine.
Sin. O groundleſs deeps! O love beyond degree!
Th' offended dies, to ſet th' offender free.

S. AUGUST.

Lord, If I have done that, for which thou mayeſt damn me; thou haſt not loſt that whereby thou mayeſt ſave me: Remember not, ſweet Jeſus, thy juſtice againſt the ſinner, but thy benignity towards thy Creature: Remember not to proceed againſt a guilty ſoul, but remember thy mercy towards a miſerable wretch: forget the inſolence of the provoker, and behold the miſery of the invoker; for what is Jeſus but a Saviour?

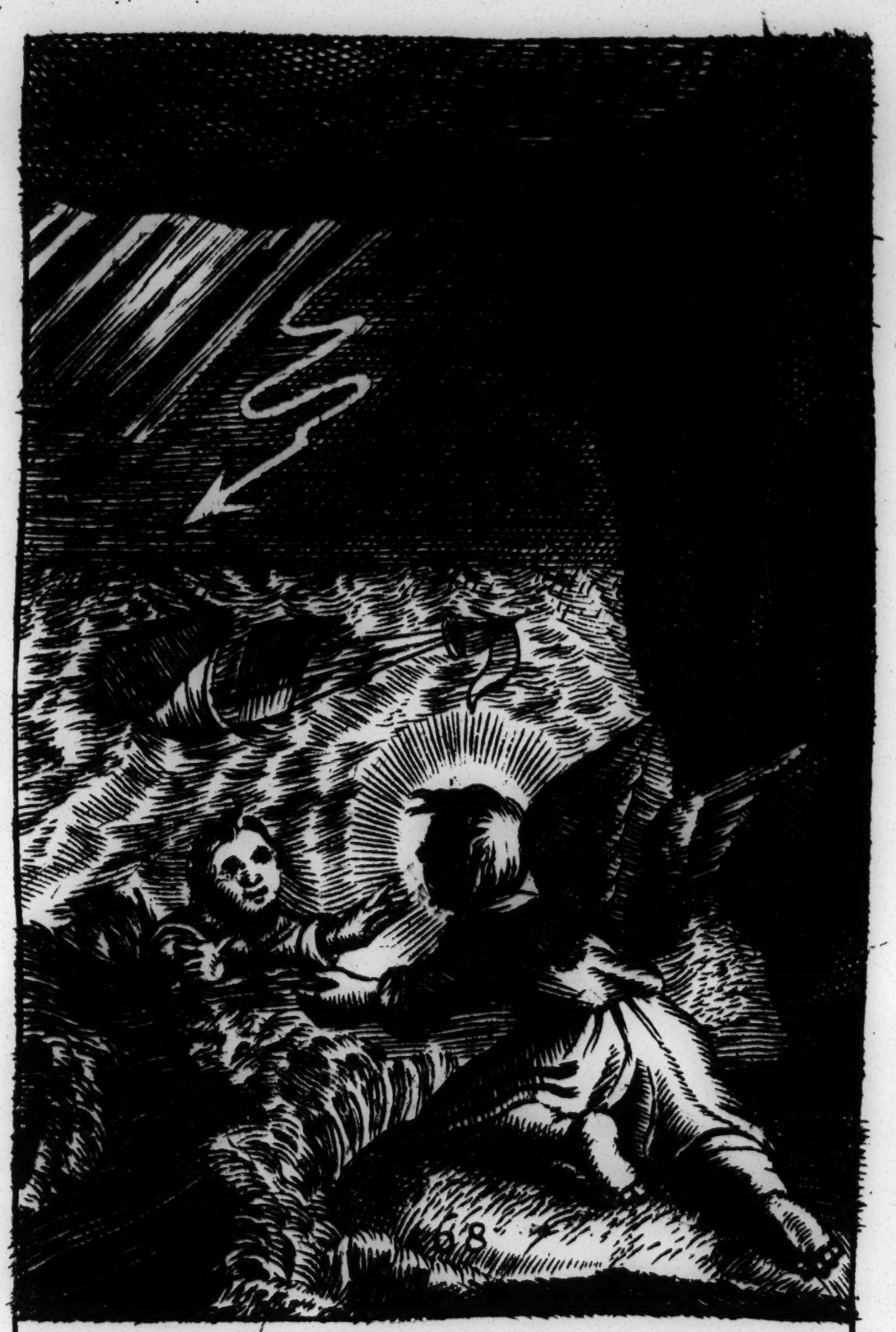
ANSESLM.

Have reſpect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my ſins have done againſt thee: My fleſh hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the fleſh of Chriſt move thee to mercy: It is much that my rebellions have deſerved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge
Is now my Advocate, is now my judge:
He ſuffers, pleads, and ſentences, alone:
Three I adore, and yet adore but One.

XI.



Let not the water flood ouerflow me
neither let the deep swallow me up
Ps 69-15

XI.

PSALM 69. 15.

Let not the water-floods overflow me, neither let the deeps ſwallow me up.

THe world's a Sea; my fleſh a Ship that's mann'd
With lab'ring Thoughts, and ſteer'd by Reaſons hand:
My Heart's the Sea-mans Card, whereby ſhe ſails;
My looſe Affections are the greater Sails:
The top ſail is my Fancie, and the Guſts
That fill theſe wanton ſheets, are worldly Luſts.
Pray'r in the Cable, at whoſe end appears
The Anchor Hope, nev'r ſlip'd but in our fears:
My will's th' unconſtant Pilot, that commands
The flagg'ring Keel; my Sins are like the Sands:
Repentance is the Bucket, and mine Eye
The Pump, unus'd (but in extreams) and dry:
My Conſcience is the Plummet that doth preſs
The deeps, but ſeldom cries, *A fathom leſs*:
Smooth Calm's ſecurity; the Gulf, deſpair;
My Fraught's Corruption, and this Life's my Fair:
My Soul's the Paſſenger, confus'dly driven
From fear to fright; her landing Port is Heaven.
My Seas are ſtormy, and my Ship doth leak;
My Sailers rude; my Steers-man faint and weak:
My Canvace torn, it flaps from ſide to ſide;
My Cable's crackt, my Anchor's ſlightly ty'd;
My Pilot's craz'd, my ſhipwrack-Sands are cloak'd;
Mg Bucket's broken, and my Pump is choak'd;
My Calm's deceitful; and my Gulf too near;
My Wares are ſlubber'd, and my Far's too dear:
My Plummet's light, it cannot ſink nor ſound;
O ſhall my Rock-bethreatned Soul be drown'd;

Iord, ſtill the Seas, and ſhield my Ship from harm;
Lnſtruct my Sailours, guide my Steerſmens arm:
Touch thou my Compaſs, and renew my Sails,
Send ſtiffer courage or ſend milder gales;
Make ſtrong my Cable; bind my Anchor faſter;
Direct my Pilot, and be thou his Maſter;
Object the Sands to my more ſerious view,
Make ſound my Bucket, bore my Pump anew:
New caſt my Plummet, make it apt to try
Where the Rocks lurk, and where the Quick-ſands lie;
Guard thou the Gulf with love, my Calms with Care;
Cleanſe thou my fraught; accept my ſlender Fare?
Refreſh the Sea-ſick paſſenger; cut ſhort
His Voyage; land him in his wiſhed Port:
Thou, Thou, whom winds and ſtormy ſeas obey,
That through the deep gav'ſt grumbling Iſr'el way,
Say to my ſoul, be ſafe, and then mine eye
Shall ſcorn grim death, although grim death ſtand by.
O thou whoſe ſtrength-reviving Arm did cheriſh
Thy ſinking *Peter*, at the point to periſh,
Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,
I'le come, I'le come: The voice that calls will ſave.

S. AMBROS. Apol. poſt. pro David Cap. 3.

The confluence of luſt makes a great tempeſt, which in this ſea diſturbeth the ſea-faring ſoul, that reaſon cannot govern it.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 35.

We labour in the boyſterous ſea: Thou ſtandeſt upon the ſhore and ſeeſt our dangers: Give us grace to hold a middle courſe betwixt Scylla and Charybdis, that both dangers eſcaped, we may arrive at our Port ſecure.

EPIG. 11.

My ſoul, the ſeas are rough, and thou a ſtranger
In theſe falſe coaſts; O keep aloof; there's danger:
Caſt forth thy plummet; ſee a rock appears;
Thy ſhip wants ſea-room; make it with thy tears.

XII.



O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave and hide me untill thy fury be past. Job. 14.

XII.

JOB 14. 13.

O that thou wouldſt hide me in the grave, that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret until thy wrath be paſt!

O Whither ſhall I flie; what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? What kind ſea will hide
My head from thunder? Where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What, if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas, no ſhades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſart? If ſhe ſprings away,
The wings of vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What, if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? Can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor ſilent Deſarts, nor the ſullen Grave,
What flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

The Seas will part, Graves open, Rocks will ſplit;
The Shield will cleave; the frighted Shadows flit;
Where Juſtice aims, her fiery darts muſt hit.

No, no, if ſtern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So cloſe, but witll unlock, or rive in ſunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can ſcape that hand, until that hand forbear;
Ah me! Where is he not, that's every where?

'Tis vanity to flee; till gentle mercy ſhew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithleſs, and the rocks are falſe;
No truſt in braſs, no truſt in marble walls;
Poor cots are even as ſafe as Princes halls.

Great God, there is no ſafety here below;
Thou art my Fortreſs, though thou ſeem'ſt my foe,
'Tis thou that ſtrik'ſt the ſtroke muſt guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or ſtand;
Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withſtand
All tortures, but my conſcience and thy hand.

I know thy Juſtice is thy ſelf; I know,
Juſt God, thy very ſelf is Mercy too;
If not to thee, where? Wither ſhould I go?

Then work thy will? If paſſion bid me flee,
My reaſon ſhall obey; my wings ſhall be
Stretcht out no fnrther then from thee to thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 33.

Whither flie I? To what place can I ſafely flie? To what mountain? To what den? To what ſtrong houſe? What Caſtle ſhall I hold? What walls ſhall hold me? Whitherſoever I go, my ſelf followeth me: For whatſoever thou flieſt, O man, thou maiſt, but thy own conſcience: Whereſoever O Lord I go, I find thee, if angry, a Revenger; if appeaſed, a Redeemer: What way have I, but to flie from thee to thee: That thou maiſt avoid thy God, addreſs thee to thy Lord.

EPIG. 12.

Hath vengeance found thee? Can thy fears command
No rocks to ſhield thee from her thund'ring hand?
Know'ſt thou not where to ſcape? I'll tell thee where;
My ſoul make clean thy conſcience; hide thee there.

XIII.



Are not my dayes few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone that I may bewayle me a little. Iob. 10. 20

P. 176

XIII.

JOB 10. 20.

Are not my days few? Ceaſe then, and let me alone, that I may bewail my ſelf a little.

MY Glaſs is half unſpent; Forbear t'arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee, ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thred before my thred be ſpun.

The gain's not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a Life? a weary Pilgrimage,
While glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Child-hood, Man-hood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a Life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green pluſh, and is to morrow hay.

And what's a Life? A blaſt ſuſtein'd with cloathing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile ſelf-loathing,
Then weary of it ſelf, again'd to nothing.

Read

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-liv'd winters day; hour eats up hour;
Alas, the total's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe Lillies (which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too ſoon;
My non-ag'd day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to while
The time away, or ſafely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; her's nothing worth a ſmile.

No, no: 'tis not to pleaſe my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but hours, not years:
And what thou giv'ſt me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that ſoul which would be rather led!
That *Seed* has yet not broke my ſerpents head;
O ſhall I die before my ſins are dead?

Behold theſe raggs; am I a fitting gueſt
To taſt the dainties of thy royal feaſt,
With hands and face unwaſh'd, ungirt, unbleſt?

Firſt, let the Jordan ſtreams (that find ſupplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) ariſe,
And cleanſe my ſpots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of ſins to be lamented;
I have a ſea of tears that muſt be vented:
O ſpare till then; and then I die contented.

S. AUGUST. lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. 10.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the ſpace of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made leſs and leſs, inſomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a paſſage to death.

S. GREG. lib. 9. cap. 44. 10. Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, ſo immoderate take away tears; inſomuch that ſorrow becometh no ſorrow, which ſwallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the ſenſe of the affliction.

EPIG. 13.

Fear'ſt thou to go, when ſuch an Arm invites thee?
Dread'ſt thou thy loads of ſin? or what affrights thee?
If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins:
Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy ſins?

XIV.



Oh that they were wiſe, then they would under-
-ſtand this; They would conſider their latter end
Deuteron. 32 180

XIV.

DEUT. 32. 29.

O that men were wiſe, and that they underſtood this, that they would conſider their latter end.

Fleſh. *Spirit.*

Fl. WHat means my ſiſters eye ſo oft to paſs
Through the long entry of that Optick glaſs?
Tell me; what ſecret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to ſuch unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the ſight, makes things remote appear
In perfect view; It draws the objects near.
Fl. What ſenſe-delighting objects doſt thou ſpie?
What doth that Glaſs preſent before thine eye?
Sp. I ſee thy foe, my reconciled friend,
Grim Death, even ſtanding at the Glaſſes end:
His left hand holds a branch of Palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd ſword. *Fl.* A proper ſight!
And is this all? Doth thy Proſpective pleaſe
Th' abuſed fancie with no ſhapes but theſe?
Sp. Yes, I behold the dark'ned Sun bereav'n
Of all his light, the battlements of Heav'n
Swelt'ring in flames; the Angel-guarded Son
Of glory on his high Tribunal-Throne;
I ſee a Brimſtone ſea of boyling fire,
And Fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire,
Tort'ring poor ſouls, thar knaſh their teeth in vain,
And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain.
Look, ſiſter, how the queazy-ſtomack'd Graves
Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves

Scall'd

Scall'd their conſumeleſs bodies, ſtrongly curſing
All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nurſing.
Fl. Can thy diſtemper'd fancy take delight
In view of tortures? theſe are ſhows t'affright:
Look in this glaſs triangular; look here,
Here's that will raviſh eyes. *Sp.* What ſeeſt thou ther
Fl. The world in colours, colours that diſtain
The cheeks of *Proteus*, or the ſilken train
Of *Flora*'s Nymphs; ſuch various ſorts of hiew,
As Sun-confronting *Iris* never knew:
Here, if thou pleaſe to beautifie a town,
Thou maiſt; or with a hand, turn't upſide down;
Here maiſt thou ſcant or widen by the meaſure
Of thine own will; make ſhort or long at pleaſure:
Here maiſt thou tire thy fancy, and adviſe
With ſhows more apt to pleaſe more curious eyes.
Sp. Ah fool! that dot'ſt on vain, on preſent toys,
And diſreſpect'ſt thoſe true; thoſe future joys!
How ſtrongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas,
To dote on goods that periſh with thy glaſs!
Nay, vaniſh with the turning of a hand!
Were they but painted colours, it might ſtand
With painted reaſon that they might devote thee;
But things that have no being tobeſot thee?
Foreſight of future torments is the way
To baulk thoſe ills which preſent joys bewray.
As thou haſt fool'd thy ſelf, ſo now come hither,
Break that fond glaſs, and let's be wiſe together.

S. BONAVENT. de contemptu ſeculi.

O that men would be wiſe, underſtand, and foreſee. Be wiſe, to know three things: The multitude of thoſe that are to be damned: the few number of thoſe that are to be ſaved; and the vanity of tranſitory things: Underſtand three things, the multitude of ſins, the omiſſion of good things, and the loſs of time: Foreſee three things, the danger of death, the laſt judgment, and eternal puniſhment.

EPIG. 14.

What, Soul, no further yet? what nev'r commence
Maſter in Faith? Still batchelour of Senſe?
Is't inſufficiency? Or what has made thee
Oreſlip thy loſt degree? thy luſts have ſtaid thee.

XV.



My life is spent with greif and my yeares with sighing Ps: 30: 10:

XV.

PSALM. 30. 10.

My life is ſpent with grief, and my years with ſighing.

WHat ſullen Star rul'd my untimely birth,
That would not lend my days one hour of Mirth?
How oft have theſe bare knees been bent to gain
The ſlender alms of one poor ſmile, in vain?
How often, tir'd with the faſtidious light,
Have my faint lips implor'd the ſhades of night?
How often have my nightly torments pray'd
For lingring twilight, glutted with the ſhade?
Day worſe then night, night worſe then day appears,
In fears I ſpend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpitt'd, groan without relief,
There is no end nor meaſure of my grief.
The ſmiling flow'r ſalutes the day; it grows
Untouch'd with care; it neither ſpins nor ſows:
O that my tedious life were like this flow'r,
Or freed from grief, or finiſh'd with an hour:
Why was I born? Why was I born a man?
And why proportion'd by ſo large a ſpan?
Or why ſuſpended by the common lot,
And being born to die, why die I not?
Ah me! Why is my ſorrow-waſted breath
Deni'd the eaſie priviledge of death?
The branded ſlave that tugs the weary oare,
Obtains the Sabbath of a welcome ſhore?
His ranſom'd ſtripes are heal'd, his native ſoil
Sweetens the mem'ry of his forreign toil;

But ah! my ſorrows are not half ſo bleſt;
My labour finds no point, my pains no reſt:
I barter ſighs for tears, and tears for groans,
Still vainly rolling Siſyphean ſtones:
Thou juſt obſerver, of our flying hours,
That, with thy Adamantine fangs, devours
The brazen monuments of renown'd Kings.
Doth thy glaſs ſtand? Or by thy moulting wings
Unapt to flie? If not, why doſt thou ſpare
A willing breaſt; a breaſt that ſtands ſo fair?
A dying breaſt, that hath but only breath
To beg a wound, and ſtrength to crave a death?
O that the pleaſed Heav'ns would once diſſolve
Theſe fleſhly fetters, that ſo faſt involve
My hamp'red ſoul; then would my ſoul be bleſt
From all theſe ills, and wrap her thoughts in reſt:
Till then, my days are months, my months are years;
My years are ages to be ſpent in tears:
My grief's entailed upon my waſtful breath,
Which no recov'ry can cut off, but death,
Breath drawn in cottages, puft out in thorns,
Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

INNOCENT. de vilitate condit. humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail my miſerable ingreſs of mans condition; the ſinful progreſs of mans converſation, the damnable egreſs in mans diſſolution? I will conſider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: Alas, he is formed of earth, conceived in ſin, born to puniſhment: He doth evil things which are not lawful; he doth filthy things, which are not decent; He doth vain things, which are not expedient.

EPIG. 15.

My heart, Thy life's a debt by Bond, which bears
A ſecret date; the uſe is Groans and Tears:
Plead not; uſurious Nature will have all,
As well the Int'reſt as the Principal.

I.



My ſoule hath coueted to deſire thy iudgments. pſal: 119. 183

THE FOURTH BOOK.

I.

ROM. 7: 23.

I ſee another Law in my members warring againſt the Law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the Law of ſin.

1

O How my will is hurried too and fro,
And how my unreſoly'd reſolves do vary !
I know not where to fix, ſometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary :
I like, diſlike; lament for what I could not ;
I do, undo; yet ſtill do what I would not.
And at the ſelf ſame inſtant will the thing I would not.

2

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts oppreſt
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will ;
Thus am I hourly toſt from Eaſt to Weſt
Upon the rowling ſtreams of good and ill :
Thus am I driven upon theſe ſlipy'ry ſuds
From real ills to falſe apparent goods :
My life's a troubled ſea, compos'd of ebs and floods.

3

The curious Penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabled quill,
Lets fall a heedleſs drop, then in a rage
Caſhiers the fruits of his unlucky skill ;
Ev'n ſo my pregnant ſoul in th' Infant bud
Of her beſt thoughts ſhorws down a cole black flood
Of unadviſed ills, and cancels all her good.

4

Sometimes a ſudden flaſh of ſacred heat
Warms my chill ſoul, and ſets my thoughts in frame;
But ſoon that fire is ſhouldred from her ſeat
By luſtful *Cupid*'s much inferiour flame.
I feel two flames, and yet no flame entire;
Thus are the mungrel thoughts of mixt deſire,
Conſum'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

5

Sometimes my traſh diſdaining thoughts out-paſs
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then, methinks I ſcorn the thing I was,
Whilſt I ſtand raviſh'd at my new eſtate:
But when th'Icarian wings of my deſire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt and plunge within their wonted mire.

6

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleſhly will:
My Paſſion's Eagle ey'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th'Oſtrich wings of my deſires ſhall be
So dull, they cannot mount the leaſt degree,
Yet grant my ſoul deſire but of deſiring thee.

S. BERN. Med. 9.

My heart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inſtable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting Divine counſel cannot ſubſiſt in it ſelf; and whilſt it divers ways ſeeketh reſt, findeth none, but remaineth miſerable through labour, and void of peace: it agreeth not with it ſelf; it diſſenteth from it ſelf; it altereth reſolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: It willeth and willeth not; and never remaineth in the ſame ſtate.

S. AUGUST. de verb. Apoſt.

When it would, it cannot; becauſe when it might, it would not: Therefore by an evil will man loſt his good power.

EPIG. 1.

My ſoul, how are thy thoughts diſturb'd, confin'd,
Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!
Fix here or there; thy doubt depending cauſe
Can ne'r expect one verdict 'twixt two Laws.

II.



Oh that my wayes were directed to keep thy ſtatutes Pſal. 119. 5

II.

PSALM 119. 5.

O that my ways were directed to keep thy Statutes!

1

THus I, the object of the worlds disdain,
With Pilgrim pace surround the weary earth:
I only relish what the world counts vain;
Her mirth's my grief, her sullen grief my mirth;
Her light my darkness; and her truth my errour:
Her freedom is my jail; and her delight my terrour.

2

Fond earth! proportion not my seeming love
To my long stay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that seeks a door, I walk about thee:
With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee.

3

The world's a lab'rinth, whose anfractuous ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd Meanders:
No resting here; He's hurried back that stays
A thought; and he that goes unguided wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; so hard's the way to Heaven.

4

This gyring lab'rinth is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph'rous fire,
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descier;
Where if his footsteps trust their own invention,
He falls without redress, and sinks without dimension.

Where

5

Where ſhall I ſeek a Guide? where ſhall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What truſty Lanthorn will direct my feet
To ſcape the danger of theſe dang'rous places?
What hopes have I to paſs without a Guide;
Where one gets ſafely through, a thouſand fall beſide.

6

An unrequeſted Star did gently ſlide
Before the Wiſe-men to a greater Light;
Back-ſliding Iſr'el found a double Guide;
A Pillar, and a Cloud; by Day, by Night:
Yet in my deſp'rate dangers which be far
More greater than theirs, I have no Pillar, Cloud, nor Star.

7

O that the pinions of a clipping Dove
Would cut my paſſage through the empty Air;
Mine eyes being ſeal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!
My backward eyes ſhould ne'r commit that fault,
Whoſe laſting guilt ſhould build a monument of *Salt*.

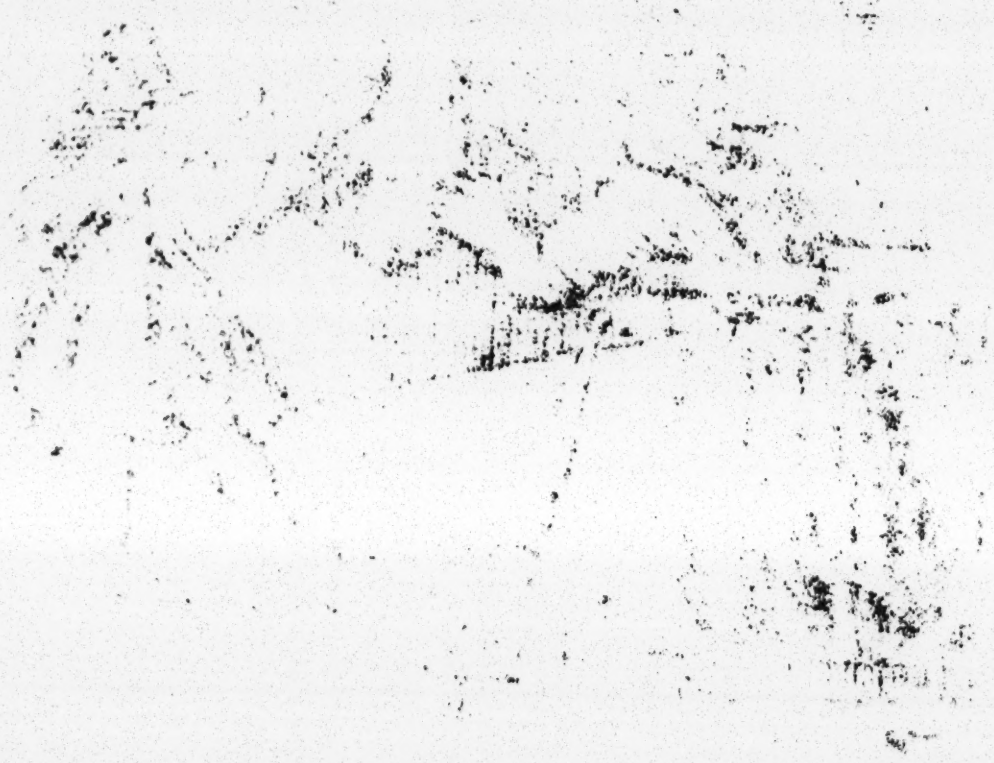
8

Great God that art the flowing Spring of Light,
Enrich mine eyes with thy refulgent Ray:
Thou art my Path; direct my ſteps aright;
I have no other Light, no other Way:
I'll truſt my God, and him alone purſue;
His Law ſhall be my Path; his Heavenly Light my Clue.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O Lord; who art the Light, the Way, the Truth, the Life; in whom there is no darkneſs, errour, vanity nor death: the Light, without which there is darkneſs; the Way, without which there is wandring; the truth, without which there is errour; the life, without which there is death: Say, Lord, let there be light, and I ſhall ſee Light, and eſchew darkneſs; I ſhall ſee the way, and avoid wandring; I ſhall ſee the truth, and ſhun errror; I ſhall ſee Life, and eſcape Death: Illuminate, O illuminate my blind Soul, which ſitteth in darkneſs, and the ſhadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.



EPIG. 2.

Pilgrim trudge on: what makes thy ſoul complain
Crowns thy complaint. The way to reſt is pain:
The road to reſolution lies by doubt:
The next way home's the fartheſt way about.

III.



Stay my stepps in thy Pathes that my feet do not slide. Ps. 17. 5.

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III.

PSALM 17. 5.

Stay my ſteps in thy paths, that my feet do not ſlide.

1

When e're the old Exchange of profit rings
Her ſilver Saints-bell of uncertain gains,
My Merchant-ſoul can ſtretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unwearied pains!
The charms of profit are ſo ſtrong, that I
Who wanted legs to go find wings to flie.

2

If time-beguiling Pleaſure but advance
Her luſtful trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my ſportful ſoul can friſk and dance,
And hug that Syren in her twined arms!
The ſprightly voice of ſinew-ſtrengthning pleaſure
Can lend my bed-rid ſoul both legs and leiſure.

3

If blazing honour chance to fill my veins
With flat'ring warmth, and flaſh of Courtly fire,
My ſoul can take a pleaſure in her pains:
My loſty ſtrutting ſteps diſdain to tire;
My antick knees can turn upon the hinges
Of Complement, and ſcrue a thouſand cringes.

4

But when I come to Thee, my God that art
The royal Mine of everlaſting treaſure,
The real honour of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleaſure,
How nerveleſs are my limbs! how faint and ſlow!
I have no wings to flie nor legs to go.

So

5

So when the ſtreams of ſwift-foot Rhene convey
Her upland riches to the Belgick ſhore,
The idle veſſel ſlides the wat'ry lay,
Without the blaſt or tug, of wind, or oar;
Her ſlipp'ry keel divides the ſilver foame
With eaſe: So facile is the way from home.

6

But when the home bound veſſel turns her ſails
Againſt the breaſt of the reſiſting ſtream,
O then ſhe ſlugs; nor ſail, nor oar prevails;
The ſtream is ſturdy, and her Tide's extream
Each ſtroke is loſs, and every tug is vain:
A Boat-lengths purchaſe is a league of pain.

7

Great all in all that art my reſt, my home;
My way is tedious, and my ſteps are ſlow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoyn thy ſweet commands to my deſire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

S. AUGUST. Ser. 15. de Verb. Apoſt.

Be always diſpleaſed at what thou art, if thou deſireſt to attain to what thou art not: For where thou haſt pleaſed thy ſelf, there thou abideſt. But if thou ſayeſt, I have enough, thou periſheſt: Always add, always walk, always proceed; neither ſtand ſtill, nor go back, nor deviate: He that ſtandeth ſtill proceedeth not; He goeth back, that continueth not; He deviateth, that revolteth; He goeth better that creepeth in his way, then he that runneth out of his way.

EPIG. 3.

Fear not, my Soul, to loſe for want of cunning;
Weep not; Heav'n is not always got by running:
Thy thoughts are ſwift, although thy legs be ſlow;
True love will creep, not having ſtrength to go.

IV.



My flesh trembleth for feare of thee: & I am afraide of thy Iudgments. Ps: 119. 120

IV.

PSAL. 119. 120.

My fleſh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgements.

LEt others boaſt of luck, and go their ways
With their fair game; know vengeance ſeldom plays
To be too forward, but doth wiſely frame
Her backwark Tables for an after-game:
She gives thee leave to venture many a blot;
And, for her own advantage, hits thee not;
But when her pointed Tables are made fair,
That ſhe be ready for thee, then beware;
Then, if a neceſſary blot be ſet,
She hits thee; wins the Game; perchance the ſet:
If proſp'rous chances make thy caſting high,
Be wiſely temp'rate; caſt a ſerious eye
On after-dangers, and keep back thy game;
Too forward ſeed-times make thy harveſt lame;
If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances,
Be wiſely patient; let not envious glances
Repine to view thy gameſters heap ſo fair;
The hindmoſt hound takes oft the doubling Hare.
The Worlds great Dice are falſe; ſometimes they go
Extreamly high, ſometimes extreamly low:
Of all her gameſtres he that plays the leaſt,
Lives moſt at eaſe, plays moſt ſecure and beſt:
The way to win, is to play fair, and ſwear
Thy ſelf a ſervant to the Crown of fear:

Fear is the primmer of a Gamesters skill:
Who fears not Bad stands most unarm'd to Ill:
The Ill that's wisely fear'd, is half withstood;
And fear of Bad is the best foyl to Good:
True Fear's th' *Elixar*, which in days of old
Turn'd Leaden Crosses into Crowns of Gold:
The Worlds the Tables; Stakes, Eternal life;
The Gamesters, Heav'n and I; Unequal strife!
My Fortunes are my Dice, whereby I frame
My indispos'd Life: This Life's the Game;
My sins are sev'ral Blots; the Lookers on
Are Angels; and in death the Game is done:
Lord, I'm a Bungler, and my Game doth grow
Still more and more unshap'd; my Dice run low:
The Stakes are great; my careless Blots are many;
And yet thou passest by, and hit'st not any:
Thou art too strong; and I have none to guide me:
With the least jog; the lookers on deride me:
It is a Conquest undeserving Thee,
To win a Stake from such a Worm as me:
I have no more to lose; If we persevere,
'Tis lost; and that once lost I'm lost for ever.
Lord, wink at faults, and be not too severe,
And I will play my Game with greater fear;
O give me Fear, ere Fear has past her date:
Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

S. BERN.

S. BERN. Ser. 54. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain Grace, to retain Grace, and to regain Grace, as always to be found before God not overwise, but to fear: Happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received Grace, a greater fear for lost Grace, a greatest fear to recover Grace.

S. AUGUST. super. Psal.

Present fear begetteth Eternal security: Fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us?
Our sins breath fire; that fire returns to purge us.
Lord, what an Alchymist art thou, whose skil
Transmutes to prefect Good from perfect ill!

V.



Turne away myne eyes least they behold vanity. pſal 119. 204

V.

PSALM. 119. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from regarding vanity.

1

How like the threds of flax
That touch the flame, are my inflam'd desires!
How like to yielding wax
My soul dissolve before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

2

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how the eternal Law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good!
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

3

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'reft of the next days sorrow!
How wild his thoughts! How apt to range!
How apt to vary! Apt to change!

4

How intricate and nice
Is mans perplexed way to mans desire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He slips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extream and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

5

The common food he doth
Suſtain his ſoul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To night, and in his heart, to morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very ſweet and very ſowre.

6

If ſweet *Corinna* ſmile,
A Heav'n of joy breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while?
Hells torments are but copies of his ſmart:
Within a luſtful heart doth dwell
A ſeeming Heav'n, a very Hell.

7

Thus worthleſs, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earths employment,
Which 'ere they be enjoy'd
Diſtract us, and deſtroy us in th'enjoyment;
Theſe be the pleaſures that are priz'd,
When Heav'ns cheap pen'worth ſtands deſpis'd.

8

Lord. quench theſe haſty flaſhes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring ſkies,
And ev'ry minute daſhes
Againſt the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, cloſe the caſement, whilſt I ſtand
Behind the curtain of thy hand.

5. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 4.

O thou Sun that illuminateth both Heaven and Earth! Wo be unto thoſe eyes which do not behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe blind eyes which cannot behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe which turn away their eyes that they will not behold thee: Wo be unto thoſe that turn away their eyes that they may behold vanity.

S. CHRYS. ſup. Mat. 19.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendſhip, an unavoidable pain, a neceſſary miſchief, a natural tentation, a deſirable calamity, a domeſtick danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good.

EPIG. 5.

'Tis vain, great God, to cloſe mine eyes from ill,
When I reſolve to keep the old man ſtill;
My rambling heart muſt covenant firſt with thee,
Or none can paſs betwixt mine eye and me.

VI.



If I have found favour in thy sight let my life be given me at my petition. Esther 7

VI.

ESTHER 7. 3.

If I have found favour in thy ſight, and if it pleaſe the King, let my life be given me at my petition.

THou art the Great *Aſſuerus*, whoſe command
Doth ſtretch from Pole to Pole; the world's thy Land;
Rebellious *Vaſhti*'s the corrupted will,
Which being call'd, refuſes to fulfil
Thy juſt command: *Eſther*, whoſe tears condole
The razed City's the regen'rate Soul;
A captive maid, whom thou wilt pleaſe to grace
With nuptial Honours in ſtout *Vaſhti*'s place:
Her kinſman, whoſe unbended knee did thwart
Proud *Haman*'s glory, is the fleſhly part:
The ſober *Eunuch*, that recall'd to mind
The new-built gibbet (*Haman* had divin'd
For his own ruin) fifty cubits high,
His luſtful-thought-controlling chaſtity;
Inſulting *Haman* is that fleſhly luſt
Whoſe red-hot fury, for a ſeaſon, muſt
Triumph in pride, and ſtudy how to tread
On *Mordecai*, till royal *Eſther* plead.
Great King, my ſent-for *Vaſhti* will not come;
O let the oyl o'th bleſſed Virgins womb
Cleanſe my poor *Eſther*; look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy Beam of honour
So ſcour her captive ſtains, that ſhe may prove
An holy Object of thy Heavenly love:

Anoint

Anoint her with the Spiknard of thy graces,
Then try the ſweetneſs of her chaſt embraces:
Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed,
And ſet thy Royal Crown upon her head;
If then ambitious *Haman* chance to ſpend
His ſpleen on *Mordecai*, that ſcorns to bend
The wilful ſtifneſs of his ſtubborn knee,
Or baſely crouch to any Lord but thee;
If weeping *Eſther* ſhould prefer a grone
Before the high tribunal Throne,
Hold forth thy Golden Scepter, and afford
The gentle audience of a gracious Lord:
And let thy Royal *Eſther* be poſſeſt
Of half thy Kingdom, at her dear requeſt:
Curb luſtful *Haman*; him that would diſgrace,
Nay, raviſh thy fair Queen before thy face:
And as proud *Haman* was himſelf enſnar'd
On that ſelf-gibbet that himſelf prepare'd;
So nail my luſt, both puniſhment and guilt,
On that dear Croſs that mine own luſts have built.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O holy ſpirit, always inſpire me with holy works. Conſtrain me, that I may do: Counſel me, that I may love thee; Confirm me, that I may hold thee; Conſerve me, that I may not loſe thee.

S. AUGUST. ſup. Joan.

The ſpirit luſts where the fleſh reſteth: For as the fleſh is nouriſhed with ſweet things, the Spirit is refreſhed with ſowre.

Ibidem.

Wouldſt thou that thy fleſh obey thy ſpirit? Then let thy ſpirit obey thy God. Thou muſt be governed, that thou maiſt govern.

EPIG. 6.

Of Mercy and Juſtice is thy Kingdom built;
This plagues my ſin; and that removes my guilt;
When e're I ſue, *Aſuerus* like decline
Thy Scepter; Lord, ſay, Half my Kingdom's thine.

VII.



Come my beloved, let us goe forth into the fields, let us remaine in the Villages. Cant: 7. 11. 212

VII.

CANTICLES 7. 11.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

1

Christ. *Soul.*

Chr. COme, Come, my dear, and let us both retire
And whiff the dainties of the fragrant fields:
Where warbling *Phil'mel*, and the ſhrill mouth'd quire
Chaunt forth their raptures; where the Turtle builds
Her lovely neſt; and where the new born brier
Breaths forth the Sweetneſs that her *April* yields:
Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try
Theſe rural delicates; where thou and I
May melt in private flames, and fear no ſtander by.

2

Soul. My hearts eternal joy, in lieu of whom
The earth's a blaſt, and all the world's a bubble;
Our City-manſion is the faireſt home,
But Country ſweets are tang'd with leſſer trouble:
Let's try them both, and chuſe the better; come;
A change in pleaſure, makes the pleaſure double;
On thy commands depends my go or tarry,
I'll ſtir with *Martha*, or I'll ſtay with *Mary*:
Our hearts are firmly fit, although her pleaſures vary.

Chr.

3

Chr. Our Countrey-manſion (ſituate on high)
With various Objects, ſtill renews delight;
Her arched roof's of unſtain'd Ivory:
Her walls of fiery-ſparkling Chryſolite;
Her pavement is of hardeſt Porphyry;
Her ſpacious windows are all glaz'd with bright
And flaming Carbuncles; no need require
Titan's faint rays, or *Vulcan*'s feeble fire;
And eve'ry Gate's a Pearl; and every Pearl entire.

4

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!
How falſly was my fond conceit poſſeſt!
I took it for an Hermitage but pav'd
And daub'd with neighbr'ing dirt, and thacht at beſt
Alas, I nev'r expected more, nor crav'd;
A Turtle hop'd but for a Turtles neſt:
Come, come, my dear, and let no idle ſtay
Neglect th'advantage of the head-ſtrong day;
How pleaſure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5

Chr. Come then, my Joy; let our divided paces
Conduct us to our faireſt territory;
O there we'll twine our ſouls in ſweet embraces;
Soul. And in thine arms 'Ill tell my paſſion ſtory:
Chr. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces;
Soul. And all theſe graces ſhall reflect thy glory:
Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celeſtial *Manna*;
I'll be thy *Elkana*. *Soul.* And I, thy *Hanna*.
C. I'll ſound my trump of joy. *S.* And I'll reſound *Hoſanna*.

S. BERN.

O bleſſed Contemplation! The death of vices, and the life of virtues! Thee, the Law and Prophets admire: Who ever attained perfection, if not by thee! O bleſſed Solitude, the Magazine of Celeſtial Treaſure! by thee things earthly, and tranſitory, are changed into Heavenly, and Eternal.

S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that houſe, and bleſſed is that Congregation, where Martha *ſtill complaineth of* Mary.

EPIG. 7.

Mechanick ſoul, thou muſt not only do
With *Martha*; but, with *Mary*, ponder too:
Happy's that houſe where theſe fair ſiſters vary;
But moſt, when *Martha*'s reconcil'd to *Mary*.

VIII.



Draw me we will run after thee because of the savour of thy good Oyntments.
Cant: 1:3.

VIII.

CANTICLES 1. 3.

Draw me; we will follow after thee by the favour of thy good Oyntments.

THus, like a lump of the corrupted Maſs,
I lie ſecure, long loſt before I was:
And like a block, beneath whoſe burthen lies
That undiſcover'd worm that never dies
I have no will to rouze, I have no power to riſe.

Can ſtinking *Laz'rus* compound or ſtrive
With deaths entangling fetters, and revive?
Or can the water-buried *Axe* implore
A hand to raiſe it, or it ſelf reſtore,
And from hor ſandy deeps approach the dry-foot ſhore?

So hard's the task for ſinful fleſh and blood
To lend the ſmalleſt ſtep to what is good.
My God, I cannot move the leaſt degree!
Ah! If but only thoſe that active be,
None ſhould thy glory ſee, none ſhould thy glory ſee.

But if the Potter pleaſe t'inform the clay:
Or ſome ſtrong hand remove the block away:
Their lowly fortunes ſoon are mounted higher;
That proves a veſſel, which before was mire;
And this being hewn, may ſerve for better uſe than fire.

And if that life-reſtoring voice command
Dead *Laz'rus* forth; or that great *Prophets* hand
Should charm the ſullen waters, and begin
To becken, or to dart a ſtick but in,
Dead *Laz'rus* muſt revive, and th' *Ax* muſt float again.

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all
To hear the voice or Echo to thy call;
The gloomy Clouds of mine own guilt benight me;
Thy glorious beams, not dainty ſweets invite me;
They neither can direct; nor theſe at all delight me.

See how my ſin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to riſe!
Shine home upon thy Creature, and inſpire
My liveleſs Will with thy regen'rate fire;
The firſt degree to do, is only to deſire.

Give me the power to Will, the Will to do;
O raiſe me up, and I will ſtrive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy trebble twiſt,
That have no pow'r but meerly to reſiſt;
O lend me ſtrength to do, and then command thy liſt!

My Soul's a Clock, whoſe wheels (for want of uſe
And winding up, being ſubject to the abuſe
Of eating ruſt) wants vigour to fulfil
Her twelve hours task, and ſhew her makers ſkill,
But idly ſleeps unmov'd, and ſtandeth vainly ſtill.

Great God, it is thy work and therefore good.
If thou be pleas'd to cleanſe it with thy blood,
And wind it up with thy ſoul-moving keys,
Her buſie wheels ſhall ſerve thee all her days; (praiſe,
Her hand ſhall point thy pow'r, her hammer ſtricke thy

S. BERN. Serm. 21. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in thy ſavour of thy Ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, nor in the greatneſs of our ſtrength: We truſt to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies, for though we run and are willing, it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that ſheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return, and we will run: Thou like a Gyant, runneſt by thy own power; we, unleſs thy Ointment breath upon us cannot run.

EPIG. 8.

Look not, my Watch, being once repair'd to ſtand
Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand
H'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy Cogs with blood:
If now thy wheels ſtand ſtill thou art not good.

IX.



O that thou wert as my Brother, that Sucked the Breſts of my Mother. Cant.

IX.

CANTICLES 8. 1.

O that thou wert as my Brother, that ſucked the breaſts of my mother; when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs thee.

1

COme, come, my bleſſed Infant, and immure thee
Within the temple of my ſacred arms;
Secure mine arms, mine arms ſhall then ſecure thee
From *Herod*'s fury, or the High-Prieſts harms:
Or if thy danger'd life ſuſtain a loſs,
My folded arms ſhall turn thy dying croſs.

2

But ah; what ſavage Tyrant can behold
The beauty of ſo ſweet a face, as this is,
And not himſelf be by himſelf controul'd,
And change his fury to a thouſand kiſſes?
One ſmile of thine is worth more Mines of treaſure
Then there be *Myriads* in the days of *Cæſar*.

3

O, had the *Tetrarch*, as he knew by birth,
So known thy ſtock, he had not fought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but proſtrate on the earth
Had vail'd his Crown before thy Royal Cradle,
And laid the Scepter of his glory down,
And begg'd a Heavenly for an Earthly Crown.

4

Illuſtrious Babe! How is thy handmaid grac'd
With a rich armful! How doſt thou decline.
Thy Majeſty, that wert ſo late embrac'd
In thy great Fathers arms, and now in mine!
How humbly gracious art thou, to refreſh
Me with thy Sprit, and aſſume my fleſh!

5

But muſt the treaſon of a traitour's *Hail*
Abuſe the ſweetneſs of theſe ruby lips?
Shall marble hearted cruelty aſſail
Theſe Alablaſter ſides with knotted whips?
And muſt theſe ſmiling Roſes entertain
The blows of ſcorn, and flurts of baſe diſdain?

6

Ah! Muſt theſe dainty little ſprings that twine
So faſt about thy neck, be pierc'd and torn
With ragged nails? And muſt theſe brows reſign
Their Crown of Glory for a Crown of thorn?
Ah, muſt the bleſſed infant taſte the pain
Of deaths injurious pangs; nay worſe, be ſlain?

7

Sweet Babe! At what dear rates do wretched I
Commit a ſin! Lord, ev'ry ſin's a dart;
And ev'ry treſpaſs lets a javelin fle;
And ev'ry javelin wounds thy bleeding heart:
Pardon ſweet Babe, what I have done amiſs;
And ſeal that granted pardon with a kiſs.

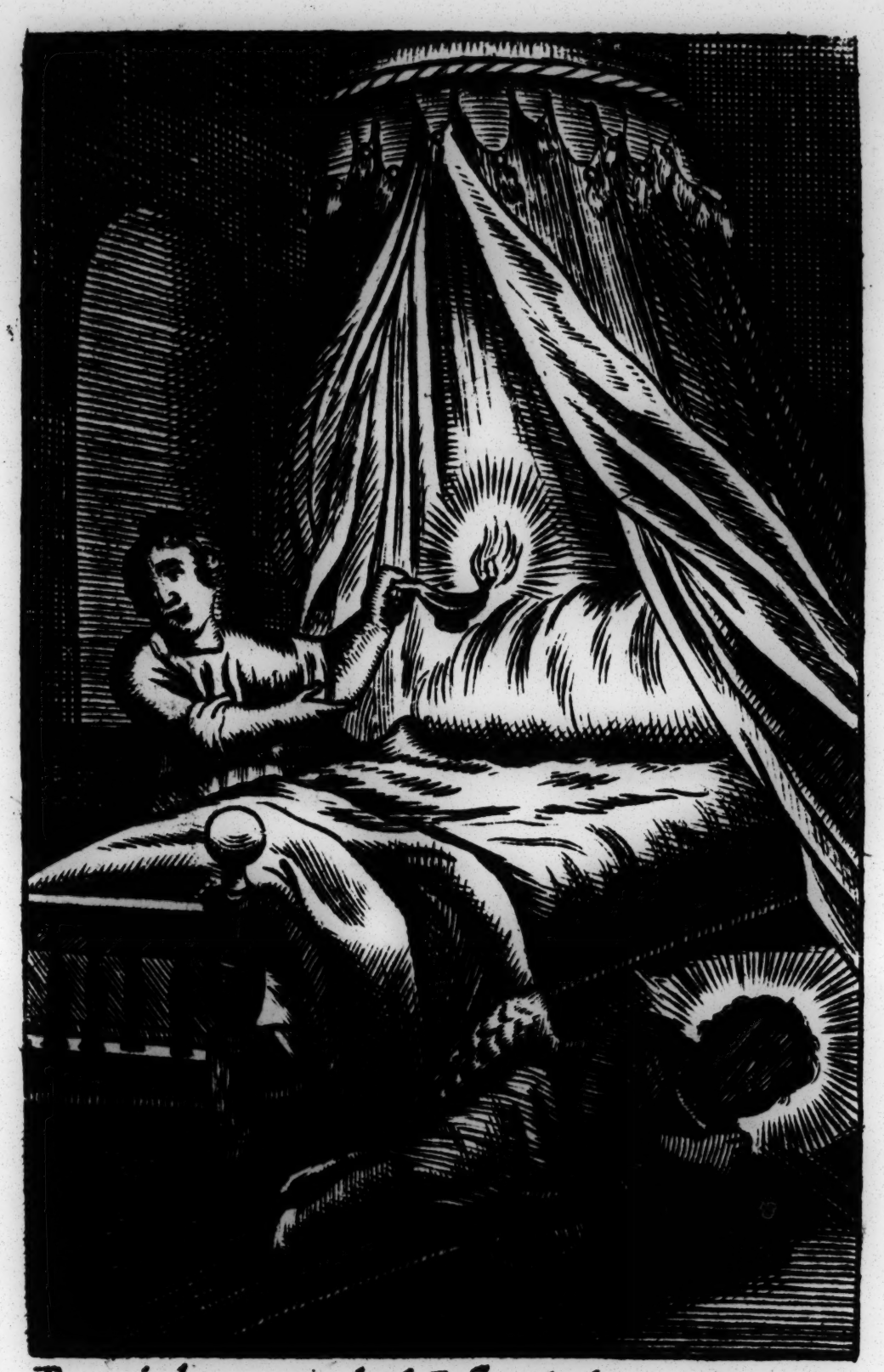
BONAVENT. Soliloqu. Chap. 1.

O ſweet Jeſu, I knew that thy kiſſes were ſo ſweet, nor thy ſociety ſo delectable, nor thy attraction ſo virtuous: For when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaſte; when I receive thee I am a Virgin: O moſt ſweet Jeſu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanſe; thy attraction polluteth not, but ſanctifieth: O Jeſu the fountain of univerſal ſweetneſs, pardon me that I believed ſo late, that ſo much ſweetneſs is in thy embraces.

EPIG. 9.

My burthen's greateſt: Let not *Atlas* boaſt:
Impartial Reader, judge which bears the moſt:
He bears but Heav'n, my folded arms ſuſtain
Heav'ns maker, whom Heav'ns Heav'n cannot contain.

X.



By night on my bed I sought him whom my soule loveth; I sought him but I found him not.
Cant: 3:1. 224.

X.

CANTICLES 3. 1.

In my bed by night I ſought him that my ſoul loveth; I ſought him, but I found him not.

THe learned Cynick having loſt the way
To honeſt men, did in the height of day,
By Taper-light divide his ſteps about
The peopled ſtreets to find this Dainty out;
But fail'd: The Cynick ſearch'd not where he ought;
The thing he ſought for, was not where he ſought.
The Wiſe-mens task ſeem'd harder to be done,
The Wiſe-men did by Star-light ſeek the Sun,
And found: The Wiſe-men ſearch'd it where they ought
The thing he hop'd to find was where they ſought.
One ſeeks his wiſhes where he ſhould; but then
Perchance he ſeeks not as he ſhould; nor when.
Another ſearches when he ſhould; but there
He fails; not ſeeking as he ſhould, nor where.
Whoſe ſoul deſires the good it wants, and would
Obtain, muſt ſeek Where, As, and When he ſhould.
How often have my wild affections led
My waſted ſoul to this my widow'd bed
To ſeek my lover, whom my ſoul deſires?
(I ſpeak not, *Cupid*, of thy wanton fires:
Thy fires are all but dying ſparks to mine;
My flames are full of Heav'n, and all Divine)
How often have I ſought this bed by night,
To find that greater by this leſſer light!

How

How oft have my unwitneſt groans lamented
Thy deareſt abſence! Ah, how often vented
The bitter tempeſts of deſpairing breath,
And toſt my ſoul upon the waves of death!
How often has my melting heart made choice
Of ſilent tears (tears louder than a voice)
To plead my grief, and woe thy abſent ear!
And yet thon wilt not come, thou wilt not hear;
O is thy wonted love become ſo cold?
Or do mine eyes not ſeek thee where they ſhould!
Why do I ſeek thee, if thou art not here?
Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry where?
I ſee my errour, it is not ſtrange I could not
Find out my love: I ſought him where I ſhould not.
Thou art not found in downy beds of eaſe;
Alas, thy muſick ſtrikes on harder keys:
Nor art thou found by that falſe feeble light
Of Natures candle, our Egyptian night
Is more than common darkneſs; nor can we
Expect a morning, but what breaks from thee.
Well may my empty bed bewail thy loſs,
When thou art lodg'd upon thy ſhameful croſs:
If thou refuſe to ſhare a bed with me,
We'll never part, I'll ſhare a croſs with thee.

ANSELM. in Protolog. 1.

Lord, if thou art not preſent, where ſhall I ſeek thee abſent? If every where, why do I not ſee thee preſent? Thou dwelleſt in light inacceſſible; and where is that inacceſſible light? Or how ſhall I have acceſs to light inacceſſible? I beſeech thee Lord, teach me to ſeek thee, and ſhew thy ſelf to the ſeeker; becauſe I can neither ſeek thee, unleſs thou teach me, nor find thee, unleſs thou ſhew thy ſelf to me: Let me ſeek thee, in deſiring thee, and deſire thee in ſeeking thee; Let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

EPIG. 10.

Where ſhouldſt thou ſeek for reſt, but in thy bed?
But now thy reſt is gone, thy reſt is fled:
'Tis vain to ſeek him there: My ſoul be wiſe;
Go ask thy ſins; they'll tell thee, where he lies.

XI.



I will riſe now, and goe about the City in the ſtreets and in the broad ways I will ſeek him whom my ſoul loveth: I ſought him but found him not, Cant 3. 2

XI.

CANTICLES 3. 2.

I will riſe, and go about the City, and will ſeek him that my ſoul loveth: I ſought him, but I found him not.

1

O How my diſappointed ſoul's perplext!
How reſtleſs thoughts ſwarm in my troubled breaſt
How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then croſly vext
With fears! And how betwixt them both diſtreſt!
What place is left unranſack'd? Oh, where next
Shall I go ſeek the Author of my reſt?
Of what bleſs'd Angel ſhall my lips enquire
The undiſcover'd way to that entire
And everlaſting ſolace of my hearts deſire?

2

Look how the ſtricken Heart that wounded flies
Ov'r hills and dales, and ſeeks the lower grounds
For running ſtreams, the whilſt his weeping eyes
Beg ſilent mercy from the following Hounds;
At length, emboſt, he droops, drops down, and lies
Beneath the burthen of his bleeding wounds:
Ev'n ſo my gaſping ſoul, diſſolv'd in tears,
Doth ſearch for thee, my God, whoſe deafned ears
Leave me th'unranſom'd Pris'ner to my panick fears.

Where

3

Where have my buſie eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thred-bare tongue demanded?
I ſearch'd this glorious City; he's not here:
I ſought the Country; ſhe ſtands empty handed;
I ſearch'd the Court; he is a ſtranger there:
I ask'd the land; he's ſhipp'd: the ſea; he's landed;
I clim'd the air, my thoughts began t'aſpire;
But ah! the wings of my too bold deſire,
Soaring too near the Sun, were findg'd with ſacred fire.

4

I mov'd the Merchant's ear; alas, but he
Knew, neither what I ſaid, nor what to ſay:
I ask'd the Lawyer, he demands a fee,
And then demurs me with a vain delay:
I ask'd the Schoolman: his advice was free,
But ſcor'd me out too intricate a way:
I ask'd the Watch-man (beſt of all the four)
Whoſe gentle anſwer could reſolve no more,
But that he lately left him at the Temple door.

5

Thus having ſought, and made my great inqueſt
In ev'ry place, and ſearch'd in ev'ry ear:
I threw me on my bed; but ah! my reſt
Was poiſon'd with th'extremes of grief and fear,
Where looking down into my troubled breaſt,
The Magazine of wounds, I found him there:
Let others hunt, and ſhew their ſportful Art;
I wiſh to catch the Hare before ſhe ſtart,
As Potchers uſe to do; Heav'n's Form's a troubled heart.

S. AMBROS. lib. 3. de Virg.

Chriſt is not in the market, nor in ſtreets: For Chriſt is Peace, in the market are ſtrifes: Chriſt is Juſtice, in the market is iniquity: Chriſt is a Labourer, in the market is idleneſs: Chriſt is Charity, in the market is ſlander: Chriſt is Faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore ſeek Chriſt, where we cannot find Chriſt.

S. HIEROM. Ser. 9. Ep. 22. ad Euſtoch.

Jeſus is jealous: He will not have thy face ſeen: Let fooliſh Virgins ramble abroad, ſeek thou thy Love at home.



EPIG. 11.

What, loſt thy love? will neither bed nor board
Receive him? Not by tears to be implor'd?
It is the Ship that moves, and not the Coaſt;
I fear, I fear, my ſoul, 'tis thou art loſt.

XII.



Saw ye him whom my Soule loveth, it was but a little ẏ I passed from them but I found him whom my soule loveth I held him etc: Cant: 3:

XII.

CANTICLES. 3. 3.

Have you ſeen him whom my Soul loveth? When I haſt a little from them, then I found him, I took hold on him, and left him not.

1

WHat ſecret corner? What unwonted way
Has ſcap'd the ranſack of my rambling thought?
The Fox by night, nor the dull Owl by day,
Have never ſearch'd thoſe places I have ſought,
Whilſt they lamented, abſence taught my breaſt
The ready road to grief, without requeſt;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had reſt.

2

How hath my unregarded language vented
The ſad tautologies of laviſh paſſion;
How often have I langniſh'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compaſſion!
I aſk'd the City-watch, but ſome deny'd me
The common ſtreet, whilſt others would miſguide me,
Some would debar me; ſome, divert me; ſome, deride me.

3

Mark how the Widow'd Turtle, having loſt
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coaſt to coaſt,
Haunts ev'ry path; thinks every ſhade doth part
Her abſent Love, and her; at length unſped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlaſting Widow-head.

4

So when my ſoul had progreſt ev'ry place,
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, reſolv'd t' embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hyman did preſent
His landſkip joys; my pickled eyes did vent
Full ſtreams of Briny tears, tears never to be ſpent.

5

Whilſt thus my ſorrow-waſting ſoul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought,
Ev'n whilſt mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleeding
He that was ſought, unfound, was found, unſought
As if the Sun ſhould dart his orbe of light
Into the ſecrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n ſo appear'd my Love, my ſole, my ſouls delight.

6

O how mine eyes now raviſh'd at the ſight
Of my bright Sun-ſhot flames of equal fire!
Ah! How my ſoul diſſolv'd with o'r-delight,
To re-enjoy the Crown of chaſt deſire!
How ſov'reign joy depos'd and diſpoſſeſt
Rebellious grief! And how my raviſh'd breaſt—
But who can preſs thoſe heights, that cannot be expreſt!

7

O how theſe arms, theſe greedy arms did twine,
And ſtrongly twiſt about his yielding waſt!
The ſappy branches of the Theſpian Vine,
Nev'r cling'd their leſs beloved Elm ſo faſt;
Boaſt not thy flames, blind boy, thy feather'd ſhot
Let Hymens eaſie ſnarles be quite forgot:
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death diſſolve our knot.

ORIG. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

O moſt holy Lord! and ſweeteſt Maſter, how good art thou to thoſe that are of upright heart, and humble ſpirit! O how bleſſed are they that ſeek thee with a ſimple heart! How happy that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certain truth, that thou loveſt all that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee: For behold thy Love ſimply ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, than ſhe expected from thee.

BEDA in cap. 3. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I ſought, the more earneſtly I held him being found.

EPIG. 12.

What? found him out? let ſtrong embraces bind him;
He'l flie perchance, where tears can never find him.
New ſins will loſe, what old repentance gains.
Wiſdom not only gets, but got retains.

XIII.



It is good for me to draw neare to the Lord, I have put my trust in y^e^ Lord God.
Psal: 72: 28

XIII.

PSALM. 72. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my truſt in the Lord God.

WHere is that Good, which wiſe-men pleaſe to call
The chiefeſt? Doth there any ſuch befal
Within mans reach? or is there ſuch a Good at all?

If ſuch there be, it neither muſt expire,
Nor change; than which there can be nothing higher:
Such good muſt be the utter point of man's deſire.

It is the Mark, to which all hearts muſt tend;
Can be deſired for no other end,
Than for it ſelf, on which all other Goods depend.

What may this Excellent be? doth it ſubſiſt
A real Eſſence clouded in the midſt
Of curious Art, or clear to ev'ry eye that liſt?

Or is't a tart Idea, to procure
An edg, and keep the practick ſoul in ure,
Like that dear Chymick duſt, or puzling Quadrature?

Where ſhall I ſeek this? Where ſhall I find
This Cath'lick pleaſure, whoſe extremes may bind
My thoughts? and fill the gulf of my inſatiate mind?

Lies it in Treaſure? In full heaps untold?
Doth gowty *Mammon*'s griping hand infold
This ſacred Saint in ſacred ſhrines of ſov'reign gold?

No, no, ſhe lies not there; wealth often ſours
In keeping; makes us hers, in ſeeming ours;
She ſlides from Heav'n indeed, but not in *Danae*'s ſhowers.

Lives ſhe in honour? no. The Royal Crown
Builds up a creature, and then batters down:
Kings raiſe thee with a ſmile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleaſure? no. Pleaſure begins in rage;
Acts the fools part on earth's uncertain ſtage;
Begins the play in youth, and Epilogues in age.

Theſe, theſe are baſtard goods; the beſt of theſe
Torment the ſoul with pleaſing it, and pleaſe,
Like water's gulp'd in feavers with deceitful eaſe.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but ſweet diſtreſſes:
Mole-hills perform the mountains ſhe profeſſes,
Alas, can earth confer more good than earth poſſeſſes?

Mount, mount, my ſoul, and let my thoughts caſhier
Earth's vain delights, and make the full carier
At Heav'ns eternal joys; ſtop, ſtop, thy Courſer there.

There ſhall thy ſoul poſſeſs uncareful treaſure,
There ſhalt thou ſwim in never-fading pleaſure:
And blaze in honour far above the frowns of *Cæſar*.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefeſt Good, no need to call
For earths inferiour trash; Thou, thou art All in All.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 13.

I follow this thing: I purſue that, but am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in my ſelf, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not, I grieved not; with what I was poſſeſt, my whole deſire was ſatisfied.

S. BERN. Ser. 9. ſup. beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burthen of the day; let him boaſt of his Sabbath faſts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my truſt in my Lord God.

EPIG. 13.

Let *Boreas* blaſts, and *Neptunes* waves be join'd,
Thy *Eolus* commands the waves, the wind:
Fear not the Rocks or Worlds imperious waves;
Thou climbſt a Rock (my ſoul) a rock that ſaves.

XIV.



I ſat vnder the ſhadow of him whome I have deſired. Cant: 2.

XIV.

CANTICLES 2. 3.

I ſat under his ſhadow with great delight, and his fruit was ſweet to my taſte.

1

LOok how the ſheep, whoſe rambling ſteps do ſtray
From the ſafe bleſſing of her Shepherds eyes,
Eftſoon becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd ſquadron of beleagring flies;
Where ſweltered with the ſcorching beams of day,
She frisks from buſh to brake, and wildly flies
From her own ſelf, ev'n of her ſelf afraid;
She ſhrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the ſoft removing ſhade.

2

Ev'n ſo my wandring ſoul, that hath digreſt
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my ſins. Theſe vultures in my breaſt
Gripe my Promethean heart both night and day;
I hunt from place to place, but find no reſt;
I know not where to go, nor where to ſtay:
The eye of vengeance burns, her flames invade
My ſwelt'ring ſoul: My ſoul hath oft aſſaid,
Yet ſhe can find no ſhroud, but can ſhe feel no ſhade.

3

I ſought the ſhades of Mirth, to wear away
My ſlow pac'd hours of ſoul conſuming grief;
I ſearch'd the ſhades of ſleep, to eaſe my day
Of griping ſorrows with a nights reprief.
I ſought the ſhades of death; thought there t'allay
My final torments with a full relief:
But mirth, nor ſleep, nor death, can hide my hours
In the falſe ſhades of their deceitful bowrs;
The firſt diſtracts, the next diſturbs, the laſt devours.

4

Where ſhall I turn? To whom ſhall I apply me?
Are there no ſtreams where a faint Soul may wade?
Thy God-head, Jeſus, are the flames that fry me;
Hath thy All-glorious Deity never a ſhade,
Where I may ſit and vengeance never eye me,
Where I might ſit refreſh'd or unafraid?
Is there no comfort? Is there no refection?
Is there no cover that will give protection
T'a fainting ſoul, the ſubject of thy wraths reflexion?

5

Look up, my ſoul, advance the lowly ſtature
Of thy ſad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a ſhadow found: The humane nature
Is made th'Umbella to the Deity,
To catch the Sun-beams of thy juſt Creator:
Beneath this covert thou maiſt ſafely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick *Zacheus* did, and thou ſhalt ſee
A cloud of dying fleſh betwixt thoſe beams and thee.

GUIL. in cap. 2. Cant.

Who can endure the fierce rays of the Sun of Juſtice? Who ſhall not be conſumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of Juſtice took fleſh, that through the conjunction of that Sun and this humane body a ſhadow may be made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

Lord, let my ſoul flee from the ſcorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that being refreſhed by the moderation of thy ſhadow, ſhe may ſing merrily, In peace will I lay me down and reſt.

EPIG. 14.

Ah, treach'rous Soul, would not thy pleaſures give
That Lord, which made the living, leave to live?
See what thy ſins have done: thy ſins have made
The Sun of Glory now become thy ſhade.

XV.



How shall we sing the song of the Lord in a strange Land.

244.

XV.

PSALM. 137. 4.

How ſhall we ſing a ſong of the Lord in a ſtrange Land?

URge me no more: this airy mirth belongs
To better times: theſe times are not for ſongs.
The ſprightly twang of the melodious Lute
Agrees not with my voice: and both unſute
My untun'd fortunes: the affected meaſure
Of ſtrains, that are conſtrain'd, afford no pleaſure.
Muſick's the Child of Mirth; where griefs aſſail
The Troubled ſoul, both voice, and fingers fail:
Let ſuch as ravel out their laviſh days,
In honourable riot; that can raiſe
Dejected hearts, and conjure up a ſp'rit
Of madneſs by the Magick of delight;
Let thoſe of *Cupid*'s Hoſpital, that lie
Impatient Patients to a ſmiling eye,
That cannot reſt, until vain hope beguile
Their flatter'd torment with a wanton ſmile;
Let ſuch redeem their peace, and ſalve the wrongs,
Of froward Fortune with their frolick ſongs:
My grief, my grief's too great for ſmiling eyes
To cure, or counter-charms to exorciſe.
The Ravens diſmal croaks, the midnight howls
Of empty Wolves mixt with the ſcreech of Owls,
The nine ſad knolls of a dull paſſing Bell,
With the loud language of a nightly knell,

And horrid out-cries of revenged crimes,
Join'd in a medley's muſick for theſe times;
Theſe are no times to touch the merry ſtring
Of *Orpheus*; no, theſe are no times to ſing.
Can hide-bound Pris'ners, that have ſpent their ſouls,
And famiſh'd bodies in the noiſome holes
Of hell black dungeons, apt their rougher throats,
Grown hoarſe with begging alms, to warble notes?
Can the ſad Pilgrim, that hath loſt his way
In the vaſt deſart; there condemn'd a prey
To the wild ſubject, or his ſavage King,
Rouze up his palſie ſmitten ſpirits, and ſing?
Can I a Pilgrim, and a Pris'ner too,
(Alas) where I am neither known, nor know
Ought but my torments, an unranſom'd ſtranger
In this ſtrange climate, in a land of danger?
O, can my voice be pleaſant, or my hand,
Thus made a Pris'ner to a forein land?
How can my muſick reliſh in your ears,
That cannnot ſpeak for ſobs, nor ſing for tears?
Ah, if my voice could, *Orpheus*-like, unſpel
My poor *Eurydice*, my ſoul, from Hell
Of earth's miſconſtru'd Heaven, O then my breaſt
Should warble airs, whoſe rhapſodies ſhould feaſt
The ears of Seraphims, and entertain
Heav'ns higheſt Deity with their lofty ſtrain,
A ſtrain well drench'd in the true Theſpian Well,
Till then, earths Semiquaver, mirth, farewel.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 33.

O infinitely happy are thoſe heavenly virtues which are able to praiſe thee in holineſs and purity, with exceſſive ſweetneſs, and inutterable exultation! From thence they praiſe thee, from whence they rejoice, becauſe they continually ſee for what they rejoice, for what they praiſe thee: But we preſt down with this burthen of fleſh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praiſe thee: We praiſe thee by faith; not face to face: but thoſe Angelical ſpirits praiſe thee face to face, and not by faith.

EPIG. 15.

Did I refuſe to ſing? ſaid I theſe times
Were not for ſongs? nor muſick for theſe climes?
It was my errour: are not grones and tears
Harmonious raptures in th'Almighty's ears?

XVI.



I charge you, o ye daughters of Ierusalem, if ye finde my beloved ỳ you tell him ỳ I am sicke of love. Cant: 5. 8.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

I.

CANTICLES 5. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jeruſalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am ſick of love.

1

YOu holy Virgins, that ſo oft ſurround
The City's Saphire walls, whoſe ſnowy feet
Meaſure the pearly paths of ſacred ground
And trace the new Jerus'lems Jaſper ſtreet;
Ah, you whoſe care-forſaken hearts are crown'd
With your beſt wiſhes; that enjoy the ſweet
Of all your hopes; If e're you chance to ſpie
My abſent Love, O tell him that I lie
Deep wounded with the flames that furnac'd from his eye.

2

I charge you, Virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly muſick of your Love'rs voice;
I charge you by the ſolemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if ought more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys,
I charge you tell him, that a flaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierc'd my bleeding heart;
And I am ſick of love, and languiſh in my ſmart.

3

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breaſt
  Is ſcorch'd with flames, and how my ſoul is pin'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie oppreſt
  With the full torments of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jeſt,
  But I in earneſt; tell him he's unkind:
    But if a diſconſented frown appears
    Upon his angry brow, accoſt his ears
With ſoft and fewer words, and act the reſt in tears.

4

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive
  My ſoul of peace, while peace in vain ſhe ſeeks;
Tell him, thoſe damask roſes, that did ſtrive
  With white, both fade, upon my fallow cheeks;
Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,
  But tears, and ſighs, and ſobs, and ſudden ſhrieks;
    Thus if your piercing words ſhould chance to bore
    His hearkning ear, and move a ſigh, give o'er
To ſpeak; and tell him, Tell him, that I could no more.

5

If your elegious breath ſhould hap to rouze
  A happy tear, cloſe harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the ſacred vows,
  Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torments of his loyal ſpouſe,
  That for his ſake would make a ſport to die:
    O bleſſed virgins, how my paſſion tires
    Beneath the burthen of her fond deſires!
Heav'n never ſhot ſuch flames, earth never felt ſuch fires!

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 40.

What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do? Whither ſhall I go? Where ſhall I ſeek him? Or when ſhall I find him? Whom ſhall I ask? Who will tell my beloved that I am ſick of Love?

GULIEL. in cap. 5. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my beloved that liveth in me: I love my ſelf, not with my own love, but with the love of my beloved that loveth me: I love not my ſelf in my ſelf, but my ſelf in him, and him in me.



EPIG. 1.

Grieve not (my ſoul) nor let thy love wax faint,
Weep'ſt thou to loſe the cauſe of thy complaint?
He'll come; Love ne'r was bound to times nor laws:
Till then thy tears complain without a cauſe.

II.



Stay me with Flowers; Comfort mee with Apples, for I am sick of loue Cant: 2. 5.

II.

CANTICLES 2. 5.

Stay me with flowers, and comfort me with apples, for I am ſick with love.

1

O Tyrant love! how doth thy ſov'reign pow'r
Subject poor ſouls to thy imperious thrall!
They ſay, thy cup's compos'd of ſweet and ſower;
They ſay, thy diet's honey mixt with gall;
How comes it then to paſs, theſe lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taſt no ſweet at all?
O tyrant love! Shall our perpetual toil.
Ne'r find a Sabbath to refreſh a while
Our drooping ſouls? Art thou all frowns, and ne'r a ſmile?

2

You bleſſed Maids of honour that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reſtore my ſpirits faint and ſpent;
O fetch me apples from Loves fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my ſcent,
For I am ſick, for I am ſick of love:
Theſe will revive my dry, my waſted pow'rs,
And they will ſweeten my unſav'ry hours;
Refreſh me then with fruit, and comfort me with flow'rs.

3

O bring me apples to aſſwage that fire,
Which *Ætna*-like inflames my flaming breaſt;
Nor is it every apple I deſire,
Nor that which pleaſes every palate beſt:
'Tis not the laſting Deuzan I require,
Not yet the red-cheek'd Queening I requeſt:
Nor that which firſt beſhrew'd the name of wife,
Nor that whoſe beauty caus'd the golden ſtrife;
No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

4

Virgins, tuck up your ſilken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of *Flora*'s Magazine;
The purple violet and the pale-fac'd lilly;
The pancy and the organ colombine;
The flowring thyme, the guilt-bowl daffadilly;
The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:
The bluſhing roſe, the queen of flowers, and beſt
Of *Flora*'s beauty; but above the reſt,
Let *Feſſes* ſovereign flower perfume my qualming breaſt.

5

Haſt, Virgins, haſt, for I lie weak and faint,
Beneath the pangs of love; why ſtand ye mute,
As if your ſilence neither car'd to grant;
Nor yet your language to deny my ſuit;
No key can lock the door of my complaint,
Until I ſmell this flower, or taſt that fruit;
Go, Virgins, ſeek this tree, and ſearch that bow'r;
O, how my ſoul ſhall bleſs that happy hour,
That brings to me ſuch fruit, that brings me ſuch a flower.

GISTEN. in cap. 2. Cant. Expoſ. 3.

O happy ſickneſs, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O Happy feaver, that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O Happy diſtemper, wherein the ſoul reliſheth no earthly things, but only ſavoureth divine nouriſhment!

S. BERN. Serm. 51. in Cant.

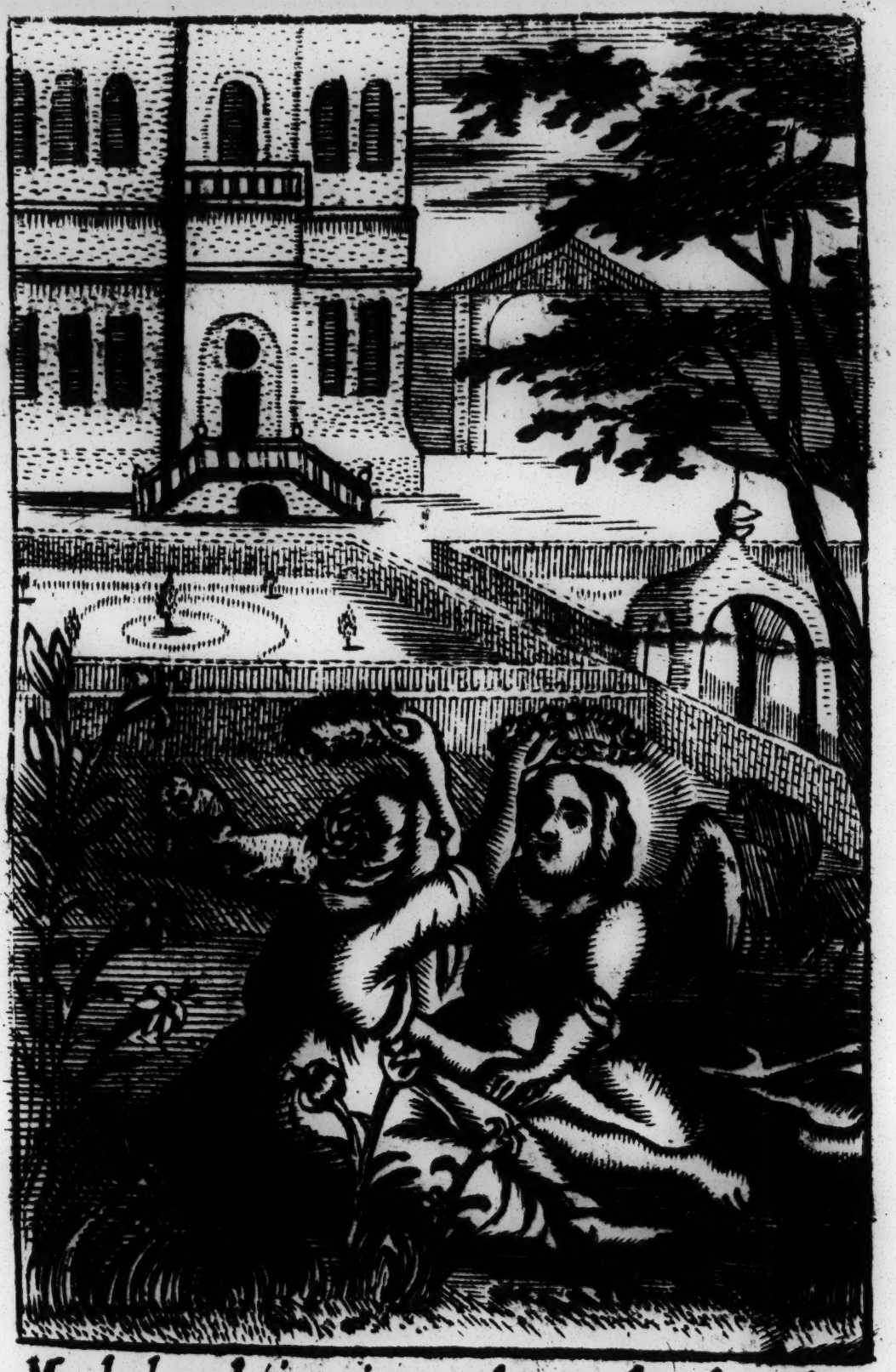
By flowers underſtand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or bloſſom is before the fruit, ſo is faith before good works: So neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.



EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my ſoul? Can they remove,
The pains of grief, or eaſe the flames of love?
It was that fruit which gave the firſt offence;
That ſent him hither; that remov'd him hence.

III.



My beloued is mine and I am his, hee feedeth among the Lillies. Cant: 2. 16.

III.

CANTICLES 2. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the lillies.

1

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That waſh the pebbles with their wanton ſtreams,
And having rang'd and ſearch'd a thouſand nooks,
Meet both at length in ſilver-breaſted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoyn:
So I my beſt beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

2

Ev'n ſo we met; and after long purſuit,
Ev'n ſo we joyn'd we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a ſuit,
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:
Our firm united ſouls did more than twine;
So I my beſt-beloveds am; ſo he is mine.

3

If all thoſe glitt'ring Monarchs that command
The ſervile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their ſhares of land,
I would not change my fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coyn;
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nay

4

Nay more; if the fair Theſpain Ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treaſure:
That treaſure ſhould be deem'd a price too ſmall
To buy a minutes leaſe of half my pleaſure;
'Tis not the ſacred wealth of all the nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his, from being mine.

5

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My leaſt deſires unto the leaſt remove;
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;
He's mine by water; I am his by wind;
Thus I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

6

He is mine Altar; I, his holy Place;
I am his gueſt; and he, my living food;
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;
I'm his by purchaſe; he is mine by blood;
He's my ſupporting elm; and I his vine:
Thns I my beſt-beloveds am; thus he is mine.

7

He gives me wealth, I give him all my vows:
I give him ſongs; he gives me length of days;
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows:
And I his Temples with a crown of Praiſe,
Which he accepts an ev'rlaſting ſign,
That I my beſt beloveds am; that he is mine.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Manu. cap. 24.

O my ſoul ſtampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art ſo much beloved: bend to him that boweth to thee, ſeek him that ſeeketh thee: Love the lover, by whoſe love thou art prevented, begin the cauſe of thy love: Be careful with thoſe that are careful, want with thoſe that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: Chooſe this friend above all friends, who when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: In the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring Lions prepared for their prey.



EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my ſoul: What? loſt and found?
Welcom'd, eſpous'd, enjoy'd ſo ſoon, and crown'd!
He did but climb the Croſs, and then come down
To th' gates of hell; triumph'd and fetch'd a Crown.

IV.



I am my beloved's, & his Desire is towards mee. Cant: 7. 10. v. 260

IV.

CANTICLES 7. 10.

I am my Beloveds, and his deſire is towards me.

1

Like to the Attick needle, that doth guide
The wandring ſhade by his magnetick pow'r,
And leaves his ſilken Gnomon to decide
The queſtion of the controverted hour,
First franticks up and down, from ſide to ſide
And reſtleſs beats his cryſtal'd Iv'ry caſe,
With vain impatience; jets from place to place,
And ſeeks the boſome of his frozen bride,
At length he ſlacks his motion, and doth reſt
His trembling point at his bright Poles beloved breaſt.

2

Ev'n ſo my ſoul, being hurried here and there,
By ev'ry object that preſents delight,
Fain would be ſettled, but ſhe knows not where;
She likes at morning what ſhe loaths at night:
She bows to honour; then ſhe lends an ear
To that ſweet ſwan-like voice of dying pleaſure,
Then tumbles in the ſcatter'd heaps of treaſure;
Now flatter'd with falſe hope; now foyl'd with fear:
Thus finding all the worlds delight to be
But empty toys, good God, ſhe points alone to thee.

3

But hath the virtued ſteel a power to move ?
Or can the untouch'd needle point aright ;
Or can my wandring thoughs forbear to rove,
Unguided by the vertue of thy ſp'rit ?
O hath my leaden ſoul the art t' improve
Her waſted talent, and unras'd, aſpire
In this ſad moulting time of her deſire ?
Not firſt belov'd have I the power to love ;
I cannot ſtir, but as thou pleaſe to move me,
Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me.

4

The ſtill commandreſs of the ſilent night
Borrows her beams from her bright brothers eye ;
His fair aſpect fills her ſharp horns with light,
If he withdraw her flames are quench'd and die :
Ev'n ſo the beams of her enlightning ſp'rit
Infus'd and ſhot into my dark deſire,
Inflame my thoughts, and fill my ſoul with fire,
That I am raviſh'd with a new delight ;
But if thou ſhroud thy face, my glory fades,
And I remain a *Nothing*, all compos'd of ſhades.

5

Eternal God ! O thou that only art
The ſacred Fountain of eternal light,
And bleſſed Load-ſtone of my better part,
O thou my hearts deſire, my ſouls delight,
Reflect my ſoul, and touch my heart,
And then my heart ſhall prize no good above thee ;
And then my ſoul ſhall know thee ; knowing, love thee ;
And then my trembling thoughts ſhall never ſtart
From thy commands, or ſwerve the leaſt degree,
Or once preſume to move, but as they move in thee.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 25.

If Man can love man with ſo entire affection, that the one can ſcarce brook the others abſence? if a bride can be joyned to her bride-groom with ſo great an ardency of mind, that for the extremity of love ſhe can enjoy no reſt, not ſuffering his abſence without great anxiety, with what affection, with what fervency ought the ſoul whom thou haſt eſpouſed by faith and compaſſion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom?



EPIG. 4.

My ſoul, thy love is dear: 'Twas thought a good
And eaſie pen'worth of thy Saviours blood:
But be not proud; All matters rightly ſcann'd,
'Twas over-bought: 'Twas ſold at ſecond hand.

V.



My Soule melted, when my beloved spake. Cant: 5. 6. 264.

V.

CANTICLES 5. 6.

My Soul melted whil'ſt my Beloved ſpake.

LOrd, has the feeble voice of fleſh and blood
The power to work thine ears into a flood
Of melted mercy? or the ſtrength t'unlock
The gates of Heav'n, and to diſſolve a rock
Of marble-clouds into a morning ſhow'r?
Or hath the breath of whining duſt the pow'r
To ſtop or ſnatch a falling Thunder-bolt
From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt
From reſolute confuſion, and inſtead
Of viols, pour full bleſſings on our head?
Or ſhall the wants of famiſh'd Ravens cry,
And move thy mercy to a quick ſupply?
Or ſhall the ſilent ſuits of drooping flow'rs
Woo thee for drops, and be refreſh'd with ſhow'rs?
Alas, what marvel then, great God, what wonder
If thy hell-rouzing voice, that ſplits in ſunder
The brazen portals of eternal death;
What number if that life-reſtoring breath
Which dragg'd me from the infernal ſhades of night,
Should melt my raviſh'd ſoul with o'er-delight?
O can my frozen gutters chooſe but run,
That feel the warmth of ſuch a glorious Sun?
Methinks his language like a flaming arrow
Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow.

Thy flames, O *Cupid* (though the joyful heart
Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the ſmart
Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full deſires)
Are torments, weigh'd with theſe celeſtial fires;
Pleaſures that raviſh in ſo high a meaſure,
That O I languiſh in exceſs of pleaſure:
What raviſh'd heart, that feels theſe melting joys,
Would not deſpiſe and loath the treach'rous toys
Of dunghil earth? What ſoul would not be proud
Of wry-mouth'd ſcorns, the worſt that fleſh and blood
Had rancor to deviſe? Who would not bear
The world's deriſion with a thankful ear?
What palat would refuſe full bowls of ſpight,
To gain a minutes taſte of ſuch delight?
Great ſpring of light, in whom there is no ſhade
But what my interpoſed ſins have made.
Whoſe narrow melting fires admit no ſcreen
But what my own rebellions put between
Their precious flames and my obdurate ear?
Diſperſe this plague diſtilling clouds, and clear
My mungy ſoul into a glorious day;
Tranſplant this ſcreen, remove this bar away,
Then, then my fluent ſoul ſhall feel the fires
Of thy ſweet voice, and my diſſolv'd deſires
Shall turn a ſoy'reign balſome, to make whole
Thoſe wounds my ſins inflicted on thy ſoul.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. cap. 34.

What fire is this that ſo warmeth my heart? What light is this that ſo enlightneth my ſoul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goes out, kindle me: O light, which ever ſhineſt, and art never darkned, illuminate me: O that I had my heat from thee, moſt holy fire! How ſweetly doſt thou burn? How ſecretly doſt thou ſhine? How deſiredly doſt thou inflame me?

BONAVENT. Stim. amoris, cap. 8.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mortal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a ſervant, a ſon; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard thengs, liquid.

EPIG. 5.

My ſoul, thy gold is true, but full of droſs;
Thy Saviours breath refines thee with ſome loſs;
His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true;
Thou muſt be melted e're th'art caſt anew.

VI.



Whom haue I in heaven but thee, & w^t desire I on earth in respect of thee Ps: 73 [25]

F. H. v. Houe Sculp:

VI.

PSALM 73. 25.

Whom have I in Heaven but thee? and what deſire I on earth in reſpect of thee?

1

I Love (and have ſome cauſe to love:) the earth:
She is my Makers creature; therefore good:
She is my Mother, for ſhe gave me birth;
She is my tender Nurſe; ſhe gives me food;
But what's a Creature, Lord compar'd with thee?
Or what's my Mother, or my Nurſe to me?

2

I love the Air: her dainty ſweets refreſh
My drooping ſoul, and to new ſweets invite me;
Her ſhril-mouth'd quire ſuſtain me with their fleſh,
And with their Polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the Air, or all the ſweets, that ſhe
Can bleſs my ſoul withal, compar'd to thee?

3

I love the Sea: She is my fellow-Creature,
My careful porveyour; ſhe provides me ſtore:
She walls me round; ſhe makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treaſure from a forreign ſhore:
But Lord of Oceans, when compar'd with thee,
What is the Ocean, or her wealth to me,

4

To heav'ns high city I direct my journey,
Whose ſpangled ſuburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplations great Atturney,
Tranſcends the cryſtal pavement of the ſkie:
But what is Heav'n, great God compar'd to Thee?
Without thy preſence Heav'n's no Heav'n to me.

5

Without thy preſence Earth gives no refection;
Without thy preſence Sea affords no treaſure;
Without thy preſence Air's a rank infection;
Without thy preſence Heav'n it ſelf's no pleaſure;
If not poſſeſs'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's Earth, or Sea, or Air, or Heav'n to me?

6

The higheſt honour, that the world can boaſt,
Are ſubjects far too low for my deſire;
The brighteſt beams of glory are (at moſt)
But dying ſparkles of thy living fire:
The proudeſt flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly Glow-worms if compar'd to thee.

7

Without thy preſence, Wealth are bags of cares;
Wiſdom, but folly; Joy, diſquiet ſadneſs:
Friendſhip is treaſon, and Delights are ſnares;
Pleaſures but pain, and Mirth but pleaſing madneſs:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, When compar'd with thee.

8

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wiſh nor Sea, nor Land; nor would I be
Poſſeſt of Heav'n, Heav'n unpoſſeſt of thee.

BONAVENT. Solioqu. Cap. 1.

Alas! My God, now I understand (but blush to confess) that the beauty of thy Creatures hath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable then all the Creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: For who hath adorned the Heavens with stars? Who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with fish, the earth with plants and flowers? But what are all these but a small spark of divine beauty.

S. CHRYS. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.



EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him,
And scorn this dross within him; that without him?
Cast up (my soul) thy clearer eye; Behold,
If thou be fully melted, there's the mold.

VII.



Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell with Mesech: & to haue my habitation among the Tents of Cedar Psal: 120. 4. F.H. Van. Hove. sculp:

VII.

PSALM. 120. 5.

Woe is to me, that I remain in Meſheck, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS Natures courſe diſſolv'd? doth times glaſs ſtand?
Or hath ſome frolick heart ſet back the hand
Of Fates perpetual Clock? Wil't never ſtrike?
Is crazy Time grown lazy, faint or ſick,
With very Age? Or hath that great Pair-royal
Of Adamantine ſifters late made trial
Of ſome new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old
In ſorrow? Shall my weary arms infold,
And underprop my panting ſides for ever?
Is there no charitable hand will ſever
My well-ſprung thred, that my impriſon'd ſoul
May be deliver'd from this dull dark hole
Of dungeon fleſh? O ſhall I, ſhall I never
Be ranſom'd, but remain a ſlave for ever?
It is the lot of man but once to die,
But e're that death, how many deaths have I?
What human madneſs makes the world afraid
To entertain heav'ns joys, becauſe convey'd
By th' hand of death? Will nakedneſs refuſe
Rich change of Robes, becauſe the man's not ſpruſe
That brought them? Or will poverty ſend back
Full bags of gold, becauſe the bringers black?
Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths,
Fill'd with the torment of a thouſand deaths;

Which

Which being prick'd by death (while death deprives
One life) preſents the ſoul a thouſand lives:
O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd
Thy bedlam ſoul, which hath ſo fondly pitch'd
Upon her falſe delights! Delights that ceaſe
Before enjoyments finds a time to pleaſe:
Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears
Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears!
Tears coyn deceitful hopes; hopes careful doubt,
And ſurly paſſion juſtles paſſion out:
To day we pamper with a full repaſt
Of laviſh mirth, at night we weep as faſt:
To night we ſwim in wealth, and lend; to morrow,
We ſink in want, and find no friend to borrow,
In what a climate doth my ſoul reſide?
Where palefac'd murther, the firſt born of pride,
Sets up her kingdom in the very ſmiles,
And plighted faiths of men like Crocodiles!
A land, where each embroyd'red ſattin word
Is lin'd with fraud; where *Mars* his lawleſs ſword
Exiles *Aſtræa*'s balance; where that hand
Now ſlayes his brother, that new ſow'd his land;
O that my days of bondage would expire
In this lewd ſoyl! Lord, how my ſoul's on fire
To be diſſolv'd, that I might once obtain
Theſe long'd for joyes, long'd for ſo oft in vain!
If *Moſes* like I may not live poſſeſt
Of his fair land; Lord, let me ſee't at leaſt.

S. AUGUST. Soliloqu. cap. 12.

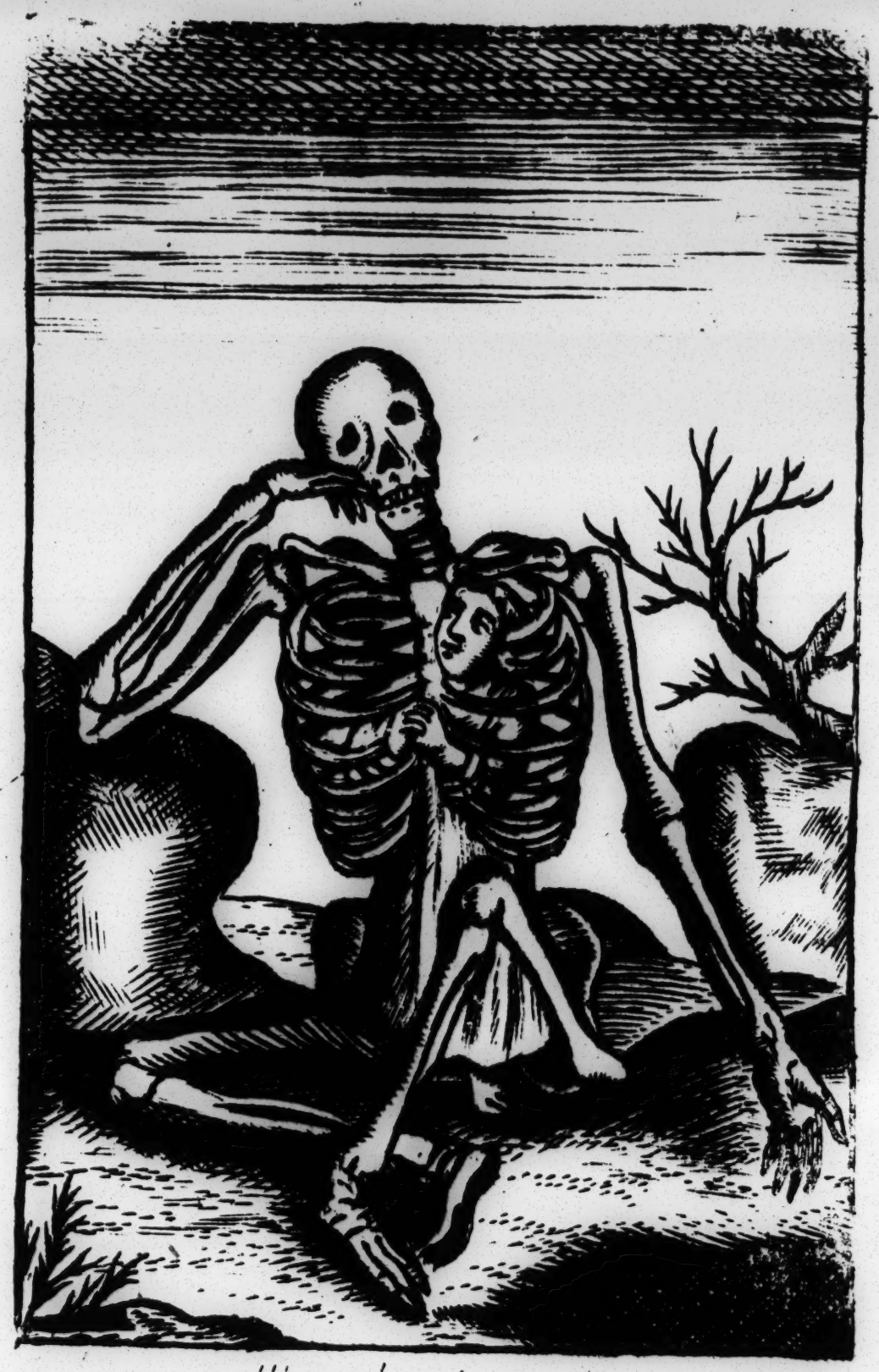
My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: The farther it goeth, the nearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and like a shadow full of the snares of death: Now I rejoyce, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and straight I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh, now I weep: Thus all things are subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate: O joy above joy, exceeding all joy without which there is no joy, when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?



EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travel for an night of rest?
Chear up my soul, Call home thy sp'rits, and bear
One bad good-friday, full mouth'd Easter's near.

VIII.



O wretched Man that I am who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?
Rom. 7. 24.

VIII.

ROM. 7: 24.

O wretched man that I am! who ſhall deliver me from the body of this death?

BEhold thy darling, which thy luſtful care
Pampers, for which thy reſtleſs thoughts prepare
Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow
So often ſweats, and bankrupt eyes do ow
Such midnight ſcores to nature, for whoſe ſake
Baſe earth is ſainted, the infernal lake
Unfear'd, the Crown of glory poorly rated:
Thy God neglected, and thy Brother hated;
Behold thy darling, whom thy ſoul affects
So dearly; whom thy fond indulgence decks
And puppets up in ſoft, in ſilken weeds:
Behold the darling, whom thy fondneſs feeds
With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear bought gains
Of ill-ſpent time, the price of half my pains:
Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee,
Derides thy nakedneſs; and when moſt free,
Proclaims her lover ſlave; and being fed
Moſt full, then ſtrikes th' indulgent feeder dead,
What means thou thus, my poor deluded ſoul,
To love ſo fondly? Can the burning cole
Of thy affection laſt without the fuel
Of counter-love? Is thy compeer ſo cruel,
And thou ſo kind, to love unlov'd again?
Canſt thou ſow favours, and thus reap diſdain?

Remember,

Remember, O remember, thou art born
Of royal blood; remember thou art ſworn
A Maid of Honour in the Court of Heaven;
Remember what a coſtly price was given
To ranſome thee from ſlav'ry thou wert in:
And wilt thou now, my ſoul, turn ſlave again?
The Son and Heir to Heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE
Would fain become a ſuter for thy love,
And offers for thy dow'r his fathers Throne,
To ſit for Seraphims to gaze upon;
He'l give thee Honour, Pleaſure, Wealth, and Things
Tranſcending far the Majeſty of Kings:
And wilt thou proſtrate to the odious charms
Of this baſe ſcullion? Shall his hollow arms
Hug thy ſoft ſides? Shall theſe courſe hands untie
The ſacred Zone of thy virginity?
For ſhame degen'rous ſoul, let thy deſire
Be quickned up with more heroick fire;
Be wiſely proud, let thy ambitious eye
Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defie
Such am'rous baſeneſs; let thy ſoul diſdain
Th'gnoble profers of ſo baſe a ſwain;
Or if thy vows be paſt, and Hymans bands
Have ceremonied your unequal hands,
Annul, at leaſt avoid, thy lawleſs act
With inſufficiency, or precontract:
Or if the act be good, yet maiſt thou plead
A ſecond freedom; or the fleſh is dead.

NAZIANZ. Orat. 16.

How I am joyn'd to this body I know not; which when it is healthful, provoketh me to war, and being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief; which I both love as a fellow ſervant, and hate as an utter enemy: It is a pleaſant foe, and a perfidious friend. O ſtrange conjunction and alienation: What I fear I embrace, and what I love I am afraid of? before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace I am at variance.

EPIG. 8.

What need that houſe be daub'd with fleſh and blood?
Hang'd round with ſilks and gold? repair'd with food?
Coſt idly ſpent! That coſt doth but prolong
Thy thraldome. Fool, thou mak'ſt thy jail too ſtrong.

IX.



I am in a streight betwixt two haueing a Desire to Depart & to be wth Christ.

Phil. 1.23. *F.H.van. Hove. sculp.*

IX.

PHILIPPIANS 1. 23.

I am in a ſtraight between two: having a deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.

1

WHat meant our careful parents ſo to wear,
And laviſh out their ill extended hours,
To purchaſe for us large poſſeſſions here,
Which (though unpurchas'd) are too truly ours?
What meant they, ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needleſs labour to procure
And make that thing our own, which was our own too ſure.

2

What mean theſe liv'ries and poſſeſſive keyes?
What mean theſe bargains, and theſe needleſs ſales?
What need theſe jealous, theſe ſuſpicious ways
Of law-devis'd, and law-diſſolv'd entails?
No need to ſweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Eſtates of high-priz'd land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth, as I.

3

O were their ſouls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchaſe with ſo ſalt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy?
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take ſuch pains, project and prog,
To charge their ſhoulders with ſo great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

4

I cannot do an act which earth disdains;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not
I cannot make a vow earth interprets not:
If I but offer up an early groan,
Or spread my wings to Heav'ns long-long'd for throne
She darkens my complaints, and draggs my offring down.

5

Ev'n like the hawk, (whose keepers wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her wethring stock)
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank bate from her forsaken block,
But her to faithful leash doth soon retain
Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twich, and tuggs her back again.

6

So, when my soul directs her better eye
To Heav'ns bright Palace (where my treasure lies)
I spread my willing wings, but cannot flie,
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:
When I but strive to mount the least degree,
Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee; /
Lord, how my soul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

7

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:
I cannot come till thou release my bands:
Which if thou please to break, and then supply
My wings with spirit, th' Eagle shall not flie
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONAVENT.

BONAVENT. Soliloq. Cap. 1.

Ah ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoul with the healthful ſhafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languiſh with the only deſire of thee; that it may deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with thee: Let it hunger alone for the bread of life: Let it thirſt after thee, the ſpring and fountain of eternal light, the ſtream of true pleaſure: let it always, deſire thee, ſeek thee, and find thee, and ſweetly reſt in thee.

EPIG. 4.

What? will thy ſhackles neither looſe nor break,
Are they too ſtrong, or is thy arm too weak?
Art will prevail where knotty ſtrength denies;
My ſoul, there's *Aqua fortis* in thine eyes.

X.



Bring my Soule out of Prison that I may Praise thy Name Ps: 142.7.

F.H.Van. Hove. Sculp:

X.

PSALM. 142. 7.

Bring my ſoul out of priſon, that I may praiſe thy Name.

MY Soul is like a Bird, my fleſh the cage,
Wherein ſhe wears her weary pilgrimage
Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed
With ſacred Wine, and Sacramental Bread;
The keyes that lock her in, and let her out,
Are Birth and Death; 'twixt both ſhe hops about
From pearch to pearch, from ſenſe to reaſon; then
From higher reaſon down to ſenſe again:
From ſenſe ſhe climbs to Faith; where for a ſeaſon
She ſits and ſings; then down again to reaſon:
From reaſon back to faith, and ſtreight from thence
She rudely flutters to the perch of ſenſe:
From ſence to hope; then hops from hope to doubt,
From doubt, to to dull deſpair; there ſeeks about
For deſp'rate freedom, and at ev'ry grate,
She wildly thruſts, and beggs th' untimely date
Of the unexpired thraldom, to releaſe
Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace.
Thus am I coop'd within this fleſhly cage
I wear my youth, and waſt my weary age,
Spending that breath which was ordain'd to chaunt
Heav'ns praiſes forth, in ſighs, and ſad complaint:
Whilſt happier birds can ſpread their nimble wing
From ſhrubs to Cedars, and there chirp anp ſing,

In choice of raptures, harmonious ſtory
Of mans Redemption, and his Makers glory :
You glorious Martyrs, you illuſtrious ſtoops,
That once were cloyſter'd in your fleſhly coops,
As faſt as I, what rhet'rick had your tongues?
What dextrous Art had your Elegiac ſongs ?
What *Paul-like* pow'r had your admir'd devotion
What ſhackle,breaking faith infus'd ſuch motion
To your ſtrong prayer, that could obtain the boon
To be enlarg'd ; to be uncag'd ſo ſoon ?
What I, poor I, can ſing my daily tears,
Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears :
You great partakers of eternal glory,
That with your Heav'n-prevailing Oratory,
Releas'd your ſouls from your terreſtrial cage,
Permit the paſſion of my holy rage
To recommend my ſorrows, dearly known
To you, in days of old, and once your own.
To your beſt thoughts, (but oh't doth not befit ye
To move your pray'rs ; you love joy, not pittie :)
Great Lord of ſouls to whom ſhould pris'ners flie,
But thee ? Thou haſt a cage as well as I ;
And for my ſake, thy pleaſure was to know
The ſorrows that it brought, and felt'ſt them too ;
O ſet me free and I will ſpend thoſe days,
Which now I waſte in begging, in thy praiſe.

ANSELM.

ANSELM. in Protolog. cap. 1.

O miſerable condition of mankind, that has loſt that for which he was created! Alas, what hath he loſt? And what hath he found? He hath loſt happineſs for which he was made, and found miſery for which he was not made: What is gone? And what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy? That thing is left by which he is miſerable: O wretched men! From whence are we expelled? To what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? And whither are we hurried? From our home into baniſhment; from the ſight of God into our own blindneſs; from the pleaſure of immortality to the bitterueſs of death: Miſerable change! From how great a good, to how great an evil? Ah me, what have I enterpriſed? What have I done? Whether did I go? Whether am I come?

EPIG. 10.

Pauls midnight-voice prevail'd; his muſicks thunder
Unhing'd the priſon-doors, ſplit bolts in ſunder:
And ſitt'ſt thou here, and hang'ſt the feeble wing?
And whin'ſt to be enlarg'd? Soul, learn to ſing.

XI.



As the Hart panteth after the waterbrooks
So panteth my ſoule after thee O Lord.

F. H. van. Hove Sculp.

XI.

PSALM. 24. 2.

As the Heart panteth after the water-brooks,
ſo panteth my ſoul after thee, O God.

1

HOw ſhall my tongue expreſs that hallow'd fire
Which Heav'n hath kindled in my raviſh'd heart?
What Muſe ſhall I invoke, that will inſpire
My lowly quill to act a lofty part!
What Art ſhall I deviſe t' expreſs deſire,
Too intricate to be expreſs'd by Art!
Let all the Nine be ſilent; I refuſe
Their aid in this high taſk, for they abuſe
The flames of love too much: Aſſiſt me, *Davids* Muſe.

2

Not as the thirſty ſoil deſires ſoft ſhow'rs
To quicken and refreſh her Embrion grain;
Nor as the drooping creſts of fading flow'rs
Requeſts the bounty of a morning rain,
Do I deſire my God: Theſe in few hours,
Re-wiſh what late their wiſhes did obtain,
But as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To th' much deſired ſtreams, even ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

3

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lufts I flee;
O, they have ſingled out my panting heart,
And wanton *Cupid*, ſitting in a tree,
Hath pierc'd my boſome with a flaming dart;
My ſoul being ſpent, for refuge ſeeks to thee,
But cannot find where thou my refuge art:
Like as the ſwift-foot Hart doth wounded flie
To the deſired ſtreams, ev'n ſo do I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

4

At length by flight, I over-went the pack;
Thou drew'ſt the wanton dart from out my wound
The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,
Which brought a Serpent, but in ſhape a Hound;
We ſtrove, he bit me; but thou break'ſt his back,
I left him grov'ling on th' envenom'd ground;
But as the Serpent-bitten Hart doth flie
To the long-long'd for ſtreams, ev'n ſo did I
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

5

If Luſt ſhould chaſe my ſoul, made ſwift by fright,
Thou art the ſtream, whereto my ſoul is bound;
Or if a Jav'lin wound my ſides in flight,
Thou art the Balſom that muſt cure my wound:
If poyſon chance t' infeſt my ſoul in fight,
Thou art the Treacle that muſt make me ſound:
Ev'n as the wounded Hart, emboſt, doth flie
To th' ſtreams extreamly long'd for, ſo do I.
Pant after thee, my God, whom I muſt find, or die.

CYRIL. lib. 5. in Joh. cap. 10.

O precious water, which quencheth the noysome thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

S. AUGUST. Soliloq. 35.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory, and slack my thirst with the streams of thy mercy: Lord, I thirst: Thou art the spring of life, satisfie me; I thirst Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

EPIG. 11.

The arrow smitten Hart, deep wounded, flies
To th' springs with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satans fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: Do so, my wounded Heart.

XII.



When shall I come and appeare before the Lord. Ps: 42: 2.

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XII.

PSALM 42. 2.

When ſhall I come and appear before God:

WHat is my ſoul the better to be tin'd
With holy fire? What boots it to be coyn'd
With Heavens own ſtamp? What vantage can there be
To ſouls of Heav'n-deſended pedigree,
More, then to beaſt that grovel? Are not they
Fed by th' Almighties hand? And ev'ry day,
Fill'd with his bleſſings too? Do they not ſee
God in his Creatures, as direct as we?
Do they not taſte thee? Hear thee? Nay, what ſenſe
Is not partaker of thine Excellence?
What more do we? Alas, what ſerves our reaſon,
But, like dark-lanthorns, to accompliſh treaſon
With greater cloſeneſs? It affords no light,
Brings thee no nearer to our pur-bline ſight:
No pleaſure riſes up thee leaſt degree,
Great God, but in the clearer-view of thee:
What priv'ledge more then ſenſe hath reaſon then?
What vantage is it to be born, a man?
How often hath my patience built, dear Lord,
Vain towers of hope upon thy gracious Word?
How often hath thy Hope-reviving Grace
Woo'd my ſuſpicious eyes to ſeek thy face?
How often have I ſought thee? O how long
Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue
Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could-ne'r obtain;
In vain I ſeek thee, and I beg in vain:

If it be high preſumption to behold
Thy face, why didſt thou make mine eyes ſo bold
To ſeek it? If that object, be too bright
For mans aſpect, why did thy lips invite
Mine eye t' expect it? If it might be ſeen,
Why is this envious curtain drawn between
My darkned eye and it? O tell me, why
Thou doſt command the thing thou doſt deny;
Why doſt thou give me ſo unpriz'd a treaſure.
And then deny'ſt my greedy ſoul the pleaſure
To view my gift: Alas, that gift is void,
And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd:
If thoſe refulgent beams of Heavens great light
Guild not the day, what is the day, but night?
The drowzy ſhepherd ſleeps; flowrs droop and fade;
The birds are ſullen, and the beaſts is ſad:
But if bright *Titan* dart his golden ray,
And, with his riches, glorifie the day,
The jolly ſhepherd pipes; flowrs freſhly ſpring;
The beaſts grown gameſome, and the birds they ſing,
Thou art my Sun, great God: O when ſhall I
View the full beams of thy Meridian eye?
Draw, draw this fleſhly courtain, that denies
The gracious preſence of thy glorious eyes;
Or give me faith; and by the eye of grace,
I ſhall behold thee, though not face to face.

S. AUGUST. in. Pſal. 39.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things: Who made ſtrength is ſtronger than all things: Who made great things is greater than all things: Whatſoever thou loveſt, he is that to thee: Learn to love the workman in his work, the Creatour in his creature: Let not that which was made by him poſſeſs thee, leſt thou loſe him by whom thyſelf was made.

S. AUGUST. Med. cap. 37.

O thou moſt ſweet, moſt gracious, moſt amiable, moſt fair, when ſhall I ſee thee? When ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy beauty? When wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confeſs thy name.

EPIG. 12.

How art thou ſhaded in this veil of night,
Behind thy curtain fleſh? Thou ſeeſt no light,
But what thy pride doth challenge, as her own;
Thy fleſh is high: Soul, take this curtain down.

XIII.



Oh t y I had y e Wings of a Dove for then I would flv away and be at rest Ps: 55 : 8.

XIII.

PSALM. 55. 6.

O that I had the wings of a Dove, for then I would flie away and be at reſt!

1

AND am I ſworn a dunghil-ſlave for ever
To earth's baſe drudg'ry? ſhall I never find
A night of reſt? ſhall my Indentures never
Be cancell'd? did injurious Nature bind
My ſoul earth's prentice, with no clauſe to leave her?
No day of freedom: muſt I ever grind;
O that I had the pinions of a Dove,
That I might quit my bands and ſore above,
And pour my juſt complaints before the great Jehove!

2

How happy are the Doves, that have the pow'r
When e're they pleaſe, to ſpread their airy wings!
Or cloud-dividing Eagles, that can towre
Above the ſcent of theſe inferiour things!
How happy is the Lark, that ev'ry hour
Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and ſings!
Had my dull ſoul but wings as well as they,
How I would ſpring from earth, and clip away!
As wiſe *Aſtrea* did, and ſcorn this ball of clay.

3

O how my ſoul would ſpurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleaſure?
O how I'de laugh to ſee men night and day
Turmoil, to gain that traſh, they call their treaſure!
O how I'de ſmile to ſee what plots they lay
To catch a blaſt, or own a ſmile from *Cæſar*!
Had I the pinions of a mounting Dove,
How I would ſoar and ſing, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4

There ſhould I find that everlaſting pleaſure, (not;
Which change removes not, and which chance prevents
There ſhould I find that everlaſting treaſure,
Which force deprives not, fortune diſaugments not;
There ſhould I find that everlaſting *Cæſar*,
Whoſe hand recalls not, and whoſe heart repents not;
Had I the pinions of a clipping Dove,
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of tranſitory toys, and joy in things above!

5

No rank mouth'd ſlander there ſhall give offence,
Or blaſt our blooming names, as here they do;
No liver-ſcalding luſt ſhall there incenſe
Our boiling veins. There is no *Cupid*'s bow;
Lord, give my ſoul the milk-white innocence
Of Doves, and I ſhall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a ſprightly Dove,
How I would quit this earth, and ſoar above
And Heav'ns bleſt kingdom find, with Heav'ns bleſt King
(Jehove.

S. AUG.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 138.

What wings ſhould I deſire, but the two precepts of love, on which the Law, and the Prophets depend! O if I could obtain theſe wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face, from the face of thy Juſtice to the face of thy Mercy: Let us find thoſe wings by love, which we have loſt by luſt.

S. AUGUST. in Pſal. 76.

Let us caſt off whatſoever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our flight, until we attain that which ſatisfieth; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which all things are:



EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wiſhing ſoul, did'ſt ever trie
How faſt the wings of red croſt faith can flie?
Why begg'ſt thou then the pinions of a Dove?
Faiths wings are ſwifter, but the ſwifteſt love.

XV.



How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts, my Soule longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. P. 32.

XIV.

PSALM 84. 1.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of Hosts!

ANtient of days to whom all times are Now,
Before whose Glory Seraphims do bow
Their bluſhing cheeks, and veil their blemiſh'd faces,
That, uncontain'd, at once doth fill all places;
How glorious, O how far beyond the height
Of puz'led quils, or the obtuſe conceit
Of fleſh and blood, or the too flat reports
Of mortal tongues are thy expreſſeſs courts!
Whoſe glory to paint forth with greater Art,
Raviſh my fancy, and inſpire my heart;
Excuſe my bold attempt, and pardon me
For ſhewing ſenſe, what Faith alone ſhould ſee.
Ten thouſand millions, and ten thouſand more
Of Angel-meaſured leagues, from th' Eaſtern ſhore
Of dungeon-earth his glorious Palace ſtands,
Before whoſe pearly gates ten thouſand bands
Of armed Angles wait to entertain
Thoſe purged ſouls, for which the Lamb was ſlain;
Whoſe guiltleſs death and voluntary yielding
Of whoſe given life, gave the brave court her building;
The luke warm blood of this dear Lamb being ſpilt:
To rubies turn'd whereof her poſts were built;
And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore,
Did turn rich Saphyres, and did pave her floor:

The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd,
Grew Chryſolites, whereof her walls were made:
The milder glances ſparkled on the ground,
And groundſild every door with Diamond;
But dying, darted upwards, and did fix
A battlement of pureſt Sardonix.
Her ſtreets with burniſh'd gold are paved round,
Stars lye like pebbles ſcatt'red on the ground:
Pearl mixt with Onyx, and the Jaſper ſtone,
Made gravell'd cauſe-ways to be trampled on.
There ſhines no Sun by day, no Moon by night,
The Palace glory is the Palace light:
There is no time to meaſure motion by,
Their Time is ſwallow'd with Eternity:
Wry-mouth'd Diſdain, and corner hunting Luſt,
And twy fac'd Fraud, and beetle-brow'd Diſtruſt
Soul-boyling Rage, and trouble ſtate Sedition,
And giddy Doubt, and goggle-ey'd Suſpition,
And lumpiſh Sorrow, and degen'rous Fear
Are baniſh'd thence, and Death's a ſtranger there:
But ſimple Love, and ſempiternal Joys
Whoſe ſweetneſs neither gluts nor fulneſs cloys;
Where face to face our raviſh'd eye ſhall ſee
Great ELOHIM, that glorious One in Three,
And Three in One, and ſeeing him ſhall bleſs him,
And bleſſing, love him, and in love poſſeſs him,
Here ſtay my ſoul and raviſh in relation:
The words being ſpent, ſpend now in contemplation.

S. GREG.

S. GREG. in Pſal. 7. pœnitent.

Sweet Jeſu, the Word of the Father, the brightneſs of paternal glory, whom Angles delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that bleſſed City, where day is eternal, where there is certain ſecurity, and ſecure eternity, and eternal peace, and peaceful happineſs, and happy ſweetneſs, and ſweet pleaſure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the holy Spirit liveſt and reigneſt world without end.

Ibidem.

There is light without darkneſs; joy without grief; deſire without puniſhment; love without ſadneſs; ſatiety without loathing; ſafty without fear; health without diſeaſe; and life without death.

EPIG. 14.

My ſoul, pry not too nearly; the complexion
Of *Sols* bright face is ſeen by reflection:
But would'ſt thou know what's Heav'n? I'l tell thee what,
Think what thou canſt not think, and Heav'n is that,

XV.



Make hast my beloved and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon ye Mountaines of Spices. Cant: 8: 14.

XV.

CANTICLES 8. 14.

Make haſt, my Beloved, and be like the Roe, or the young Hart upon the mountains of Spices.

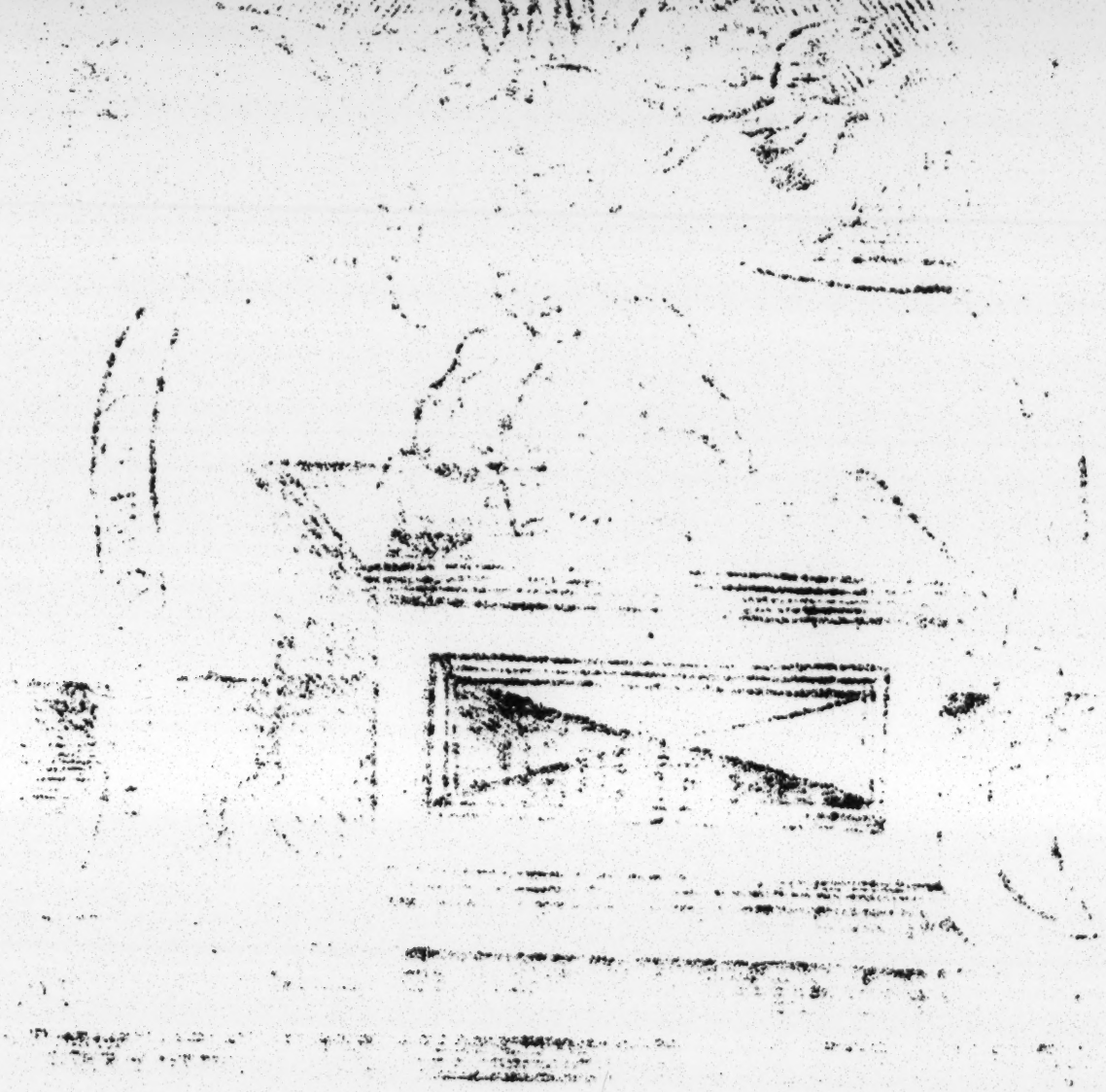
GO, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce;
My ſoul too deep; thy flames are too too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting ſpirits fry
I'th' torrid Zone of thy Meridian eye:
Away, away, thy ſweets are too perfuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too conſuming:
Haſt hence, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Roe.
But wilt thou leave me then? O thou that art
Life of my ſoul, ſoul of my dying heart,
Without the ſweet aſpect of whoſe fair eyes?
My ſoul doth languiſh, and her ſolace dies,
Art thou ſo eaſily woo'd? ſo apt to hear
The frantick language of my fooliſh fear?
Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thine eyes o'recome me.
O how they wound! But how my wounds content me!
How ſweetly theſe delightful pains torment me!
How I am tortur'd in exceſſive meaſure
Of pleaſing cruelties too cruel meaſure!
Turn, turn away, remove thy ſcorching beams;
I languiſh with theſe bitter-ſweet extreams:

Haſt

Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The flying Ro-buck, and his frighted Ro.
Turn back, my dear; O let my raviſh'd eye
Once more behold thy face before thou fly;
What ſhall we part without a mutual kiſs?
O who can leave ſo ſweet a face as this?
Look full upon me; for my ſoul deſires
To turn a holy Martyr in thoſe fires:
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.
If thou becloud the Sun-ſhine of thy eye,
I freeze to death, and if it ſhine, I fry;
Which like a feaver, that my ſoul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas, I cannot bear ſo ſweet a ſmart,
Nor canſt thou be leſs glorious, than thou art.
Haſte then, and let thy winged ſteps out-go
The frighted Ro-buck, and this flying Ro,
But go not far beyond the reach of breath;
Too large a diſtance makes another death:
My youth is in her ſpring; Autumnal vows
Will make me riper for ſo ſweet a Spouſe;
When after-times have burniſh'd my deſire,
I'l ſhoot thee flames for flames, and fire for fire.
O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, though thy flames ov'rcome me.

Autor ſcalæ Paradiſi. Tom. 9. Aug. cap. 8.

Fear not, O Bride, nor deſpair; think not thy ſelf contemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things cooperate for the beſt: Both from his abſence, and his preſence thou gainſt light: He cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: He cometh to make thee conſolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, leſt thy abundant conſolation puff thee up: He cometh, that thy languiſhing ſoul may be comforted; he goeth, leſt his familiarity ſhould be contemned; and being abſent to be more deſired; and being deſired, to be more earneſtly ſought: And being long ſought, to be more acceptably found.



EPIG. 15.

My ſoul ſins Monſter, whom with greater eaſe
Ten thouſand fold, thy God could make than pleaſe
What would'ſt thou have? Nor pleas'd with Sun, nor ſhade?
Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.



Fidesso Coronat ad aras

The FAREWELL.

REV. 2. 10.

Be thou faithful unto Death, and I will give thee the Crown of Life.

1

BE faithful, Lord, what's that?
Believe: 'tis eaſie to believe; but what?
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy ſcorn hath ſpit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For theſe fouls deeds thy hands have done:
Believe, that he whoſe gentle palms
Thy needle pointed ſins have nail'd,
Hath born thy ſlaviſh load (of alms)
And made ſupply where thou haſt fail'd,
Did ever mis'ry find ſo ſtrange relief?
It is a love too ſtrange for mans belief.

2

Believe that he whoſe ſide
Thy crimes have pierc'd with their rebellions, dy'd,
To ſave thy guilty ſoul from dying
Ten thouſand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no ſcape, there was no flying,
But through his deareſt bloods expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak deſires,
And for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find ſo true a friend?
It is a love too vaſt to comprehend.

With

3

With floods of tears baptize
And drench theſe dry, theſe unregen'rate eyes;
Lord, whet my dull my blunt belief,
And break this fleſhly rock in ſunder,
That from this heart, this hell of grief,
May ſpring a Heav'n of love and wonder:
O if thy mercies will remove
And melt this lead from my belief,
My grief will then refine my love,
My love will then refreſh my grief,
Then weep mine eyes as he hath bled; vouchſafe
To drop for every drop an Epitaph.

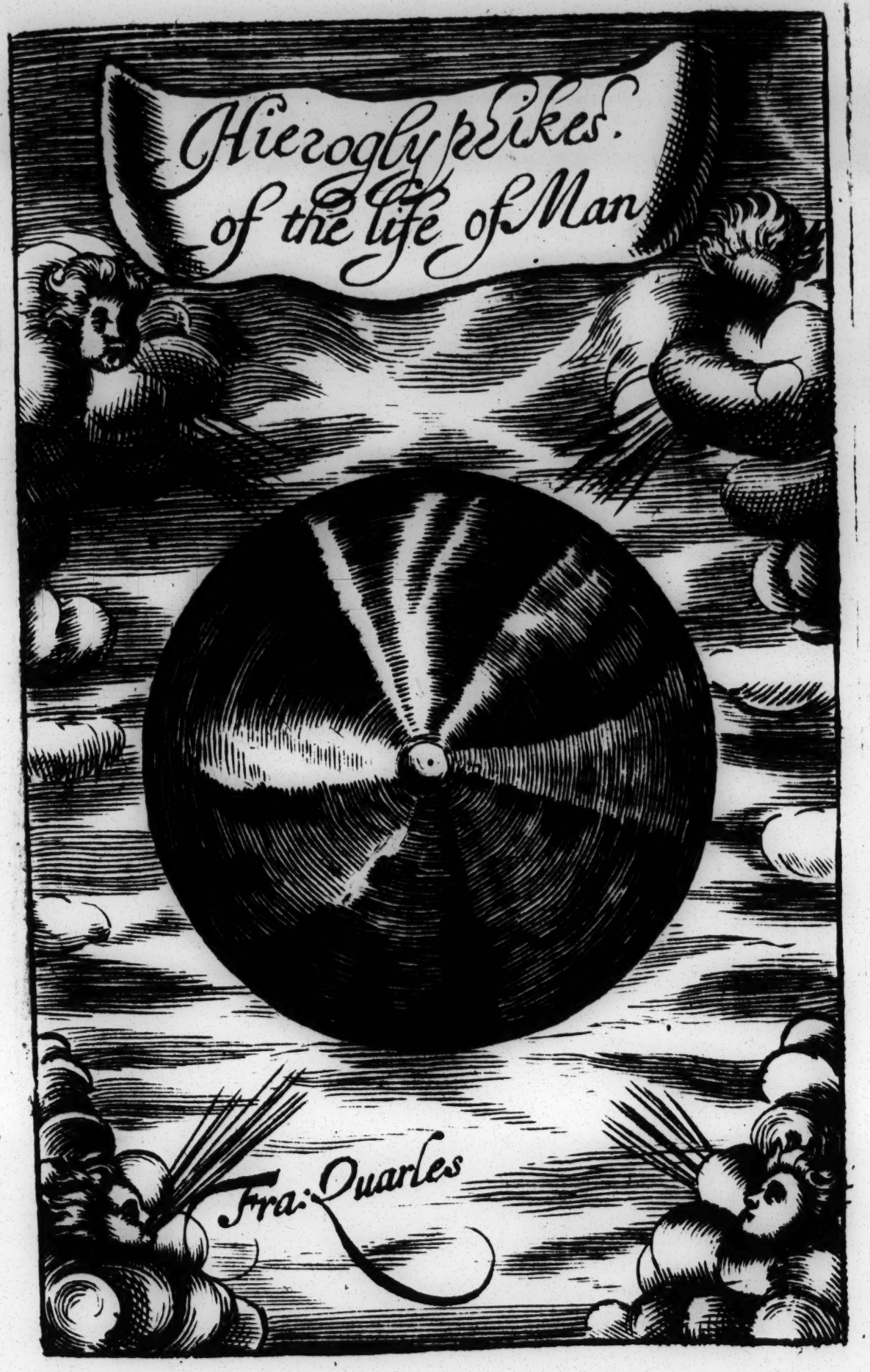
4

But is the crown of Glory
The wages of a lamentable ſtory?
Or can ſo great a purchaſe riſe
From a ſalt humour? Can mine eye
Run faſt enough t' obtain this prize?
If ſo, Lord, who's ſo mad to die?
Thy tears are trifles; thou muſt do:
Alas I cannot then endeavour:
I will! But will a tug or two
Suffice the turn? Thou muſt perſever:
I'l ſtrive till death; and ſhall my feeble ſtrife
Be crown'd? I'l crown it with a crown of life.

5

But is there ſuch a dearth
That thou muſt buy, what is thy due by birth?
He whom thy hands did form of duſt
And give him breath upon condition;
To love his great Creatour, muſt
He now be thine by compoſition?
Art thou a gracious God and mild,
Or head-ſtrong man rebellious rather?
O, man's a baſe rebellious child,
And thou a very gracious Father:
The gift is thine; we ſtrive, thou crown'ſt our ſtrife;
Thou giv'ſt us Faith: and Faith, a crown of life.

FINIS.



The mind of the Frontiſpiece.

This Bubble's Man: Hope, Fear, falſe Joy and Trouble,
Are thoſe Four Winds which daily toſs this Bubble.

To the Right Honourable

Both in BLOOD and VIRTUE,

And Moſt Accompliſh'd Lady

MARY,

Counteſs of *DORSET*,

Lady Governeſs to the Moſt Illuſtrious

CHARLES,

PRINCE of *GREAT-BRITAIN*,

AND

JAMES

DUKE of *YORK*.

Excellent Lady,

I *Preſent theſe Tapors to burn under the ſafe protection of your Honourable Name; where, I preſume, they ſtand ſecure from the Damps of Ignorance, and Blaſts of Cenſure,*

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

It is a ſmall part of that abundant ſervice which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodneſs. Be pleaſed to honour it with your noble Acceptance, which ſhall be nothing but what your own eſteem ſhall make it.

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhip's

Moſt Humble Servant,

Fra. Quarles.

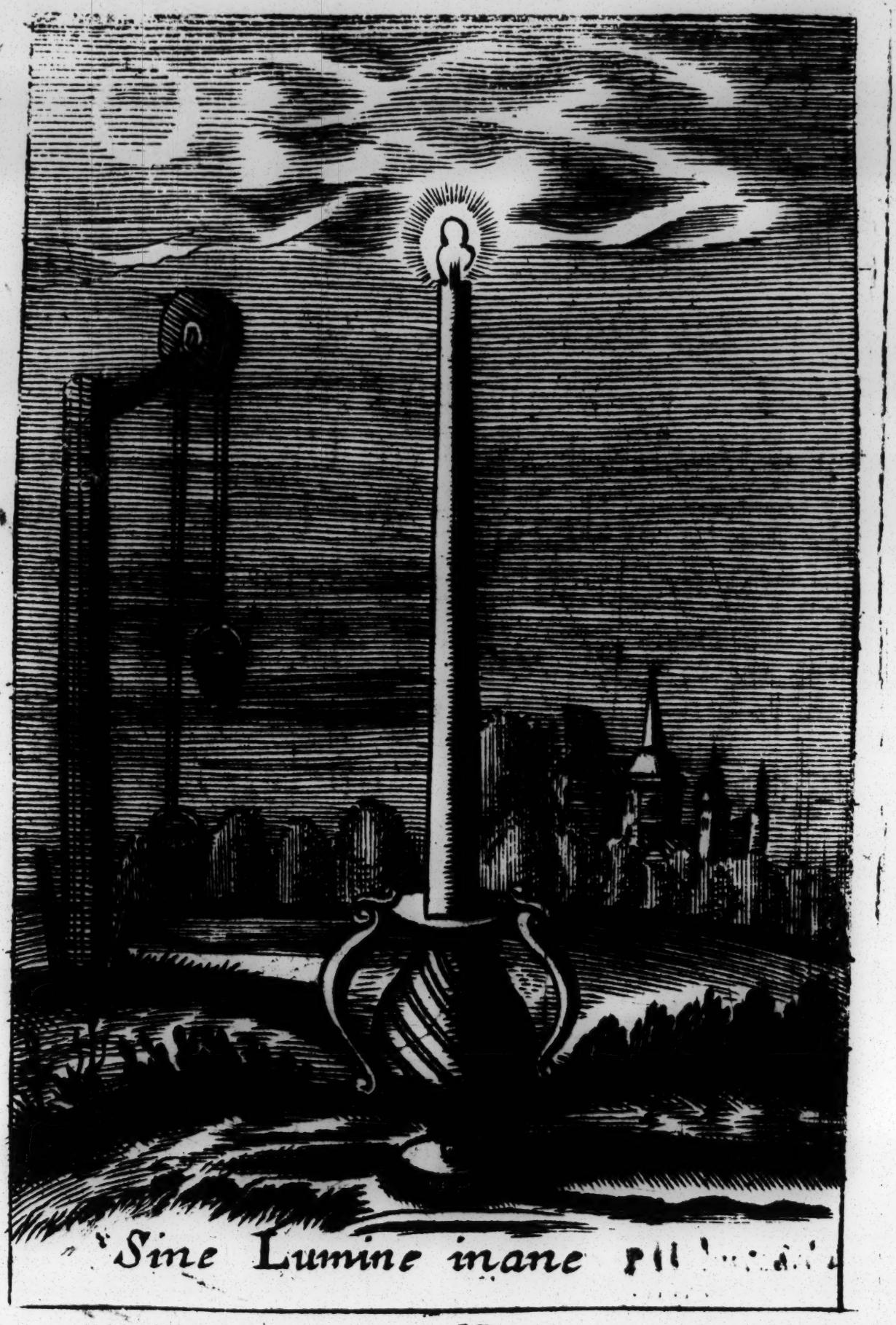
To

To the READER.

IF you are ſatisfied with my *Emblems*, I here ſet before you a ſecond Service. It is an *Ægyptian* Diſh, dreſt on the *Engliſh* Faſhion: They, at their Feaſts, uſed to preſent a Death's-Head at their Second Courſe: This will ſerve for both. You need not fear a Surfeit: Here is but little, and that light of digeſtion: If it but pleaſe your Palate, I queſtion not your Stomack: Fall too; and much good may it do you.

Convivio addit Minerval. *E. B.*

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat.



Sine Lumine inane

PSALM. 1. 5.

Behold I was ſhapen in iniquity, and in ſin did my Mother conceive me.

MAn is man's *A. B. C.* There is none that can
Read God aright, unleſs he firſt ſpeell Man:
Man is the ſtairs, whereby his knowledge climbs,
To his Creatour though it oftentimes
Stumbles for want of light, and ſometimes trips
For want of careful heed; and ſometimes ſlips
Through unadviſed haſte; and then at length
His weary ſteps have reach'd the top, his ſtrength
Oft falls to ſtand; his giddy brains turn round,
And *Phaeton*-like, falls headlong to the ground:
Theſe ſtairs are often dark, and full of danger
To him, whom want of practice makes a ſtranger,
To this blind way: the Lamps of nature lends
But a falſe light, and lights to her own ends.
Theſe be the ways to Heaven, theſe paths require
A light that ſprings from that Diviner fire,
Whoſe human ſoul-enlightning Sun-beams dart
Through the bright crannies of th'immortal part.
And here thou great Original of Light,
Whoſe errour-chaſing beams do unbenight
The very ſoul of darkneſs, and untwiſt
The clouds of ignorance, do thou aſſiſt
My feeble quill; reflect thy ſacred rayes
Upon theſe lines, that they may light the ways
That lead to thee; ſo guide my heart, my hand,
That I may do what others underſtand.
Let my heart practice what my hand ſhall write;
Till then, I am a Tapor wanting light.

This golden Precept, *Know thy ſelf*, come down
From Heavn's high Court: It was an Art unknown
To fleſh and blood. The men of Nature took
Great journies in it: Their dim eyes did look
But through the mift, like Pilgrims they did ſpend
Their idle ſteps, but know no journies end.
The way to know thy ſelf, is firſt to caſt
Thy frail beginning, Progreſs, and thy laſt:
This is the ſum of Man; But now return
And view this Tapour ſtanding in this Urn.
Behold her ſubſtance ſordid and impure,
Uſeleſs and vain, and (wanting light) obſcure:
'Tis but a ſpan at longeſt, nor can laſt
Beyond that ſpan; ordain'd and made to waſt:
Ev'n ſuch was Man (before his ſoul gave light
To this vile ſubſtance) a meer child of night;
Ere he had life, eſtated in his Urn,
And markt for death; by nature, born to burn:
Thus liveleſs, lightleſs, worthleſs firſt began
That glorious, that preſumptuous thing call'd Man.

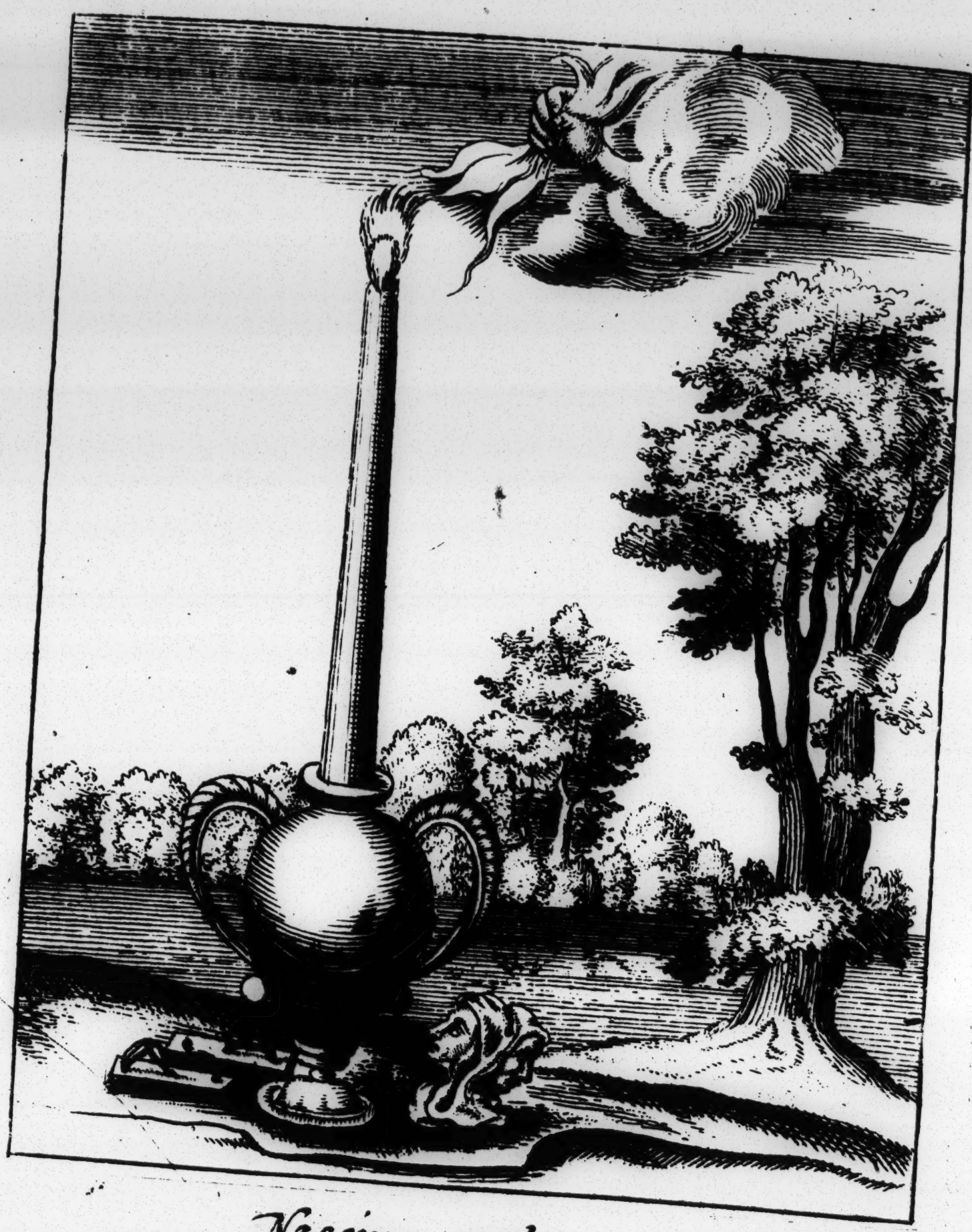
S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

Conſider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou ſhalt be after death: Thou wert made of an impure ſubſtance, clothed and nouriſhed in thy mothers blood.

EPIG. I.

Forbear, fond Tapour: What thou ſeek'ſt, is fire:
Thy own diſtruction's lodg'd in thy deſire.
Thy wants are far more ſafe then their ſupply:
He that begins to live, begins to die.



Nescius unde.

GEN. 2. 3.

And God ſaid, Let there be Light; and there was Light.

1

THis flame expecting Tapour hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no ſtrength;
Apt to be puft and quencht at every turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd
This ſnuff with flame: But mark this hand doth ſhroud
It ſelf from mortal eyes, and fold it in a cloud.

2

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finiſht Organs, now poſſeſt
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active ſoul, though in a feeble breaſt:
But how, and when infus'd ask not my pen;
Here flies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canſt thou tell me when.

3

Was it a parcel of Celeſtial fire
Infus'd by Heav'n into this fleſhly mould:
Or was it (think you) made a ſoul entire?
Then, Was it new created? Or of old?
Or is't a propagated Spark, rak'd out
From Natures embers? While we go about,
By reaſon to reſolve, the more we raiſe a doubt.

If

4

If it be part of that celeſtial Flame,
It muſt be ev'n as pure, as free from ſpot
As that eternal Fountain whence it came:
If pure and ſpotleſs, then whence came the blot
It ſelf being pure could not it ſelf defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to ſoil
Her pure and active form, as Jars corrupt their Oyl.

5

Or if it were created, tell me when?
If in the firſt ſix days, where kept till now?
Or if thy ſoul were new created, then
Heav'n did not at all, at firſt, he had to do:
Six days, expired all creation ceaſt
All kinds, ev'n from the greateſt to the leaſt,
Were finiſht and compleat before the day of reſt.

6

But why ſhould Man, the Lord of Creatures, want
That priviledge which Plants and Beaſts obtain?
Beaſts bring forth Beaſts, the Plant a perfect Plant;
And ev'ry like bring forth her like again:
Shall Fowls and Fiſhes, Beaſts and Plants convey
Life to their iſſue, and Man leſs than they?
Shall theſe get living ſouls? And Man dead lumps of clay?

7

Muſt human ſouls be generated then;
My water ebs; behold, a Rock is nigh:
If Natures work produce the ſouls of men,
Mans ſoul is mortal: All that's born muſt die.
What ſhall we then conclude? What ſun-ſhine will
Diſperſe with gloomy cloud? Till then, be ſtill,
My vainly ſtriving thoughts; lie down, my puzled quill.

ISIDOR.

ISIDOR.

Why doſt thou wonder, O man, at the height of the Stars, or the depth of the Sea? Enter into thy own ſoul, and wonder there.

Thy ſoul by creation is infuſed, by infuſion, created.

EPIG. 2.

What art thou now the better by this flame?
Thou know'ſt not how, nor when, nor whence it came:
Poor kind of happineſs, that can return
No more account but this, to ſay, *I burn.*


330
Quo me cunq; rapit

PSALM 103. 16.

The wind paſſeth over it, and it is gone,

1

NO ſooner is this lighted Taper ſet
Upon the tranſitory ſtage
Of eye-bedarking night,
But it is ſtraight ſubjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whoſe waſtful rage
Diſturbs her peaceful light, (bright
And makes her ſubſtance waſt, and makes her flames leſs

2

No ſooner are we born, no ſooner come
To take poſſeſſion of this vaſt,
This ſoul afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb,
And ſorrow with her full mouth'd blaſt
Salutes our painful birth,
To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

3

Nor infant innocence, nor childiſh tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly power,
Nor politick old age,
Nor virgins pleading, nor the widows prayers,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tower,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Page
Can ſcape this common blaſt, or curb her ſtormy rage.

4

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blaſts,
And every blaſt brings forth a fear;
And every fear, a death;
The more it lengthens, ah, the more it waſtes:
Were, were we to continue here
The days of long liv'd *Seth*,
Our ſorrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

5

Toſt too and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n
With every puff, with every tide
Of life-conſuming care;
Our peaceful flame, that would point up to Heav'n
Is ſtill diſturb'd, and turn'd aſide;
And every blaſt of air
Commits ſuch waſte in man as man cannot repair.

6

W'are all born debters, and we firmly ſtand
Oblig'd for our firſt parents debt,
Beſides our intereſt;
Alas; we have no harmleſs counter-band,
And we are every hour beſet,
With threatnings of arreſt,
And till we pay the debt, we can expect no reſt.

7

What may this ſorrow-ſhaken life preſent
To the falſe reliſh of our taſte
That's worth the name of ſweet?
Her minutes pleaſur's choak't with diſcontent,
Her glory foil'd with every blaſt;
How many dangers meet
Poor man betwixt the biggin and the winding ſheet.

S. AUGUST.

S. AUGUST.

In this world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: What if it were a pleasing world? How wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms.

EPIG. 7.

Art thou consum'd with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?
Hold up thy head; the Tapour lifted hie
Will brook the wind, when lower Tapours die.



Curando Labaſcit 334

MATTHEW 9. 12.

The whole need not the Phyſitian.

1

ALways pruning, always cropping?
Is her brightneſs ſtill obſcur'd?
Ever dreſſing, ever topping?
Always curing, never cur'd?
Too much ſnuffing makes a waſte;
When the ſpirits ſpend too faſt,
They will ſhrink at ev'ry blaſt.

2

You that always are beſtowing
Coſtly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Natures work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her ſo,
In a work ſhe hath to do,
Takes a pride to over-throw.

3

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride diſdains a tutour,
Cannot ſtoop to Arts correction,
And ſhe ſcorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy Art ſhould not appear
Till ſhe whiſper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if *Sara* bear.

4

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that ſhe cannot;
Art ſtands by as her abetter,
Ending nothing ſhe began not;
If diſtemper chance to ſeiſe
Nature foil'd with the diſeaſe,
Art may help her if ſhe pleaſe.

5

But to make a trade of trying
Druggs and doſes always pruning,
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's always tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

6

O the ſad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Natures glory!
How infirm his compoſition,
And at beſt how tranſitory!
When this riot doth impair
Natures weakneſs, then his care
Adds more ruin by repair.

7

Hold thy hand, healths dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the ſtronger:
Having ſubſtance to ſubſtain her,
She untouch'd, may laſt the longer:
When the Artiſt goes about,
To redreſs her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he ſnuffs it out.

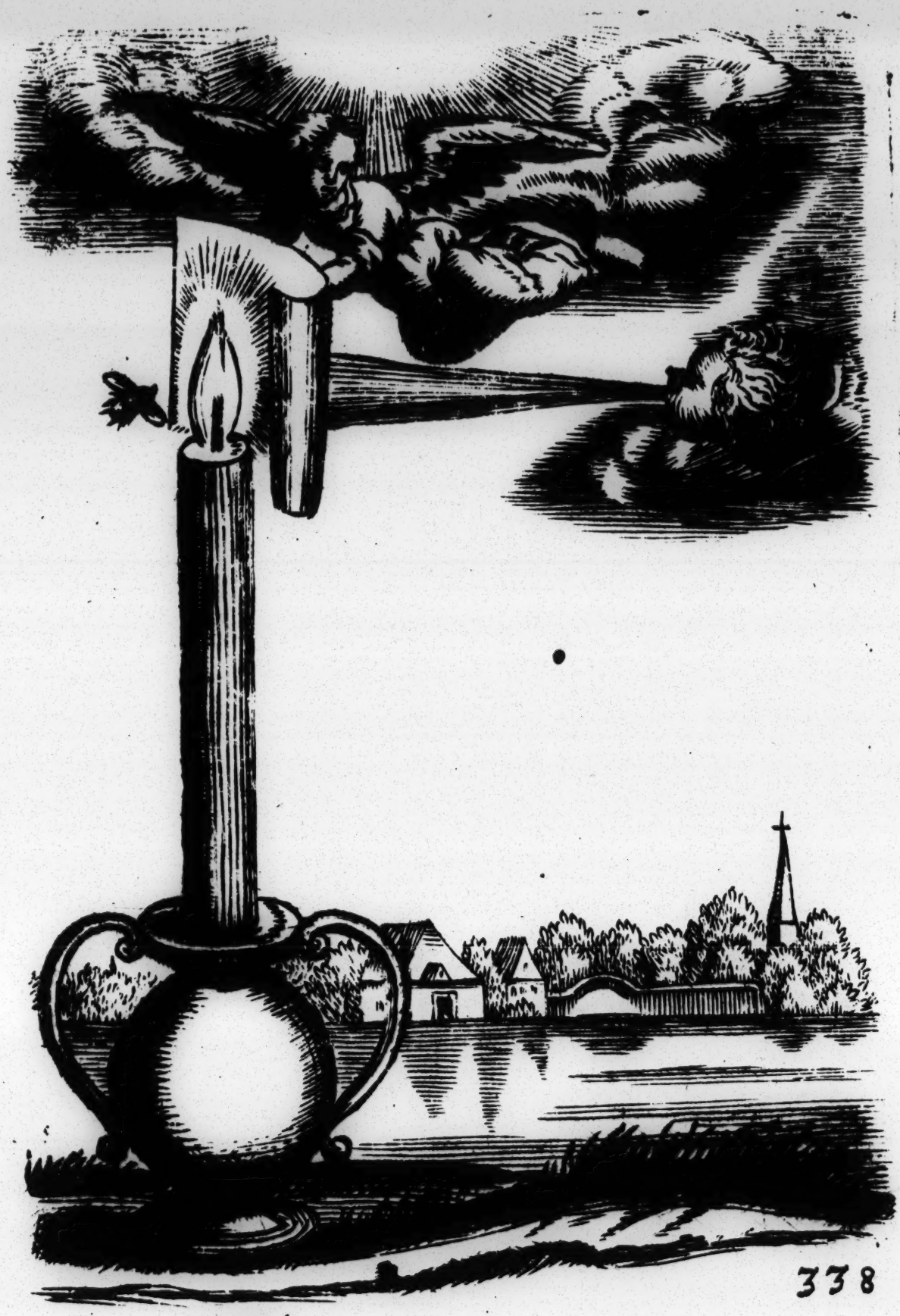
NICOCLES.

Phyſitians of all men are moſt happy; what good ſucceſs ſoever they have, the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.



EPIG. 4.

My purſe being heavy, if my *light* appéar
But dimm, *Quack* comes to make all clear;
Quack leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right,
Thou tak'ſt our weigty gold to give us *light*.



Te auxiliante resurge.

PSALM. 11. 91.

And he will give his Angels charge over thee.

1

O How mine eyes could pleaſe themſelves, and ſpend
Perpetual ages in this precious ſight!
How I could woe Eternity, to lend
My waſting day an antidote for night
And how my fleſh could with my fleſh contend,
That views this obje&t with no more delight!
My work is great, my Tapour ſpends too faſt:
'Tis all I have, and ſoon would out or waſt
Did not this bleſſed ſcreen protect it from this blaſt.

2

O, I have loſt the jewel of my ſoul,
And I muſt find it out, or I muſt die?
Alas! My ſin-made darkneſs doth controul
The bright endeavour of my careful eye:
I muſt go ſearch and ranſack every hole;
Nor have I other light to to ſeek it by:
O if this light be ſpent, my work not done,
My labour's worſe then loſt; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

3

You bleſſed Angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fancy ſuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And ſtoop to earth, vouchſafing to employ
Your care to guard the duſt that lies before ye?
Diſdain you not theſe lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains, do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not diſdain, and ſend you griev'd away?

4

This tapour of our lives, that once was plac'd
In the fair ſuburbs of Eternity,
Is now alas confin'd to ev'ry blaſt,
And turn'd a *Maypole* for the ſporting *Fly*;
And will you, ſacred *Spirits*, pleaſe to caſt
Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?
How had this ſlender inch of Tapour been
Blaſted and blaz'd, had not this heavenly *Screen*
Curb'd the proud blaſt, and timely ſtept between!

5

O goodneſs, far tranſcending the report
Of laviſh tongues! too vaſt to comprehend:
Amazed quill, how far doſt thou come ſhort
T' expreſs expreſſions that ſo far tranſcend!
You bleſſed Courtiers of th' eternal Court,
Whoſe full-mouth'd Hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that world of praiſes that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues
With our Hoſanna's mix'd with your Seraphick ſongs.

S. BERN.

S. BERN.

If thou deſireſt the help of Angels, fly the comforts of the world, and reſiſt the temptations of the Devil.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweet a ſaying? For their preſence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

EPIG. 5.

My flame, art thou diſturb'd, diſeas'd and driv'n
To death with ſtorms of grief? Point thou to Heav'n:
One Angel there ſhall eaſe thee more alone,
Then thrice as many thouſands of thy own.



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Tempus erit.

ECCLESIASTES 3. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

1

Time *Death,*

Time. BEhold the frailty of this ſlender ſnuff
Alas, it hath not long to laſt:
Without the help of either thief or puff,
Her weakneſs knows the way to waſt:
Nature hath made her ſubſtance apt enough
To ſpend it ſelf, and ſpend too faſt:
It needs the help of none
That is ſo prone
To laviſh out untouch'd, and languiſh all alone.

2

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and ſhake thy ſlow pac'd ſand;
Thy idle minutes make no way:
Thy glaſs exceeds her how'r, or elſe doth ſtand,
I cannot hold, I cannot ſtay.
Surceaſe thy pleading, and enlarge my hand
I ſurfet with too long delay:
This briſk, this bold-fac'd light
Doth burn too bright;
Darkneſs adorns my throne, my day is darkeſt night.

3

Time. Great Prince of darkneſs, hold thy needleſs hand;
Thy captiv's faſt and cannot flee:
What arm can reſcue? Who can countermand?
What pow'r can ſet thy pris'ner free?
Or if they could, what cloſe, what foreign land
Can hide that head that flees from thee?
But if her harmleſs light
Offend thy ſight, (at night?
What need'ſt thou ſnatch at noon, what will be thine

4

Death. I have out ſtaid my patience; my quick trade
Grows dull and makes too ſlow return:
This long liv'd debt is due, and ſhould been paid
When firſt her flame began to burn:
But I have ſtaid too long, I have delaid
To ſtore my vaſt, my craving Urn.
My patient gives me pow'r
Each day, each hour, (tow'r
To ſtrike the Peaſants thatch, & ſhake the Princely

5

Time. Thou count'ſt to faſt: Thy patient gives no pow'r
Till *Time* ſhall pleaſe to ſay, *Amen.* (hour?
Death. Canſt thou appoint my ſhaft? *Time.* Or thou my
Death. 'Tis I bid, do. *Time.* 'Tis I bid, When
Alas! Thou canſt not make the pooreſt flow'r
To hang the drooping head till then:
Thy ſhafts can neither kill,
Nor ſtrike, until (will.
My power give them wings, and pleaſure arm thy

S. AUGUST.

Thou knoweſt not what time he will come: Wait always that becauſe thou knoweſt not the time of his coming, thou mayeſt be prepared againſt the time he cometh. And for this perchance, thou knoweſt not the time, becauſe thou mayeſt be prepared againſt all times.

EPIG. 6.

Expect, but fear not death: Death cannot kill,
Till *Time*, (that firſt muſt ſeal her Patent) will:
Would'ſt thou live long? keep *Time* in high eſteem;
Whom gone, if thou canſt not recal, redeem.



Nec sine nec Tecum 346

JOB. 18. 6.

His light ſhall be dark; and his candle ſhall be put out.

1

What ails our tapour? Is her luſtre fled,
Or foyl'd? What dire diſaſter bred
This change, that thus ſhe vails her golden head?

2

It was but very now ſhe ſhin'd as fair
As *Venus* ſtar. Her glory might compare
With *Cynthia*, burniſht with her brothers hair.

3

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought
Abuſe her beams; no wind that went about
To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

4

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou ſhalt ſpie
A cauſe, will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye:
Subjects muſt vail, when as their Sov'reign's by.

5

Canſt thou behold bright *Phœbus*, and thy ſight
No whit impair'd? The object is too bright;
The weaker yields unto the ſtronger light.

6

Great God, I am thy tapour, thou my ſun;
From thee, the Spring of light, my light begun;
Yet if thy light but ſhine, my light is done.

7

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will ſhine,
If thine appear, how poor a light is mine?
My light is darkneſs if compar'd to thine.

Thy

8

Thy Sun beams are too ſtrong for my weak eye;
If thou but ſhine, how nothing, Lord, am I!
Ah, who can ſee thy viſage, and not die!

9

If intervening earth ſhould make a night,
My wanton flame would then ſhine forth too bright;
My earth would even preſume t' eclipſe thy light.

10

And if thy light be ſhadow'd, and mine fade,
If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd,
I ſhould be cloathed with a double ſhade.

11

What ſhall I do? O what ſhall I deſire?
What help can my diſtracted thoughts require,
That thus am waſted twixt a double fire?

12

In what a ſtrait, in what a ſtrait am I?
'Tiwixt two extreams how my rackt fortunes lie?
See I thy face, or ſee it not, I die.

13

O let the ſteam of my Redeemers blood,
That breaths from my ſick ſoul, be made a cloud,
To interpoſe theſe lights, and be my ſhroud.

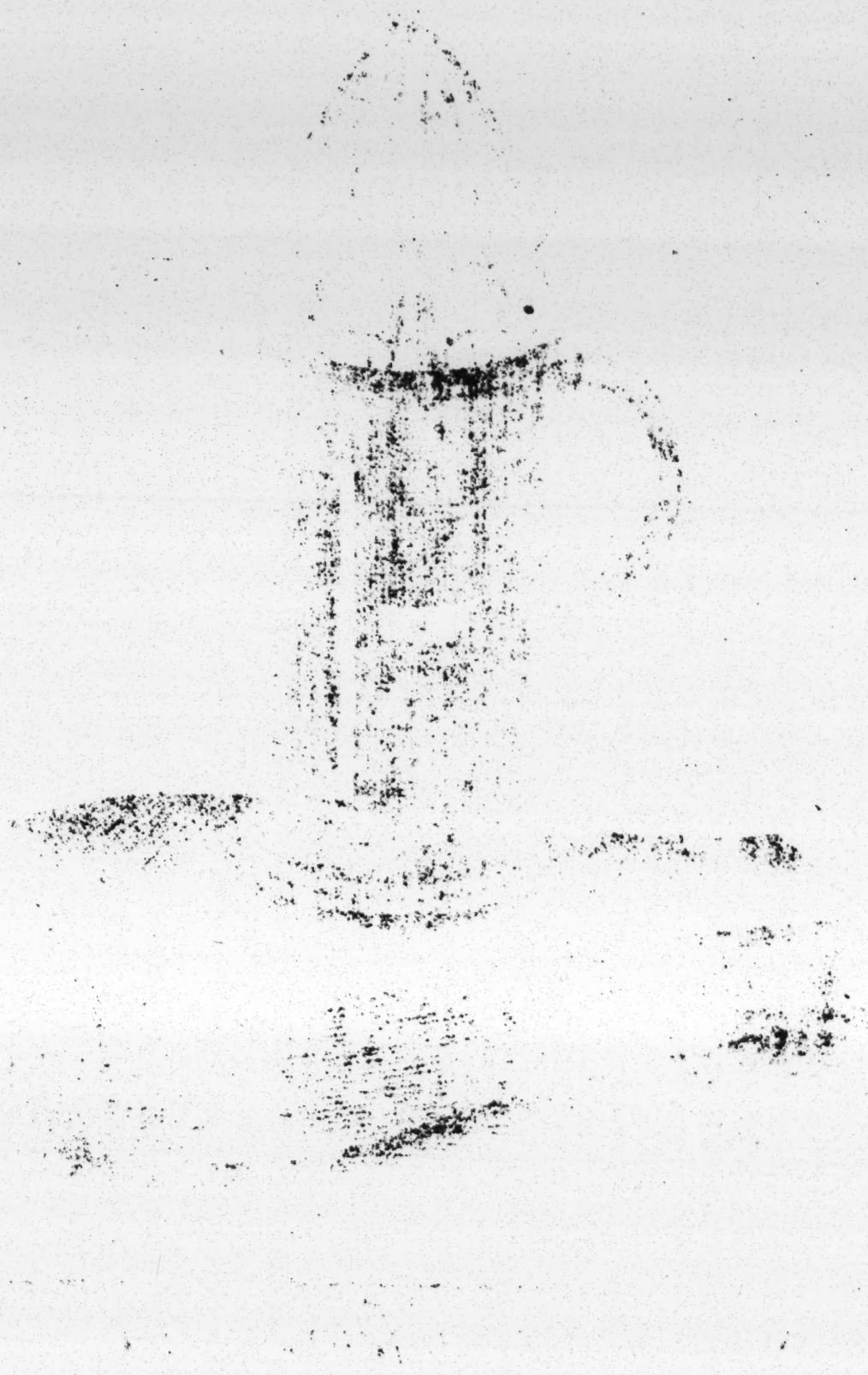
14

Lord, what am I? Or what's the light I have?
May it but light my aſhes to their grave,
And ſo from thence, to thee; 'tis all I crave.

15

O make my light, that all the world may ſee
Thy glory by't: If not, It ſeems to me
Honour enough, to be put out by thee.

O light inacceſſible, in reſpect of which my light is utter darkneſs; ſo reflect upon my weakneſs, that all the world may behold thy ſtrength: O Majeſtie incomprehenſible, in reſpect of which my glory is mere ſhame: ſo ſhine upon my miſery that all the world may behold thy glory.



EPIG. 7.

Wilt thon complain, becauſe thou art bereav'n
Of all thy light? Wilt thou vie lights with Heav'n?
Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light?
Take heed: I fear thou art a child of night.



Nec virtus obſcura petit .350.

MATTHEW 5: 16.

Let your light ſo ſhine, that men ſeeing your good works may glorifie your Father which is in Heaven.

1

WAs it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown
Into the noſtrils of this Heavenly creature?
Was it for this, that ſacred Three in One
Conſpir'd to make this quinteſſence of Nature?
Did Heavenly providence intend
So rare a fabrick for ſo poor an end?

2

Was Man, the higheſt maſter-piece of Nature,
The curious abſtract of the whole creation,
Whoſe ſoul was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and ſet for obſervation,
Ordain'd for this? To ſpend his light
In a dark-lanthorn cloyſtred up in night?

3

Tell me, recluſe Monaſtick, can it be
A diſadvantage to thy beams to ſhine?
A thouſand tapours may gain light from thee;
Is thy light leſs or worſe for lighting mine?
If wanting light, I ſtumble, ſhall
Thy darkneſs not be guilty of my fall?

4

Why doſt thon lurk ſo cloſe? Is it for fear
Some buſie eye ſhould pry into thy flame,
And ſpie a thief, or elſe ſome blemiſh there?
Or being ſpi'd, ſhrink'ſt thou thy head for ſhame?
Come, come fond tapour, ſhine but clear,
Thou needſt not ſhrink for ſhame, nor ſhroud for fear.

5

Remember, O remember, thou wert ſet
For men to ſee the great Creatour by;
Thy flame is not thy own: It is a debt
Thou own'ſt thy Maſter. And wilt thou deny
To pay the int'reſt of thy light?
And ſkulk in corners, and play leaſt in ſight?

6

Art thou afraid to truſt thy eaſie flame
To the injurious waſt of Fortunes puff?
Ah, coward, rouze, and quit thy ſelf for ſhame:
Who dies in ſervice, hath liv'd long enough:
Who ſhines, and makes no eye partaker,
Uſurps himſelf, and cloſely robs his Maker.

7

Make not thy ſelf a Pris'ner, that art free:
Why doſt thou turn thy Palace to a jail?
Thou art an Eagle: And befits it thee
To live immured like a cloyſter'd ſnail?
Let toys ſeek corners; things of coſt
Gain worth by view: Hid jewels are but loſt.

8

My God, my light is dark enough at lighteſt,
Encreaſe her flame, and give her ſtrength to ſhine:
'Tis frail at beſt: 'Tis dim enough at brighteſt,
But 'tis her glory to be foyld by thine,
Let others lurk: My light ſhall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

S. BERN.

If thou be one of the fooliſh virgins, the congregation is neceſſary for thee; if thou be one of the wiſe virgins, thou art neceſſary for the congregation.

HUGO.

Monaſticks make Cloyſters to incloſe the outward man: O would to God they would do the like to reſtrain the inward man.

EPIG. 8.

Affraid of eyes? What, ſtill play leaſt in ſight?
'Tis much to be preſum'd all is not right:
Too cloſe endeavours bring forth dark events:
Come forth, *Monaſtick*; here's no Parliament.



Ut Luna Infantia torpet . 354

JOB. 14. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.

1

Behold
How ſhort a ſpan
Was long enough, of old
To meaſure out the life of man!
In thoſe well temper'd days his time was then
Survey'd, caſt up, and found but threeſcore years and ten.

2

Alas
And what is that?
They come, and ſlide, and paſs,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The poſts of time are ſwift, which having run
Their ſeav'n ſhort ſtages 'ore, their ſhort-live taſk is done.

3

Our days
Begun we lend
To ſleep, to antick plays
And toyes, until the firſt ſtage end:
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd loſs: We rather breath than live:

4

We ſpend
A ten years breath
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live or fear a death:
Our childiſh dreams are fill'd with pianted joys,
Which pleaſe our ſenſe a while, and waking, prove but toys.

5
How vain,
How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A ſlave to ſuch a State as this!
His days are ſhort, at longeſt; few, at moſt;
They are but bad, at beſt; yet laviſht out, or loſt.

6
They be
The ſecret ſprings
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more ſwift then Eagles wings:
Our life's a Clock, and every gaſp of Breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* ſhall ſtrike a death.

7
How ſoon
Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this, how ſoon to gray-hair'd night!
We ſpring, we bud, we bloſſom, and we blaſt
E'r we can count our days, our days they flee ſo faſt.

8
They end
When ſcarce begun;
And e're we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy days; and if they flie too faſt
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the laſt.

Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin?

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the Image of God appeareth in the act of his Reason, but the Devil blurs it in the corruption of his Will!

EPIG. 9.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the first seventh part of thy few days
Consum'd in sleep, in food, in toyish plays:
Know'st thou what tears thine eyes imparted then?
Review thy loss, and weep them o're agen.



Proles tua Maia, Iuventus

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JOB. 20. 11.

His bones are full of the ſins of his youth.

1

THe ſwift-foot Poſt of Time hath now begun
His ſecond ſtage;
The dawning of our age
Is loſt and ſpent without a Sun:
The light of reaſon did not yet appear
Within th' Horizon of this Hemiſphere.

2

The infant Will had yet no other guide
But twilight Senſe;
And what is gain'd from thence
But doubtful ſteps, that tread aſide?
Reaſon now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes
Begin to open, and ſhe calls to riſe.

3

Youths now diſcloſing bud peeps out, and ſhews
Her *April* head;
And, from her graſs-green bed,
Her virgin Primeroſe early blows;
Wh'ilſt waking *Philomel* prepares to ſing
Her warbling ſonets to the wanton ſpring.

4

His ſtage is pleaſant, and the way ſeems ſhort,
All ſtrow'd with flowers;
The days appear but howers,
Being ſpent in time-beguiling ſport:
Her griefs do neither preſs, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither fear to curb, nor care to vex.

His

5

His downy cheek grows proud, and now diſdains
The tutours hand;
He glories to command
The proud-neck ſteed with prouder reins:
The ſtrong-breath'd horn muſt now ſalute his ear
With the glad downfal of the falling Dear.

6

His quick-nos'd armie, with their deep-mouth'd ſounds,
Muſt now prepare
To chaſe the tim'rous Hare.
About his yet unmorgag'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counſel and delay;
And fears no miſchief but a rainy day.

7

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought
For bale nor bliſs;
And late repentance is
The laſt dear pen'worth that he bought:
He is a dainty morning, and he may,
If luſt orecaſt him not, b' as fair a day.

8

Proud bloſſom, uſe thy Time: Times headſtrong horſe
Will poſt away.
Truſt not the foll'wing day,
For every day brings forth a worſe:
Take time at beſt: Believe 't, thy days will fall
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.

S. AMBROS.

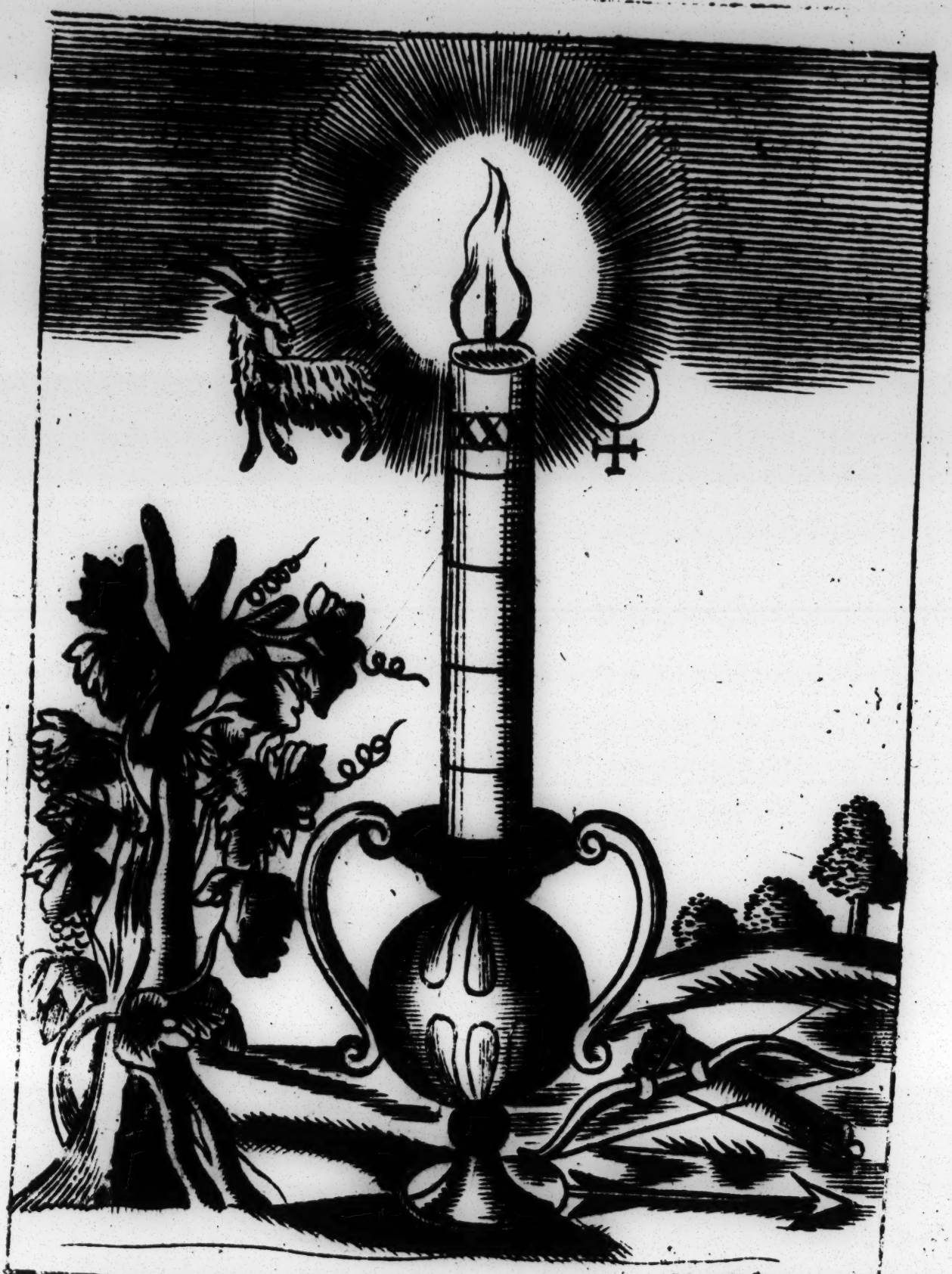
S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: When youth is vigorous, when ſtrength is firm, when blood is hot, when cares are ſtrangers, when mirth is free, then pride ſwelleth, and humility is deſpiſed.

EPIG. 10.

To the old man.

Thy years are newly gray, his newly green;
His youth may live to ſee what thine hath ſeen;
He is thy Parallel: His preſent ſtage
And thine are the two Tropicks of mans age.



P Holmes Sculp:

Jam ruit in Venerem 362

ECCLESIASTES. 11. 9.

Rejoyce, O young man, and let thy heart cheer thee, but know, &c.

1

How flux! How alterable is the date
Of tranſitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another ſtate!
No tranſitory things can laſt?
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with haſt;
Time preſent's but the ruin of Time paſt.

2

Behold how Change hath inch'd away thy Span;
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear waſt what ſatisfaction can
Injurious Time return
Thy ſhortned days, but this, the ſtyle of Man?
And what's a man? A caſk of care,
Now tunn'd and working; he's a middle ſtair
'Twixt birth and death; a blaſt of full-ag'd air.

3

His breaſt is tinder, apt to entertain
The ſparks of *Cupids* fire,
Whoſe new blown flames muſt now enquire
A wanton julep out, which may reſtrain
The rage of his deſire,
Whoſe painful pleaſure is but pleaſing pain:
His life's a ſickneſs that doth riſe
From a hot liver, Whilſt his paſſion lies
Expecting cordials from his miſtriſs eyes,

4

His ſtage in ſtrow'd with thorns, and deck'd with flowers:
His year ſometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtful weather's Sun-ſhine mixt with *ſhowers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*;
His life's a medley, made of *Sweets* and *Sowrs*;
His pains reward is *Swiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is far language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *No-thing*, all compos'd with *Doubts*.

5

Do, waſt thy inch, proud *Span* of living earth,
Conſume thy golden days
In ſlaviſh freedom, let thy ways
Take beſt advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy ſtock of *Time* decays,
And laviſh plenty ſtill fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at laſt;
And painful labour may repair a waſt;
But pains nor price can call my minutes paſt,

SEN.

Expect great joy when thou ſhalt lay down the mind of a child, and deſerve the ſtyle of a wiſe man; for at thoſe years childhood is paſt, but oftentimes childiſhneſs remaineth, and what is worſe, thou haſt the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.

EPIG. 11.

To the declining man.

Why ſtand'ſt thou diſcontented? Is not he
As equal diſtant fron the top as thee?
What then may cauſe thy diſcontented frown?
He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.



Vt Sol ardore virili.

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DEUTERONOMIE. 33. 25.

As the days, ſo ſhall thy ſtrength be.

The Poſt
Of ſwift-foot Time
Hath now at length begun
The Kalends of our middle ſtage:
The number'd ſteps that we have gone, do ſhow
The number of thoſe ſteps we are to go:
The buds and bloſſoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone
And all our prime
Is loſt;
And what we boaſt too much, we have leaſt cauſe to boaſt.

Ah me!
There is no reſt;
Our Time is always fleeing.
What rein can curb our head-ſtrong hours;
They poſt away: They paſs we know not how:
Our *Now* is gone, before we can ſay *Now*:
Time paſt and future's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceaſt
To be:
What is, is only ours: How ſhort a Time have we!

And now
Apollos ear.
Expects harmonious ſtrains,
New minted from the *Thracian* Lyre;
For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd *Hill*
Inſpires the raviſh'd fancy, and doth fill
The vines with *Pegaſean* fire:
And now thoſe ſteril brains
That cannot ſhow,
Nor bear
Some fruits, ſhall never wear *Apollo's* ſacred *Bow.*

Exceſs
And ſurfeit uſes
To wait upon theſe days;
Full ſeed and flowing cups of wine
Conjure the fancy, forcing up a ſpirit
By the caſe *Magick* of debauch'd delight;
Ah pitty, twice-born *Bacchus Vine*
ſhould ſtarve *Apollo's Bayes,*
And drown thoſe *Muſes*
That bleſs
And calm the peaceful ſoul, when ſtorms of cares oppreſs.

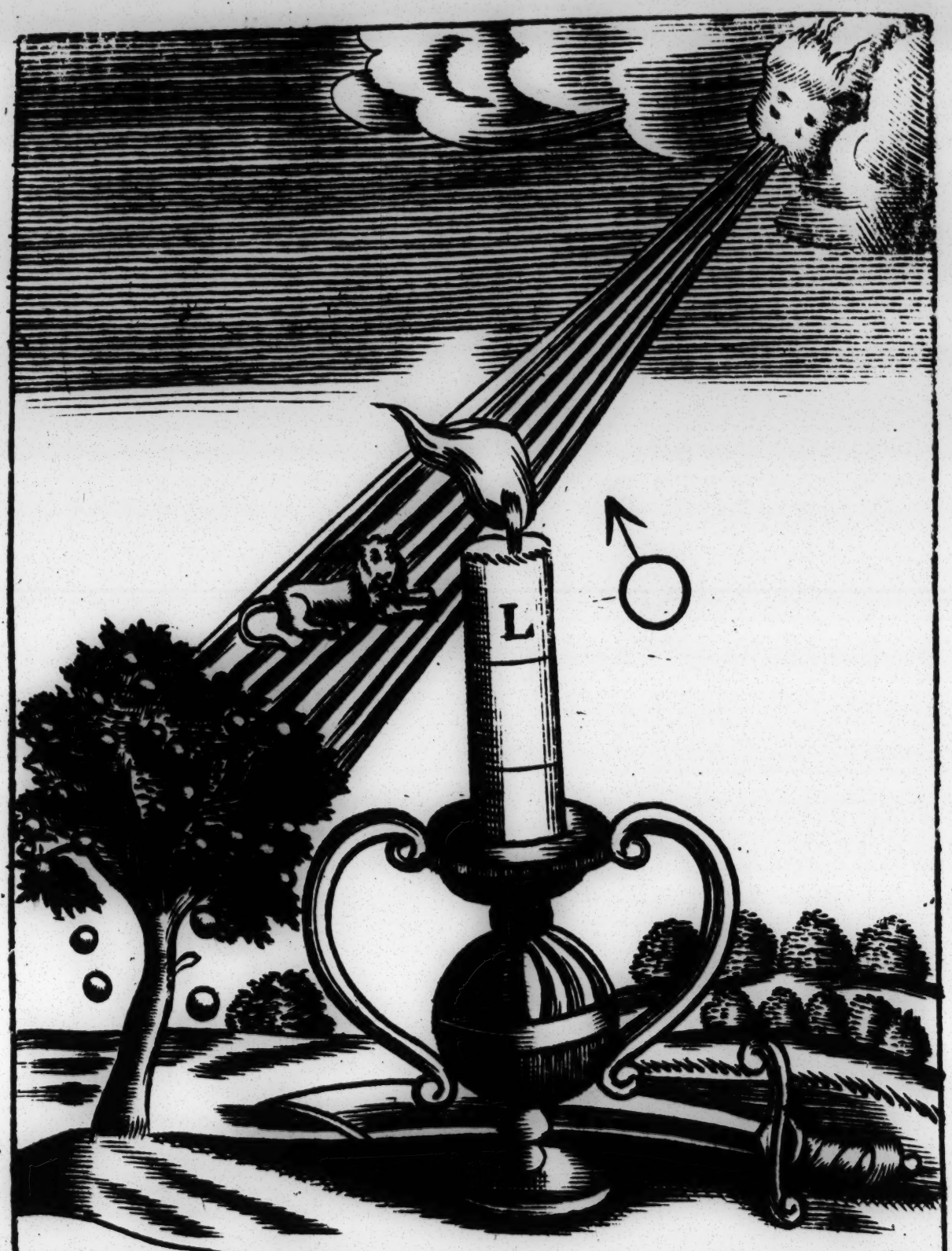
Strong light
Boaſt not thoſe beams
That can but only raiſe
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no *Solſtice* in thy day;
The midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,
A glory foil'd with ſhame, and fool'd with falſe delight.

Haſt thou climbed up to the full age of thy few days? Look backwards and thou ſhalt ſee the frailty of thy youth; the folly of thy childhood, and the waſte of thy Infancy: Look forwards, thou ſhalt ſee the cares of the World, the troubles of thy mind, the diſeaſes of thy body.

EPIG. 12.

To the middle-aged.

Thou that art prancing on the luſty *Noon*
Of thy full age, boaſt not thy ſelf too ſoon:
Convert that breath to wail thy fickle ſtate;
Take heed thou'lt brag too ſoon, or boaſt too late.



Et Martem ſpirat et arma 370

JOHN. 3. 30.

He must encreaſe, but I must decreaſe.

Time voids the table, dinner's done;
And now our days declining Sun
Hath hurried his diurnal load
To th' borders of the Weſtern road;
Fierce *Phlegon*, with his fellow ſteeds,
Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds,
And froths and fumes, remembring ſtill
Their laſhes up th' Olympick hill,
Which having conquer'd, now diſdain,
The whip, and champ the frothy rein,
And with a full carier they bend
Their paces to their journeys end:
Our blazing Tapour now hath loſt
Her better half, Nature hath croſt
Her forenoon book, and clear'd that ſcore,
But ſcarce gives truſt for ſo much more:
And now the generous ſap forſakes
Her ſeir-grown twig: A breath ev'n ſhakes
The down ripe fruit; fruit ſoon divorc'd
From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforc'd.
Now Sanguin *Venus* doth begin
To draw her wanton colours in,
And flees neglected in diſgrace,
Whil'ſt *Mars* ſupplies her luke warm place:
Blood turn to choler: What this age
Loſes in ſtrength it finds in rage:
That rich ennamel, which of old,
Damaſk'd the downy cheek, and told,

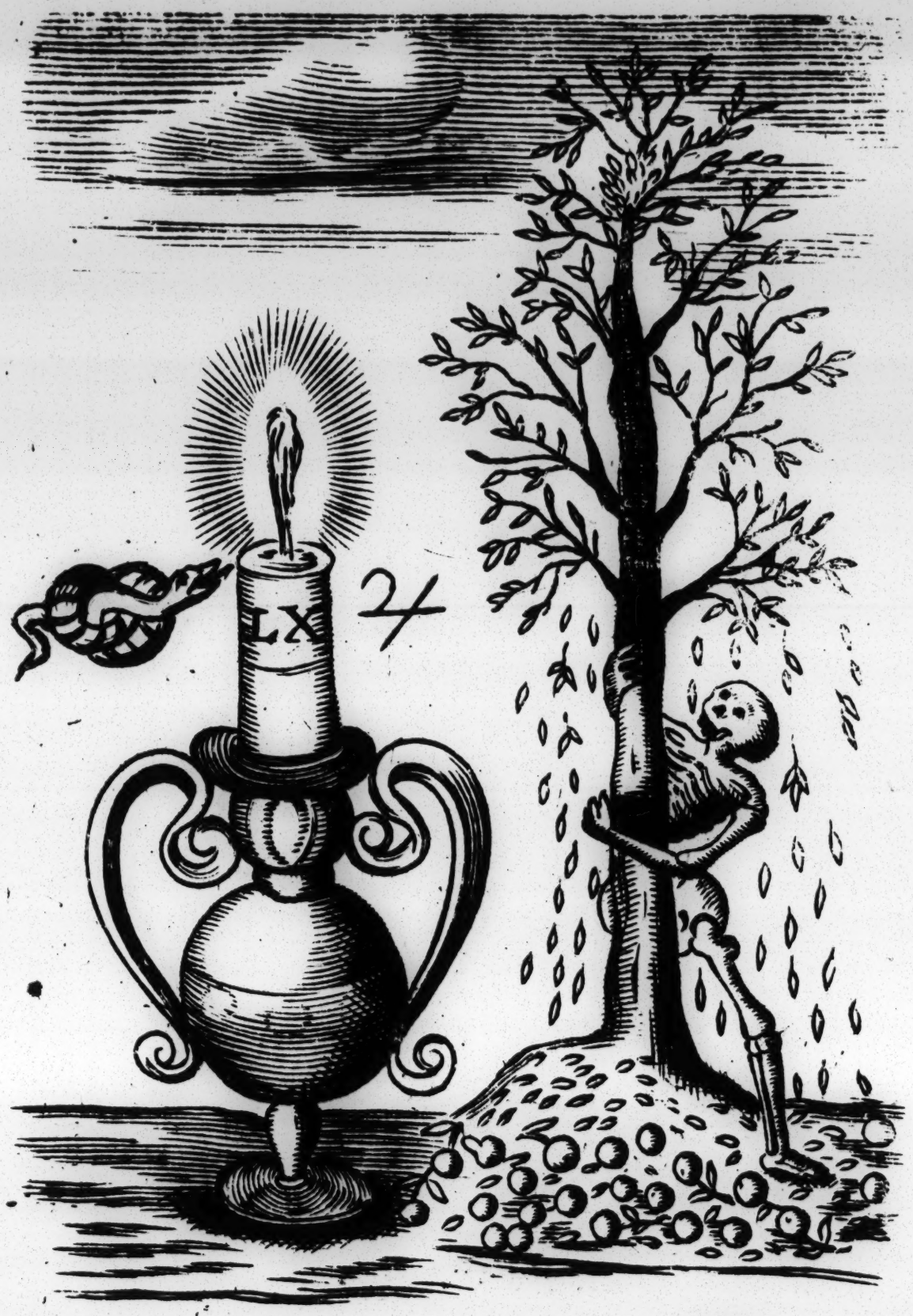
A harmleſs guilt, unaſk'd, is new
Worn off from the audacious brow;
Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels,
Looſe riot, and thoſe venial evils
Which inconſiderate youth of late
Could plead, now want an *Advocate*:
And what appear'd in former times
Whiſp'ring as *faults*, now roar as *crimes*;
And now all ye whoſe lips were wont
To drench their Coral in the font
Of fork'd *Parnaſſus*; you that be
The ſons of *Phœbus*, and can flee
On wings of fancy to diſplay
The flagg of high invention, ſtay,
Repoſe your quills; your veins grow ſower,
Tempt not your *Salt* beyond her power:
If your pall'd fancies but decline,
Cenſure will ſtrike at every line
And wound your names, the popular ear
Weighs what you are, not what you were
Thus hackney like, we tire our age,
Spur-gall'd with change from ſtage to ſtage.

Seeſt thou the daily light of the greater World? When attended to the higheſt pitch of Meridian glory, it ſtayeth not, but by the ſame degrees, it aſcended, it deſcendeth. And is the light of the leſſer world more permanent? Continuance is the child of Eternity, not of Time.

EPIG. 13.

To the young man.

Young man, rejoyce; and let thy riſing days
Cheer thy glad heart: Think'ſt thou theſe uphil ways
Lead to deaths dungeon? No, but know withal,
A riſing is but a Prologue to a fall.



374

Invidiosa Senectus.

JOHN. 12. 35.

Yet a little while is the light with you.

1

THe day grows old, the low-pitch lamp hath made
No leſs than treble ſhade,
And the deſcending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titans* hair;
Whoſe Weſtern wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold,
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of reſt ſhall call to reſt in reſtleſs *Thetis* arms.

2

Nature now calls to ſupper, to refreſh
The ſpirits of all fleſh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirſty teams,
To taſte the ſlipp'ry ſtreams:
The droyling ſwine-herd knocks away, and feaſts
His hungry whining gueſts:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dapled Thruſh
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved buſh.

3

And now the cold Autumnal dews are ſeen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low-ſhorn Rowins doth appear
The faſt-declining year:
The ſapleſs branches doff their ſummer ſuits
And wain their winter fruits;
And ſtormy blaſts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap her trembling limbs in ſuits of moſſy freez.

Our

4

Our waſted Tapour now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her ſprightleſs flames grown with great ſnuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn:
Her ſlender inch, that yet unſpent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a ſilent language bids her gueſt
Prepare his weary limbs to take Eternal reſt.

5

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And ſnowy blaſts of diſcontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suſpicious envy mixt with jealous ſpight
Diſturb's his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now alas,
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was,

6

Gray hairs, purſue thy days, and let thy paſt
Read Lectures to thy laſt:
Thoſe haſty wings that hurri'd them away
Will give theſe days no day:
The conſtant wheels of Nature ſcorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blaſt that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that ſhook the branch will quickly ſtrike the tree.

S. CHRYS.

S. CHRYS.

Gray hairs are honourable, when the behaviour ſuit: ith gray hairs: But when an antient man hath childiſh man. he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

SEN.

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateſt thy youthfulneſs.

EPIG. 14.

To the Youth.

Seeſt thou this good old man? he repreſents
Thy *Future*, thou, his *Preterperfect* tenſe:
Thou goeſt to labour, he prepares to reſt:
Thou break'ſt thy faſt, he ſupps; now which is beſt?



378

Plumbeus in terram.

PSALM 90. 10.

The days of our years are threeſcore years and ten.

1

SO have I ſeen th' illuſtrious *Prince* of Light
Riſing in glory from his *Crocean* bed,
And trampling down the horrid ſhades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head,
Pauſe firſt, decline, at length begin to ſhroud
His fainting brows within a cole-black cloud.

2

So have I ſeen a well-built *Caſtle* ſtand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whoſe active pow'r commands both ſea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers will:
At length her ag'd foundation fails her truſt,
And lays her tott'ring ruins in the duſt.

3

So have I ſeen the blazing *Vapour* ſhoot
Her golden head into the feeble air,
Whoſe ſhadow-gilding ray ſpread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkneſs fair;
Till at the length her waſting glory fades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate ſhades.

4

Ev'n ſo this little world of living *Clay*,
The pride of *Nature*, glorified by *Art*,
Whom Earth adores, and all her Hoſts obey,
Ally'd to Heav'n by his Diviner part.
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays,
And worn by age, death cancels all his days.

That

5

That glorious *Sun*, that whilom ſhone ſo bright,
Is now ev'n raviſh'd from our darkned eyes:
That ſturdy *Caſtle*, mann'd with ſo much might,
Lies now a Mon'ment of her own diſguiſe:
That blazing *Vapour*, that diſdain'd the puff
Of troubled Air, ſcarce owns the name of ſnuff

6

Poor bed-rid *Man*! Where is that glory now,
Thy Youth ſo vaunted? Where that *Majeſty*
Which ſet enthron'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? That daring eye?
Thoſe buxom tunes? Thoſe *Bacchanalian* tones;
Thoſe ſwelling veins? Thoſe marrow flaming bones?

7

Thy drooping *glory*'s blurr'd, and proſtrate lies
Grov'ling in duſt; and frightful horrour, now,
Sharpens the glaunces of thy gaſhful eyes?
Whilſt fear perplexes thy diſtracted brow:
The panting breaſt vents all her breath by groans,
And death enerves thy marrow-waſted bones.

8

Thus Man that's born of woman can remain
But a ſhort time: His days are all full of ſorrow;
His life's a *penance* and his death's a pain.
Springs like a flow'r to day, and fades to morrow;
His breath's a *bubble*, and his day's a *ſpan*:
'Tis glorious miſery to be born a *Man*.

CYPR.

CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, viſage pale, teeth decayed, skin whithered, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing, the ſudden downfal of thy fleſhly houſe is near at hand.

S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: Covetouſneſs alone groweth young.

EPIG. 15.

To the infant.

What he doth ſpend in groans, thou ſpend'ſt in tears;
Judgment and ſtrength's alike in both your years;
He's helpleſs; ſo art thou; what difference then?
He's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man*.

FINIS.

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